

The Old English Drama

A SELECTION OF

PLAYS

FROM THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS

VOLUME I

THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY

A PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY

THE BALL

THE RAYE OF LUCRECE.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR HURST ROBINSON AND CO

5 WATERLOO PLACE JALL MALL

AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO EDINBURGH

MDCCCXXV

LONDON
Printed by D S Maurice, Fenchurch Street

THE

SECOND MAIDENS TRAGEDY

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS. IN THE
LANSDOWN COLLECTION

LONDON

PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWIN NEWGATE STREET

MDCCCXIV

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Printed by D S Maurice, Fenchurch street.

The Old English Drama,

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Nos I—IV



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NEWGATE STREET**

AUGUST 1 1884

The Old English Drama

Nos. V — VIII

WILL CONTAIN

ALBERTUS WALLENSTEIN a Tragedy by Henry Clapthorne (1634)

THE LADY'S PRIVILEGE a Comedy by Henry Clapthorne (1640).

LOVE'S MISTRESS a Masque by Thomas Heywood (1636).

DIDO QUEEN OF CARTHAGE a Tragedy by Christopher Marlowe and Thomas Nashe (1594).

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Nos. I — IV

CONTAIN

THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY now first printed from the original MS. 1611 in the *Lansdown Collection*.

A PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY shewing how Man may choose Good Wife from a Bad (1607)

THE BALL Comedy by George Chapman and James Shirley (1639).

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE true Roman Tragedy by Thomas Heywood (1608) With the Merry Songs (complete) of Vale The Roman Senator

THE SECOND MAIDENS TRAGLDY

THIS is one of the three unpublished plays which escaped the fatal hands of Warburton's cook and is printed from a manuscript book of that gentleman in the Lansdown Collection. No title page is prefixed to the manuscript nor is the name of *The Second Maidens Tragedy* in the same handwriting as the play. From the tenor of the license to act indeed it is probable that this name was given to it by the Master of the Revels; that license is in the following words *This Second Maidens Tragedy* (for it hath no name inscribed) may with the reformatiōns be publickly acted 31 October 1611 G. Buc. Why it is called *The Second Maidens Tragedy* does not appear—there is no trace of any drama having the title of *The First Maidens Tragedy* and it does not bear any resemblance to the *Maidens Tragedy* of Beaumont and Fletcher. There is reason therefore to believe that the name by which it is now known was adopted merely for the purpose of distinguishing it from other plays licensed to be acted as the words *for it hath no name inscribed* can hardly be supposed to refer to the want of the author's name which is as difficult to be ascertained as that of his play. At the back of the manuscript it is said to be by a person whose name on a close inspection appears to have been William (afterwards altered to Thomas) Goughe. This name has been nearly obliterated and that of George Chap

man" substituted, which in its turn has been scored through, for the purpose of making room for "Will Shakspear" That it does not belong to Thomas Goff,* the author of the *Raging Turk*, is abundantly obvious—he was at the time it was licensed not more than nineteen years of age, and besides was totally incapable of producing anything of the kind nor has Chapman, in our opinion, a better title to it Many of the scenes are distinguished by a tenderness and pathos which are not to be found in the productions of either of those Authors, but although it possesses merits of no ordinary kind, it cannot be pretended that it approaches the character of the Dramas of Shakspeare, whose name indeed is written in a much more modern hand The subordinate plot is founded upon the story of the *Curious Impertinent* in *Don Quixote*, from which it differs very little, except in the catastrophe Various parts of the play have been struck out, some for the purpose of being omitted in the representation, and others which were probably considered dangerous or offensive to royalty, apparently by Sir George Buc, for example, in the second scene of the last act, the exclamation of the Tyrant, "Your King's poisoned" is altered to "I am poisoned," the propriety of which reformation is manifest from the answer of Memphonnus, viz "The King of Heaven be praised for it" In both cases the original text has been restored in the present publication

* Mr [Robert] Goughe appears from the MS to have acted the part of the Tyrant in this Play

PERSONS REPRESENTED

THE USURPING TYRANT
 COVIANUS *th. deposed King*
 ANSELMUS *his Brother*
 NOTARIUS *the friend of Anselmus*

HELVETIUS
 MEMPHONILUS } *Knights*
 SOPHONILUS }

BELLARIUS *the lover of Leonella*

THE LADY *th. Daughter of Helvetius*

THE WIFE OF NOTARIUS

LEONELLA *her Woman*

Nobles Soldiers and Attendants

PERSONS REPRESENTED

THE USURPING TYRANT

COVIANUS *the deposed King*

ANSELMUS *his Brother*

VOTARILS *the friend of Anselmus*

HELVETIUS

MENTHONILS } *Valer*

SOPHOCLES

BELLARIUS *the lover of Leonella*

THE LADY *the Daughter of Helvetius*

THE WIFE OF ANSELMUS

LEONELLA *her Woman*

Nobles Soldiers and Attendants

THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY

ACT I SCENE I

Enter the new usurping TYRANT, the Viceroy of his faction, ALPHONSO, SOPHONISBA, HELLASPIUS with others the right heir GIOVANNES deposed

Tyrant Till a high my Lords your powers and constant
loves

Have fix'd our glories like unmoved stars
That know not what it is to fall or err
We're now the kingdom's love and li' that was
Flatter'd awhile so stands before us now
Readier for doom than dignity

Goes So much
Can the adulterate friendship of mankind
False fortune's sister, bring to pass in kings
And lay usurpers sunpin'd in their glories
Like adders in warm beams

Tyr There was but one
 In whom my heart took pleasure amongst women ,
 One in the whole creation, and in her
 You dar'd to be my rival ' Was't not bold ?
 Now we are king she'll leave the lower path
 And find the way to us—*Helvetius* !
 It is thy daughter, happier than a king,
 And far above him, for she kneels to thee
 Whom we have kneel'd to , richer in one smile
 That came from her, than she in all thy blessings ,
 If thou be'st proud thou art to be forgiven,
 'Tis no deadly sin in thee , while she lives,
 High lust is not more natural to youth
 Than that to thee , be not afraid to die in't,
 'Tis but the sign of joy , there is no gladness,
 But has a pride it lives by,—that's the oil
 That feeds it into flames ,—Let her be sent for,
 And honorably attended, as beseems
 Her that we make our queen , my Lord *Memphonus*,
 And *Sophonirus*, take into your care
 The royal business of my heart ; conduct her
 With a respect equal with that to us ,
 If more, it shall be pardon'd , so still err,
 You honour us, but ourself honours her.

Memph Strange fortune, does he make his queen of her?

[*exit Memph*]

Soph I have a wife , would she were so prefer'd !
 I could be but her subject, so I'm now ,
 I allow her her own friend to stop her mouth,
 And keep her quiet, quit him his table free,

And the huge feeding of his great stone horse
 On which he rides in pomp about the city
 Only to speak to gallants in bay windows;
 Marry his lodging he pays dearly for
 He gets me all my children there I save by t;
 Beside I draw my life out by the bargain
 Some twelve years longer than the times appointed;
 When my young prodigal gallant kicks up s heels
 At one-and thirty and his dead and rotten
 Some five and forty years before I in coffin d
 Tis the right way to keep a woman honest
 One friend is baracado to a hundred
 And keeps 'em out nay more a husband s sure
 To have his children all of one man s getting
 And he that performs best can have no better
 I m e en as happy then that save a labour [*exit Sophoniscus*
Tyr Thy honours with thy daughter s love shall rise
 I shall read thy deservings in her eyes
Hel O may they be eternal books of pleasure,
 To show you all delight!

Gou The loss of her sits closer to my heart
 Than that of kingdom or the whorish pomp
 Of this world s titles that with flattery swells us
 And makes us die like beasts fat for destruction
 O she s a woman and her eye will stand
 Upon advancement never weary yonder,
 But when she turns her head by chance, and sees
 The fortunes that are my companions
 She ll snatch her eyes off and repent the looking
Tyr Tis well advis d; we doom thee, Gorianus

To banishment for ever from our kingdom

Gov What could be worse to one whose heart is lock'd
Up in another's bosom? Banishment!
And why not death? is that too easy for me?

Tyr But that the world would call our way to dignity
A path of blood, it should be the first act in all our reign

Gov She's lost for ever, farewell, virtuous men,
Too honest for your greatness! now you're mightier
Than when we knew the kingdom, your stile's heavier
Than ponderous nobility, farewell!

3 *Nobl* How's that, sir?

Gov O sir! is it you?

I knew you one-and-twenty and a lord,
When your destruction suck'd, is't come from nurse yet?
You scorn to be a scholar, you were born better,
You have good lands, that's the best grounds of learning,
If you can construe but your doctor's bill,
Parse your wife's waiting women, and decline your tenants
'Till they're all beggars, with new fines and rackings,
You're scholar good enough, for a lady's son
That's born to living, if you list to read,
Ride but to th' city and bestow your looks
On the court library, the mercer's books,
They'll quickly furnish you, do but entertain
A tailor for your tutor, to expound
All the hard stuff to you, by what name and title
Soever they be call'd

3 *Nobl* I thank you, sir

Gov 'Tis happy you have learnt so much manners
Since you have so little wit, Fare you well, sir!

Tyr Let him be staid awhile '

4 Nobl Stay '

3 Nobl You must stay ir

Govi He s not so honest sure to change his mind
Revoke his doom hell has more hope on him

Tyr We have not ended yet the worst part s coming
Thy banishment were gentle were that all
But to afflict thy soul befoie thou goest
Thou shalt behold the heav'n that thou must lose
In her that must be mine

Then to be banish d then to be depriv d
Shews the full torment we provide for thee

Govi He s a right tyrant now he will not bate me
Th affliction of my soul he ll have all parts

Enter the LADY clad in black with Attendants

Suffer together now I see my loss

I never shall recover't my mind s beggar'd

Tyr Whence rose that cloud? can such a thing be seen

In honour's glorious day the sky so clear?

Why mourn the kingdom's mistress? does she come

To meet advancement in a funeral garment?

Back! [*to the Attendants*] she forgot herself twas too
much joy

That bred this error and we heartily pardon t

Go bring her hither like an illustrious bride

With her best beams about her let her jewels

Be worth ten cities that beseems our mistress

And not a widow's case a suit to weep in

Lady I am not to be alter'd

Tyr How !

Lady I have a mind

That must be shifted ere I cast off these,
Or I shall wear strange colours,—'tis not titles,
Nor all the bastard honours of this frame
That I am taken with, I come not hither
To please the eye of glory, but of goodness,
And that concern'd not you, sir, you're for greatness,
I dare not deal with you, I have found my match,
And I will never lose him

Govr If there be man

Above a king in fortunes, read my story,
And you shall find him there, farewell, poor kingdom !
Take it to help thee, thou hast need on't now,
I see thee in distress, more miserable
Than some thou lay'st taxations on, poor subjects !
Thou'rt all beset with storms, more overcast
Than ever any man that brightness flatter'd
'Tis only wretchedness to be there with thee,
And happiness to be here

Tyr Sure some dream crown'd me,

If it were possible to be less than nothing,
I wake the man you seek for,—there's the kingdom
Within yon valley fixt, while I stand here
Kissing false hopes upon a frozen mountain
Without the confines I am he that's banish'd
The king walks yonder chose by her affections,
Which is the surer side, for when she goes
Her eye removes the court, what is he here
Can spare a look ? they're all employed on her

Helvetius '—Thou art not worth the waking neither
I lose but time in thee go sleep again
Like an old man thou canst do nothing
Thou tak'st no pains at all to earn thine honours
Which way shall we be able to pay thee
To thy content when we receive not ours?
The master of the work must needs decay
When he wants means and sees his servants play

Helv [*To his Daughter*] Have I bestow'd so many blessings on thee

And do they all return to me in curses?
Is that the use I've for them? be not to me
A burden ten times heavier than my years!
Thou dost want to be kind to me and observe
What I thought pleasing go entreat the king!

Lady I will do more for you sir you're my father
I'll kiss him too [*she kisses Gortianus*]

Helv How am I dealt withal?

Lady Why that's the usurper sir this is the king
I happened righter than you thought I had
And were all kingdoms of the earth his own
As sure as this is not and this dear gentleman
As poor as virtue and almost as friendless
I would not change this misery for that sceptre,
Wherein I'd part with him sir be cheerful
'Tis not the reeling fortune of great state
Or low condition that I cast mine eye at
It is the man I seek the rest I lose
As things unworthy to be kept or noted
Fortunes are but the outsides of true worth

It is the mind that sets his master forth

Tyr Have there so many bodies been hewn down
Like trees, in progress to cut out a way
That was more known for us and our affections,
And is our gain so cross'd? There stands the first
Of all her kind that e'er refused greatness,
A woman to set light by sovereignty!
What age can bring her forth, and hide that book!
'Tis their desire most commonly to rule,
More than their part comes to, sometimes their husbands

Helv 'Tis in your pow'r, my lord, to force her to you,
And pluck her from his arms

Tyr Thou talk'st unkindly,
That had been done before thy thought begot it,
If my affection could be so hard hearted,
To stand upon such payment, it must come
Gently and kindly, like a debt of law,
Or 'tis not worth receiving [aside to Helvetius]
Govi Now, usurper!

I wish no happier freedom than the banishment
That thou hast laid upon me

Tyr O! he kills me
At mine own weapon, 'tis I that live in exile
Should she forsake the land, I'll fain some cause
Far from the grief itself, to call it back — [aside
to Govianus]

That doom of banishment was but lent to thee
To make a trial of thy factious spirit,
Which flames in thy desire, thou would'st be gone
There is some combination betwixt thee

And foreign plots thou hast some powers to raise
Which to prevent thy banishment we revoke
Confine thee to thy house nearest the court
And place a guard about thee Lord Memphonius
See it effected

Mem With best care my Lord

Gor Confine me? here's my liberty in mine arms
I wish no better to bring me content
Lovers best freedom is imprisonment

[exeunt Lady and Gorianus]

Tyr Methinks the day e'en darkens at her absence
I stand as in a shade when a great cloud
Muffles the sun whose beauties shine far off
On tow'rs and mountains but I keep the valleys
The place that is last serv'd

Helc My Lord! *[Tyrant and Helcetus converse apart]*

Tyr Your reason sir?

Helc Your Grace is mild to all but your own bosom
They should have both been sent to several prisons
And not committed to each other's arms
There's a hot durance he'll ne'er wish more freedom

Tyr 'Tis true let em be both forc'd back! *[to the Officers]*
Stay! we command you

Thou talk'st not like a statesman had my wrath
Took hold of such extremity at first
They'd liv'd suspectful still warn'd by their fears
When now that liberty makes them more secure
I'll take them at my pleasure it gives thee
Freer access to play the father for us
And ply her to our will

Nay, more to vex his soul, give command straight
 They be divided into several rooms,
 Where he may only have a sight of her
 To his mind's torment, but his arms and lips
 Lock'd up, like felons, from her

Helv Now you win me,

I like that cruelty passing well, my Lord

Tyr Give order with all speed

Helv Though I be old,

I need no spur, my Lord,—Honour pricks me
 I do beseech your majesty, look cheerful,
 You shall not want content, if it be lock'd
 In any blood of mine, the key's your own,
 You shall command the wards

Tyr Say's thou so, sir?

I were ungrateful then, should I see thee

Want power, that provides content for me

[*exeunt*]

SCENE II

Enter L. ANSELMUS, the deposed King's Brother, with his Friend,

VOTARIUS

Vol Pray, sir, confine your thoughts and excuse me,
 Methinks the depos'd king, your brother's sorrow,
 Should find you business enough

Ans How, Votarius?

Sorrow for him? weak ignorance talks not like thee,
 Why he was never happier

Vot Pray prove that, sir

Ans He's lost the kingdom, but his mind's restor'd,

Which is the larger empire? pr'y thee tell me
Dominions have their limits the whole earth
Is but a prisoner nor the ea her jailor
That with a silver hoop locks in her body
They're fellow prisoners though the sea looks bigger
Because it is in office—and pride swells him
But the unbounded kingdom of the mind
Is as unlimitable as heav'n that glorious court of spirits
Sir if thou lov'st me turn thine eye to me
And look not after him that needs thee not
My brother's well attended peace and pleasure
Are never from his sight he has his mistress
She brought those servants and bestow'd them on him
But who brings mine?

For Had you not both long since

By a kind worthy lady your chaste wife?

Ans That s it that I take pains with thee to be sure of
What true report can I send to my soul
Of that I know not—we must only think
Our ladies are good people and so live with em
A fine security for them our own thoughts
Make the best fools of us next to them our wives
But say she s all chaste yet is that her goodness?
What labour is t for woman to keep constant
That s never tried or tempted? Where s her fight?
The war's within her breast her honest anger
Against the impudence of flesh and hell
So let me know the lady of my rest
Or I shall never sleep well give not me
The thing that is thought good but what s approv d so

So wise men choose O what a lazy virtue
Is chastity in a woman, if no sin
Should lay temptation to't '—pr'ythee set to her,
And bring my peace along with thee

Not You put to me

A business that will do my words more shame
Then ever they got honour among women
Lascivious courtings among sinful mistresses
Come ever seasonable, please best—
But let the boldest ruffian touch the ear
Of modest ladies with adulterous sounds,
Their very looks confound him, and force grace
Into that cheek where impudence sets her seal,
That work is never undertook with courage,
That makes his master blush —However, sir '
What profit can return to you by knowing
That which you do already, with more toil?
Must a man needs, in having a rich diamond,
Put it between a hammer and an anvil,
And not believing the true worth and value,
Break it in pieces to find out the goodness,
And in the finding lose it? good sir ' think on't,
Nor does it taste of wit to try their strengths
That are created sickly, nor of manhood
We ought not to put blocks in women's ways,
For some too often fall upon plain ground
Let me dissuade you, sir '

Ans Have I a friend?

And has my love so little interest in him,
That I must trust some stranger with my heart,

And go to seek him out?

Iot Nay hark you sir!

I am so jealous of your weakness
That rather than you should be prostituted
Before a stranger's triumph I would venture
A whole hour's shaming for you

Ans Be worth thy word then

Enter Wirt

Yonder she comes — I'll have an ear to you both
I love to have such things at the first hand *[aside and exit]*

Iot I'll put him off with somewhat; guilt in this
Falls in with honest dealing; O who would move
Adultery to yon face! so rule a sin
May not come near the meekness of her eye;
My client's cause looks so dishonestly
I'll never be seen to plead in it

[as de]

Wife What Votarius!

Iot Good morrow virtuous ma'am

Wife Was my Lord

Seen lately here?

Iot He's newly walk'd forth lady

Wife How was he attended

Iot Faith I think with none ma'am

Wife That sorrow for the king's brother's fortune
Prevails too much with him and leads him strangely
From company and delight

Iot How she's beguiled in him!

There's no such natural touch search all his bosom *[aside]*
That grief's too bold with him indeed sweet ma'am
And draws him from the pleasure of his time

But 'tis a business of affection
 That must be done —We owe a pity, madam,
 To all men's misery, but especially,
 To those afflictions that claim kindred of us,
 We're forc'd to feel 'em, all compassion else
 Is but a work of charity, this of nature,
 And ties our pity in a bond of blood

Wife Yet there is a date set to all sorrows,
 Nothing is everlasting in this world
 Your counsel will prevail, persuade him, good sir,
 To fall into life's happiness again,
 And leave the desolate path, I want his company
 He walks at midnight in thick shady woods,
 Where scarce the moon is starlight, I have watch'd him
 In silent nights, when all the earth was diest
 Up like a virgin, in white innocent beams,—
 Stood in my window, cold and thinly clad,
 T' observe him through the bounty of the moon,
 That liberally bestow'd her graces on me,
 And when the morning dew began to fall,
 Then was my time to weep, h'as lost his kindness,
 Forgot the way of wedlock, and become
 A stranger to the joys and rites of love
 He's not so good as a lord ought to be
 Pray tell him so from me—sir

[*Exit Wife*]

Not That will I, madam

Now must I dress a strange dish for his honour

Ans Call you this courting? 'life' not one word near it
 There was no syllable but was twelve score off
 My faith, hot temptation ' woman's chastity,

In such a conflict had great need of one
 To keep the bridge twas dangerous for the time
 Why what fantastic faiths are in these days
 Made without substance whom should a man trust
 In matters about love?

Vot Mass! here he comes too

Enter ANSELMU

Ans How now Votarius! what's the news for us?

Vot You set me to a task sir that will find
 Ten ages work enough and then unfinish'd
 Bring sin before her! why it stands more quaking
 Than if a judge should frown on't three such fits
 Would shake it into goodness and quite beggar
 The under kingdom —Not the art of man
 Woman or Devil—

Ans O peace man! prythee peace!—

Vot Can make her fit for lust

Ans Yet again sir?

Where lives that mistress of thine Votarius
 That taught thee to dissemble I'd fain learn
 She makes good scholars

Vot How my lord!

Ans Thou art the son of falsehood prythee leave me
 How truly constant charitable and helpful
 Is woman unto woman in affairs
 That touch affection and the peace of spirit!
 But man to man how crooked and unkind!
 I thank my jealousy I heard thee all
 For I heard nothing now thou'rt sure I did

Vot Now, by this light then, wipe but off this score,
 Since you're so bent, and if I ever run
 In debt again to falsehood and dissemblance,
 For want of better means, tear the remembrance of me
 From your best thoughts

Ans For thy vows' sake, I pardon thee
 Thy oath is now sufficient watch itself
 Over thy actions, I discharge my jealousy
 I've no more use for't now, to give thee way
 I'll have an absence made purposely for thee,
 And presently take horse I'll leave behind me
 An opportunity, that shall fear no starting,
 Let but thy pains deserve it

Vot I am bound to't

Ans For a small time farewell, then ! hark thee !

[Anselmus whispers to him, and exit]

Vot O good sir !

It will do wond'rous well,—What a wild seed
 Suspicion sows in him, and takes small ground for't !
 How happy were this lord if he would leave
 To tempt his fate, and be resolved he were so !
 He would be but too rich —
 Man has some enemy still that keeps him back
 In all his fortunes, and his mind is his,
 And that's a mighty adversary I had rather
 Have twenty kings my enemies than that part,
 For let me be at war with earth and hell,
 So that be friends with me—I've sworn to make
 A trial of her faith, I must put on
 A brazen face and do't ,

Enter WIFE

Mine own will shame me

Wife This is most strange of all ! how one distraction
Seconds another !

Foot What s the news sweet madam ?

Wife He s took his horse but left his leave untaken
What should I think on t sir ? did ever lord
Depart so rudely from his lady s presence ?

Foot Did he forget your hip ?

Wife He forgot all
That nobleness remembers

Foot I m ashamed of him
Let me help madam to repair his manners
And mend that unkind fault

Wife Sir ! pray forbear !
You forget worse than he

Foot So virtue save me
I have enough already

[aside

Wife Tis himself
Must make amends good sir for his own faults

Foot I would he d do t then and ne er trouble me in t

[aside

But madam you perceive he takes the cour e
To be far off from that he s rode from home
But his unkindness stays and keeps with you
Let who will please his wife he rides his horse
That s all the care he takes I pity you madam
You ve an unpleasing lord would twere not so
I should rejoice with you

You're young, the very spring's upon you now,
 The roses on your cheeks are but new blown
 Take you together, you're a pleasant garden,
 Where all the sweetness of man's comfort breathes
 But what is it to be a work of beauty,
 And want the part that should delight in you
 You still retain your goodness in yourself,
 But then you lose your glory, which is all
 The grace of every benefit is the use,
 And is't not pity you should want your grace?
 Look you like one whose lord should walk in groves
 About the peace of midnight? Alas! Madam,
 'Tis to me wond'rous how you should spare the day
 From amorous clips, much less the general season
 When all the world's a gamester
 That face deserves a friend of heart and spirit,
 Discourse and motion, indeed such a one
 That should observe you, madam, without ceasing,
 And not a weary lord

Wife Sure I was married, sir,
 In a dear year of love, when scarcity
 And famine of affection vex'd poor ladies,
 Which makes my heart so needy, it ne'er knew
 Plenty of comfort yet

Fort Why, that's your folly,
 To keep your mind so miserably, madam
 Change into better times, I'll lead you to 'em
 What bounty shall your friend expect for this?
 O you that can be hard to your own heart,
 How would you use your friends? if I thought kindly,

I d be the man myself should serve your pleasure

Wife How sir!

Vot Nay and ne er miss you too I d not come sneaking
Like a retainer once a week or so

To show myself before you for my livery

I d follow business like a household servant

Carry my work before me and dispatch

Before my lord be up and make no words on t

The sign of a good servant

Wife 'Tis not friendly done sir

To take a lady at advantage thus

Set all her wrongs before her and then tempt her

Vot I grow fond myself! twas well she wak d me

Before the dead sleep of adultery took me

'Twas stealing on me up you honest thoughts,

And keep watch for your master! I must hence

I do not like my health 'tas a strange relish

Pray heav'n I pluck d mine eyes back time enough

I'll never see her more I prais d the garden

But little thought a bed of snakes lay hid in t

[*aside as he is retirin'*]

Wife I know not how I am! I'll call my woman—

Stay! for I fear thou rt too far gone already

Vot I'll see her but once more do thy worst love!

Thou art too young fond boy to master me [aside]

VOTARIUS returns

I come to tell you madam and that plainly

I'll see your face no more take t how you please

Wife You will not offer violence to me sir

In my lord's absence, what does that touch you
If I want comfort?

Not Will you take your answer?

Wife It is not honest in you to tempt woman,
When her distresses take away her strength
How is she able to withstand her enemy?

Not I would fain leave your sight, an' I could possibly

Wife What is't to you, good sir, if I be pleased
To weep myself away, and run thus violently
Into the arms of death, and kiss destruction
Does this concern you now?

Not Aye marry, does it

What serve these arms for, but to pluck you back?

' These lips but to prevent all other tasters

And keep that cup of nectar for themselves?

I'm beguil'd again, forgive me, heaven!

My lips have been naught with her,

I will be master once and whip the boy

Home to his mother's lap, fare, fare thee well!

[Exit Vo'tarius]

Wife Vo'tarius! Sir! my friend! thank heaven, he's
gone

And he shall never come so near again,

I'll have my frailty watch'd ever, henceforward

I'll no more trust it single, it betrays me

Into the hands of folly Where's my woman?

Enter LEONELLA

My trusty Leonella!

Leo Call you, madam?

Wife Call I? I want attendance where are you?

Leo Never far from you madam

Wife Pray be nearer

Or there is some that will and thank you too

Nay perhaps bribe you to be absent from me

Leo How madam?

Wife Is that strange to a lady's woman

There are such things in the world many such buyers

And sellers of a woman's name and honour

Though you be young in bribes and never came

To the flesh market yet—beshrew your heart

For keeping so long from me!

Leo What ail you madam?

Wife Somewhat commands me and takes all the power
Of myself from me

Leo What should that be lady?

Wife When did you see Votarius?

Leo Is that next?

Nay then I have your ladyship in the wind [aside]

I saw him lately madam

Wife Whom didst see?

Leo Votarius

Wife What have I to do with him

More than another man? Say he be fair

And has parts proper both of mind and body

You praise him but in vain in telling me so

Leo Yes madam are you prattling in your sleep?

Tis well my lord and you lie in two beds [aside]

Wife I was ne'er so ill I thank you Leonella

My negligent woman here you show'd your service

Leo Have I power or means to stop a sluice
At a high water? what would sh'ave me do in't?

Wife I charge thee, while thou liv'st with me hencefor-
ward,

Use not an hour's absence from my sight [*exit Lady*]

Leo By my faith, madam, you shall pardon me,
I have a love of mine own to look to,
And he must have his breakfast

Enter BILIARIUS, muffled in his cloak

Bel Leonella?

Leo Come forth, and show yourself a gentleman,
Although most commonly they hide their heads,
As you do there methinks! And why a taffety muffler?
Show your face, man! I'm not asham'd on you

Bel I fear the servants

Leo And they fear their mistress, and ne'er think on you,
Their thoughts are upon dinner, and great dishes
If one thing hap, impossible to fail too—
(I can see so far in't) you shall walk boldly, sir,
And openly in view through every room
About the house, and let the proudest meet thee,
I charge you give no way to 'em

Bel How thou talk'st!

Leo I can avoid the fool, and give you reason for't

Bel 'Tis more than I should do if I asked more on thee
I pr'ythee tell me how?

Leo With ease, 'ifaith, sir,
My lady's heart is wond'rous busy, sir!

About the entertainment of a friend too
And she and I must bear with one another
Or we shall make but a mad house betwixt us

Bel I'm bold to throw my cloak off at this news
Which I ne'er durst before and kiss thee freelier
What is he sirrah?

Leo Faith an indifferent fellow
With good long legs—a near friend of my lord's

Bel A near friend of my lady's you would say
His name I pry thee?

Leo One Votarius sir

Bel What say'st thou?

Leo He walks under the same title

Bel The only enemy that my life can shew me

Leo Your enemy? Let my spleen then alone with him
Stay you your anger! I'll confound him for you

Bel As how I pry thee?

Leo I'll prevent his venery
He shall ne'er lie with my lady

Bel Troth I thank you—
Life! that's the way to save him art thou mad?
Whereas the other way he confounds himself
And lies more naked to revenge and mischief

Leo Then let him lie with her and the devil go with him
He shall have all my furtherance

Bel Why now you pray heartily and speak to purpose
[*exeunt*]

ACT II SCENE I

Enter the Lady of GOVIANUS with a Servant

Lady Who is't would speak with us ?

Serv My lord, your father

Lady Pray make haste, he waits too long
 Intreat him hither In despite of all [*Exit Servant*]
 The tyrant's cruelties, we have got that friendship
 E'en of the guard that he has plac'd about us,
 My lord and I have free access together,
 As much as I would ask of liberty ,
 They'll trust us largely now, and keep sometimes
 Three hours from us, a rare courtesy
 In jailors' children, some mild news I hope
 Comes with my father

Enter HELVETIUS

No, his looks are sad,
 There is some further tyranny, let it fall !
 Our constant sufferings shall amaze it all [*she kneels*]

Helv Rise !

I will not bless thee,—thy obedience
 Is after custom, as most rich men pray,
 Whose saint is only fashion and vain glory,
 So 'tis with thee in thy dissembled duty,
 There's no religion in't, no reverent love,
 Only for fashion, and the praise of men

Lady Why should you think so, sir ?

Helv Think? I know't and see t
I'll sooner give my blessing to a drunkard
Whom the ridiculous power of wine makes humble
As foolish use makes thee —base spirited girl
That can st not think above disgrace and beggary
When glory is set for thee and thy seed
Advancement for thy father beside joy
Able to make a latter spring in me
In this my fourscore summer and renew me
With a reversion yet of heat and youth'
But the dejection of thy mind and spirit
Makes me thy father guilty of a fault
That draws thy birth in question and e en wrongs
Thy mother in her ashes being at peace
With heav'n and man had not her life and virtues
Been seals unto her faith I should think thee now
The work of some hir'd servant some house tailor
And no one part of my endeavour in thee
Had I neglected greatness or not rather
Pursu'd almost to my eternal hazard
Thou dst ne er been a lord's daughter'

Lady Had I been
A shepherd s I d been happier and more peaceful

Helv Thy very seed will curse thee in thy age
When they shall hear the story of thy weakness —
How in thy youth thy fortunes tender'd thee
A kingdom for thy servant which thou left st
Basely to serve thyself what dost thou in this
But merely cozen thy posterity
Of royalty and succession and thyself

Of dignity present ?

Lady Sir, your king did well

'Mongst all his nobles to pick out yourself
And send you with these words his politic grace
Knew what he did, for well he might imagine
None else should have been heard, they'd had their answer
Before the question had been half way through
But, dearest sir ! I owe to you a reverence,
A debt which both begins and ends with life,
Never till then discharg'd, 'tis so long lasting,
Yet, could you be more precious than a father,
Which next a husband is the richest treasure
Mortality can show us, you should pardon me
And yet confess too that you found me kind,
To hear your words, though I withstood your mind

Helv Say you so, daughter ? troth I thank you kindly,
I am in hope to rise well by your means,
Or you to raise yourself, we're both beholding to you
Well, since I cannot win you, I commend you,—
I praise your constancy and pardon you
Take Govianus to you, make the most of him,
Pick out your husband there, so you'll but grant me
One light request that follows

Lady Heaven forbid else, sir !

Helv Give me the choosing of your friend, that's all

Lady How, sir ? my friend ?—a light request indeed !
Somewhat too light, sir, either for my wearing,
Or your own gravity, an' you look on't well !

Helv Pish ! talk like a woman, girl, not like a fool !
Thou knowest the end of greatness, and hast wit

Above the flight of twenty feather'd mistresses
That glister in the sun of princes' favours
Thou hast discourse in thee fit for a king's fellowship
A princely carriage and astonishing presence
What should a husband do with all this goodness?
Alas! one end on't is too much for him
Nor is it fit a subject should be master
Of such a jewel 'tis in the king's power
To take it for the forfeit—but I come
To bear thee gently to his bed of honours
All force forgotten The king commends him to thee
With more than the humility of a servant
That since thou wilt not yield to be his queen
Be yet his mistress he shall be content
With that or nothing he shall ask no more
And with what easiness that is perform'd
Most of you women know having a husband
That kindness costs thee nothing you're that in
All over and above to your first bargain
And that's a brave advantage for a woman
If she be wise as I suspect not thee
And having youth and beauty and a husband
Thou at all the wish of woman Take thy time then—
Make thy best market

Lady Can you assure me sir
Whether my father spake this? or some spirit
Of evil wishing that has for a time
Hir'd his voice of him to beguile me that way
Presuming on his power and my obedience
I'd gladly know that I might frame an answer

According to the speaker

Helv How now, baggage !
Am I in question with thee ? does thy scorn cast
So thick an ignorance before thine eyes,
That I'm forgotten too ? Who is't speaks to thee,
But I thy father ?

Enter GOVIANUS, discharging a pistol

Gov The more monstrous he ! *[Helvetius falls*
Art down but with the bare voice of my fury ?
Up, ancient sinner ! thou'rt but mock'd with death,
I miss'd thee purposely, thank this dear creature
O had'st thou been anything beside her father,
I'd made a fearful separation on thee ,
I would have sent thy soul to a darker prison
Than any made of clay, and thy dead body
As a token to the lustful king, thy master
Art thou struck down so soon with the short sound
Of this small earthly instrument, and do'st thou
So little fear the eternal noise of hell ?
What's she ? does she not bear thy daughter's name ?
How stirs thy blood, sir ? is there a dead feeling
Of all things fatherly and honest in thee ?
Say thou cou'dst be content for greatness' sake
To end the last act of thy life in pandarism,
Must it needs follow that unmanly sin
Can work upon the weakness of no woman
But her, whose name and honour natural love
Bids thee preserve more charily than eye-sight,

Health or thy senses ? can promotion's thirst
 Make such a father ? turn a grave old lord
 To a white-headed squire ? make him so base
 To buy his honours with his daughter's soul
 And the perpetual shaming of his blood ?
 Hast thou the leisure thou forgetful man
 To think upon advancement at these years ?
 What wouldst thou do with greatness ? dost thou hope
 To fray death with it ? or hast thou that conceit
 That honour will restore thy youth again ?
 Thou art but mock'd old fellow ! 'tis not so
 Thy hopes abuse thee follow thine own business
 And list not to the syren of the world
 Alas ! thou hadst more need kneel at an altar
 Than to a chair of state
 And search thy conscience for thy sins of youth
 That's work enough for age it needs no greater
 Thou art call'd within thy very eyes look inward
 To teach thy thoughts the way and thy affections
 But miserable notes that conscience sings
 That cannot truly pray for flattering kins

Hel. This was well search'd indeed and without favour
 in

Blessing reward thee ! such a wound as mine
 Did need a pitiless surgeon—Smart on soul !
 Thou'lt feel the less hereafter sir I thank you
 I ever saw myself in a false glass
 Until this friendly hour With what fair faces
 My sins would look on me ! but now truth shows 'em
 How lothesome and how monstrous are their forms !

Be you my king and master, still ' henceforward
 My knee shall know no other earthly lord
 Well may I spend this life to do you service,
 That sets my soul in her eternal path '

Govi Rise, rise, Helvetius '

Helv I'll see both your hands

Set to my pardon first

Govi Mine shall bring her's

Lady Now, sir, I honour you for your goodness chiefly,
 You're my most worthy father, you speak like him,
 The first voice was not his, my joy and reverence
 Strive which should be most seen, let our hands, sir,
 Raise you from earth thus high, and may it prove

[*they raise him up*]

The first ascent of your immortal rising,
 Never to fall again '

Helv A spring of blessings

Keep ever with thee, and the fruit thy lord's '

Govi I have lost an enemy, and have found a father

[*exeunt*]

Enter VOTARIUS, *sadly*

Vot All's gone, there's nothing but the prodigal left,
 I have play'd away my soul at one short game,
 Where e'en the winner loses
 Pursuing sin, how often did I shun thee '
 How swift art thou a-foot, beyond man's goodness,
 Which has a lazy pace ' so was I catch'd—
 A curse upon the cause, man in these days
 Is not content to have his lady honest,

And so rest pleas'd with her^s without more toil
 But he must have her try'd forsooth and tempted
 And when she proves a quean then he lies quiet
 Like one that has a watch of curious making
 Thinking to be more cunning than the workman
 Never gives over tampering with the wheels
 Till either spring be weaken'd balance bow'd
 Or some wrong pin put in and so spoils all
 How I could curse myself! most business else
 Delight in the dispatch that's the best grace to't
 Only this work of blind repented lust
 Hangs shame and sadness on his master's cheek
 Yet wise men take no warning

Enter WIFE

Nor can I now

Her very sight strikes my repentance backward
 It cannot stand again t' her—Chamber thoughts
 And words that have sport in 'em they're for ladies'

Wife My best and dearest servant!

Leo Worthiest mistress

Enter LEONELLA

Madam—

Wife Who's that? my woman—

Proceed sir—

Leo Not if you love your honour madam
 I came to give you warning my lord's come—

Leo How!

Wife My lord?

Leo Alas! poor vessels, how this tempest tosses 'em,
They're driven both asunder in a twinkling
Down goes the sails here, and the main mast yonder,
Here rides a bark with better fortune, yet,
I fear no tossing, come what weather will,
I have a trick to hold on water still

Not His very name shoots like a fever through me,
Now hot, now cold which cheek shall I turn toward him,
For fear he should read guiltiness in my looks?
I would he would keep from hence like a wise man,
'Tis no place for him now, I would not see him
Of any friend alive! it is not fit
We two should come together, we have abus'd
Each other mightily, he us'd me ill,
T'employ me thus, and I have us'd him worse,
I'm too much even with him,—

Enter ANSELMUS

Yonder's a sight of him

Wife My lov'd and honour'd lord—Most welcome, sir

Leo Oh there's a kiss—methinks my lord might taste
Dissimulation rank in't, if he had wit

He takes but of the breath of his friend's life,
A second kiss is hers, but that she keeps
For her first friend, we women have no cunning

Wife You parted strangely from me

Ans That's forgotten!

Votarius—I make speed to be in thine arms

Vol You never come too soon sir

Ans How goes business?

Vol Pray think upon some other subject sir

What news at court?

Ans Pish! Answer me

Vol Alas sir would you have me work by wonders

To strike fire out of ye? y are a strange lord sir

Put me to possible things and find em finish'd

At your return to me I can say no more

Ans I see by this thou didst not try her thoroughly

Vol How sir not thoroughly! by this light he lives not

That could make trial of a woman better

Ans I fear thou wast too slack

Vol Good faith you wrong me sir

She never found it so

Ans Then I've a jewel

And nothing shall be thought too precious for her

I may advance my forehead and boast purely

Methinks I see her worth with clear eyes now

O when a man's opinion is at peace

'Tis a fine life to marry! no state's like it

My worthy lady freely I confess

To thy wrong'd heart my passion had alate

Put rudeness on me which I now put off

I'll no more seem so unfashionable

For pleasure and the chamber of a lady

Wife I'm glad you're chang'd so well sir

[*exeunt Wife and Anselmus*]

Vol Thank himself for't

Ico This comes like physic when the party's dead

Flows kindness now, when 'tis so ill deserv'd ?
 This is the fortune still well, for this trick
 I'll save my husband and his friend a labour
 I'll never marry as long as I am honest,
 For, commonly, queans have the kindest husbands

[*exit Leonella, manet Votarius*]

Vot I do not like his company now, 'tis unsome,
 His eye offends me, methinks it is not kindly,
 We two should live together in one house,
 And 'tis impossible to remove me hence
 I must not give way first, she is my mistress,
 And that's a degree kinder than a wife,
 Women are always better to their friends,
 Than to their husbands, and more true to them,
 Then let the worst give place, whom she's least need on,
 He that can best be spar'd, and that's her husband
 I do not like his overboldness with her,
 He's too familiar with the face I love
 I fear the sickness of affection,
 I feel a grudging on't I shall grow jealous
 E'en of that pleasure which she has by law
 I shall go so near with her,—

Enter BELLARIUS, passing over the Stage

Ha! what's he!

'Tis Bellarius, my rank enemy,
 Mine eye snatch'd so much sight of him What's his business?
 His face half darken'd, stealing through the house,
 With a whoremaster's pace—I like it not

This lady will be serv'd like a great woman
 With more attendants I perceive than one ;
 She has her shift of friends My enemy one '
 Do we both shun each other's company
 In all assemblies public at all meeting
 And drink to one another in one measure ?
 My very thoughts my poison tis high time
 To seek for help—Where is our head physician
 A doctor of my making and that lecher's ?
 O woman ! when thou once leav'st to be good
 Thou can'st not who stands next thee ; every sin
 Is a companion for thee for thy once crack'd honesty
 Is like the breaking of whole money
 It never comes to good but wastes away

Enter ANSELMUS

Ans Votarius !

Iot Ha !

Ans We miss'd you sir within

Iot I miss'd you more without—would you had come
 sooner sir !

Ans Why what's the business ?

Iot You should have seen a fellow

A common bawdy house ferret one Bellarius
 Steal through this room ; his whorish barren face
 Three quarters muffled he is somewhere hid
 About the house sir

Ans Which way took the villain
 That marriage felon ? one that robs the mind
 Twenty times worse than any highway striker

Speak, which way took he?

Vot Marry, my lord, I think,—

Let me see, which way wast now? up yon stairs—

Ans The way to chamb'ring, did not I say still

All thy temptations were too faint and lazy,

Thou didst not play 'em home

Vot To tell you true, sir,

I found her yielding, 'ere I left her last,

And wav'ring in her faith

Ans Did not I think so?

Vot That makes me suspect him

Ans Why, partial man,

Couldst thou hide this from me, so dearly sought for,

And rather waste thy pity upon her?

Thou'rt not so kind as my heart prais'd thee to me Hark!

Vot 'Tis his footing, certain

Ans Are you chamber'd?

I'll fetch you from aloft

[*exit Anselmus*]

Vot He takes my work,

And toils to bring me ease this use I'll make of him,

His care shall watch to keep all strange thieves out,

Whilst I familiarly go in and rob him,

Like one that knows the house

But how has rashness and my jealousy us'd me!

Out of my vengeance to mine enemy,

Confest her yielding I have lock'd myself

From mine own liberty with that key, revenge

Does no man good, but to his greater harm,

Suspect and malice, like a mingled cup,

Made me soon drunk, I knew not what I spoke,

And that may get me pardon

Enter ANSELMUS a Daughter in his hand with LEONELLA

Leo Why my lord!

Ans Confess thou mystical pandarress—run Votarius
To the back gate the guilty slave leap'd out
And scap'd me so this strumpet lock'd him up
In her own chamber *[exit Votarius]*

Leo Hold my lord!—I might—
He is my husband sir!

Ans O soul of cunning!
Came that arch subtilty from thy lady's counsel
Or thine own sudden craft? confess to me
How oft thou hast been a bawd to their close actions
Or all thy light goes out?

Leo My lord! believe me—
In truth I love a man too well myself
To bring him to my mistress

Ans Leave thy sporting!
Or my next offer makes thy heart weep blood

Leo O spare that strength my lord and I'll reveal
A secret that concerns you for this does not

Ans Back! back my fury then!
It shall not touch thy breast speak freely what is't?

Leo Votarius and my lady are false gamesters
They u e foul play my lord

Ans Thou lyest

Leo Reward me then for all together if it prove not so
I'll never bestow time to ask your pity

Ans Votarius and thy lady? twill ask days

'Ere it be settled in belief,—so, rise !

Go, get thee to thy chamber !

[*exit*

Leo A pox on you !

You hind'ered me of better business—thank you

He's fray'd a secret from me, would he were whipt !

'Faith, from a woman a thing's quickly slipt

[*exit*

SCENE II

Enter the TYRANT with SOPHONIRUS, MIMPHONIRUS, and other Nobles

A Flourish

Tyr My joys have all false parts, there's nothing true to me,

That's either kind or pleasant I'm hardly dealt withal,
I must not miss her, I want her sight too long

Where's this old fellow ?

Soph Here's one, my lord, of threescore and seventeen

Tyr Pish ! that old limber ass puts in his head still —
Helvetius ! where is he ?

Mem Not yet return'd, my lord

Enter HELVETIUS

Tyr Your lordship lies,

Here comes the kingdom's father—who amongst you
Dares say, this worthy man has not made speed ?

I would fain hear that fellow

Soph I'll not be he,

I like the standing of my head too well

To have it mended

Tyr Thy sight quickens me

I find a better health when thou art present
Than all times else can bring me — is the answer
As pleasing as thy self?

Helic Of what, my lord?

Tyr Of what? I've now he did not say so did he?

Soph O no, my lord, not he, he spoke no such word
I'll say as he would have it for I'd be loath
To have my body used like butchers' meat.

Tyr When comes she to our bed?

Helic Who, my lord?

Tyr Hark! You heard that plain amongst you?

Soph O my lord, as plain as my wife's tongue
That drowns a sauce bell
Let me alone to lay about for honour
I'll shift for one.

Tyr When comes the lady, sir
That Gorianus keeps?

Helic Why, that's my daughter!

Tyr Oh! is it so! Have you unlock'd your memory?
What says she to us?

Helic Nothing!

Tyr How thou tempt'st us!
What didst thou say to her, being sent from us?

Helic More than was honest, yet it was but little.

Tyr How cruelly thou work'st upon our patience
Savouring advantage, cause thou art her father!
But be not bold too far, if duties leave thee
Respect will fall from us.

Helic Have I kept life
So long till it looks white upon my head

Been threescore years a courtier, and a flatterer
 Not above threescore hours, which time's repented
 Amongst my greatest follies, and am I at these days
 Fit for no place, but hawd to mine own flesh?
 You'll prefer all your old courtiers to good services
 If your lust keep but hot some twenty winters,
 We are like to have a virtuous world of wives,
 Daughters and sisters, besides kinswomen
 And cousin gerimans remov'd up and down,
 Where'er you please to have 'em! Are white hairs
 A colour fit for pandars and flesh brokers,
 Which are the honour'd ornaments of age,
 To which e'en kings owe reverence, as they're men,
 And greater in their goodness, than their greatness?
 And must I take my pay all in base money?
 I was a lord born, set by all court grace!
 And am I thrust now to a squire's place?

Thy How comes the moon to change so in this manner,
 That was in full, but now, of all performance,
 And swifter than our wishes, I beshrew that virtue
 That busied herself with him, she might have found
 Some other work, the man was fit for me,
 Before she spoil'd him —She has wrong'd my heart in't,
 And marr'd me a good workman —Now his art fails him,
 What makes the man at court? This is no place
 For fellows of no parts, he lives not here
 That puts himself from action when we need him
 I take off all thy honours, and bestow 'em
 On any of this rank that will deserve 'em

Soph My lord, that's I trouble your grace no further!

I'll undertake to bring her to your bed
 With some ten words marry they're special charms—
 No lady can withstand 'em a witch taught me 'em
 If you doubt me I'll leave my wife in pawn
 For my true loyalty and your majesty
 May pass away the time till I return
 I have a care in all things

Tyr That may thrive best

Which the least hope looks after but however
 Force shall help nature I'll be so sure now
 Thy willingness may be fortunate—we employ thee

Soph Then I'll go fetch my wife and take my journey

Tyr Stay! we require no pledge we think thee honest

Soph Troth the worse luck for me we had both been
 made by t

It was the way to make my wife great too

Tyr [*to Helvetius*] I'll teach thee to be wide and strange
 to me—

I'll not leave thee

A title to put on but the bare name

That man must call thee by and know thee miserable

Helv 'Tis miserable king to be of thy making

And leave a better workman if thy honours

Only keep life in baseness take 'em to thee

And give them to the hungry there's one gapes

Soph One that will swallow you sir for that jest

And all your titles after

Helv The devil follow them

There's room enough for him too—Leave me thou king
 As poor as Truth the mistress I now serve

And never will forsake her for her plainness,
That shall not alter me

Tyr No ! Our guard within there !

Enter GUARD

Guard My lord !

Tyr Bear that old fellow to our castle, prisoner ,
Give charge he be kept close

Helv Close prisoner !

Why, my heart thanks thee , I shall have more time
And liberty to virtue in one hour,
Than all those threescore years I was a courtier
So, by imprisonment I sustain great loss ,
Heav'n opens to that man the world keeps close

[exit, with Guard]

Soph But I'll not go to prison to try that,
Give me the open world, there's a good air

Tyr I would fain send death after him, but I dare not ,
He knows I dare not , that would give just cause
Of her unkindness everlasting to me
His life may thank his daughter —Sophonirus !
Here, take this jewel, bear it as a token
To our heart's saint, 'twill do thy words no harm ,
Speech may do much, but wealth's a greater charm
Than any made of words , and, to be sure,
If one or both should fail, I provide farther
Call forth those resolute fellows, whom our clemency
Sav'd from a death of shame in time of war
For field offences, give them charge from us
They arm themselves with speed, beset the house

Of Gorianus round that if thou fail st
Or stay st beyond the time thou leav st with them
They may with violence break in themselves
And seize her for our use

[*exeunt —manet Sophonirus*]

Soph They re not so savage
To seize her for their own I hope
As there are many knaves will begin first
And bring their lords the bottom I have been serv'd so
A hundred times myself by a scurvy page
That I kept once but my wife lov'd him
And I could not help it [exit]

ACT III SCENE I

Enter GORIANUS with his LADY and a Servant

A Flourish

Gor: What is he?

Serv An old lord come from the court

Gor: He should be wise by 8 years he will not dare
To come about such business tis not man's work
Art sure he desir'd to speak with thy lady

Serv Sure sir

Gor: Faith thou rt mistook tis with me certain
Let's do the man no wrong go know it truly sir!

Serv This is a strange humour, we must know things
twice [*exit*]

Gov There's no man is so dull, but he will weigh
The work he undertakes, and set about it
E'en in the best sobriety of his judgment,
With all his senses watchful, then his guilt
Does equal his for whom 'tis undertaken

Enter SERVANT

What says he now ?

Serv E'en as he said at first, sir
He's business with my lady from the king

Gov Still from the king, he will not come near, will he ?

Serv Yes, when he knows he shall, sir

Gov I cannot think it

Let him be tried !

Serv Small trial will serve him, I warrant you, sir

Gov Sure honesty has left man, has fear forsook him ?
Yes, faith, there is no fear, where there's no grace

Lady What way shall I devise to giv'm his answer ?
Denial is not strong enough to serve, sir

Gov No, 't must have other helps —

Enter SOPHONIRUS

I see he dares !

O patience, I shall lose a friend of thee !

Soph I bring thee, precious lady, this dear stone,
And commendations from the king my master

Gov: I set before thee panderous lord this steel
And much good do t thy heart fall to and spare not !

[*he stabs Sophonirus*]

Lady Las ! what have you done my lord ?

Gov: Why sent a bawd
Home to his lodging nothing else sweet heart

Soph Well ! you have kill d me sir and there s an end
But you'll get nothing by the hand my lord
When all your cards are counted there be gamesters
Not far of will set upon the winner
And make a poor lord of you ere th ve left you
I m fetch d in like a fool to pay the reckoning
Yet you'll save nothing by t

Gov: What riddle s this ?

Soph There she stands by thee now who yet ere mid
night
Must lie by the king s side !

Gov: Who speaks that lie ?

Soph One hour will make it true she cannot scape
No more than I from death you ve a great game on t
An you look well about you that s my comfort
The house is round beset with armed men
That know their time when to break in and seize her

Lady My lord !

Gov: 'Tis boldly done to trouble me
When I ve such business to dispatch —within there !

Enter SERVANT

Serv My Lord !

Gov: Look out and tell me what thou see st !

Soph How quickly now my death will be reveng'd !
Before the king's first sleep—I depart laughing
To think upon the deed

Govi 'Tis thy banquet,
Down, villain, to thy everlasting weeping,
That canst rejoice so in the rape of virtue,
And sing light tunes in tempests, when near shipwreck'd,
And have no plank to save us !—

Enter SERVANT

Now, sir—quickly

Serv Which way so'er I cast mine eye, my lord,
Out of all parts o' th' house, I may see fellows,
Gather'd in companies, and all whispering,
Like men for treachery busy

Lady 'Tis confirm'd

Serv Their eyes still fix'd upon the doors and windows

Govi I think thou'st never done, thou lov'st to talk on't,
'Tis fine discourse, pr'ythee find other business

Serv Nay, I am gone, I'm a man quickly snep'd [*exit*

Govi He's flatter'd me with safety for this hour

Lady Have you leisure to stand idle ? why, my lord,
It is for me they come

Govi For thee, my glory !
The riches of my youth, it is for thee !

Lady Then is your care so cold ? will you be robb'd
And have such warning of the thieves ? Come on, sir !
Fall to your business, lay your hands about you
Do not think scorn to work, a resolute captain

Will rather fling the treasure of his bark
 Into whales throats than pirates should be gorg'd with t
 Be not less man than he thou art master yet
 And all's at thy disposin^g take thy time
 Prevent mine enemy away with me
 Let me no more be seen I'm like that treasure
 Dangerous to him that keeps it rid thy hands on t'

Gov: I cannot lose thee so

Lady Shall I be taken

And lost the cruellest way? then wouldst thou curse
 That love that sent forth pity to my life!
 Too late thou wouldst!

Gov: Oh this extremity!

Hast thou no way to scape them but in soul?

Mus I meet peace in thy destruction

Or will it ne'er come at me?

'Tis a most miserable way to get it!

I had rather be content to live without it

Than pay so dear for t' and yet lose it too

Lady Sir you do nothing there's no valour in you!

You're the worst friend to a lady in affliction

That ever love made his companion

For honor's sake dispatch me! thy own thoughts

Should stir thee to this act more than my weakness

The sufferer should not do t' I speak thy part

Dull and forgetful man and all to help thee!

Is it thy mind to have me seized upon

And borne with violence to the tyrant's bed?

There forc'd unto the lust of all his days

Gov: Oh no thou liv'st no longer now I think on t'

I take thee at all hazard

Lady O stay, hold, sir !

Gov. Lady, what had you made me do now ?
You never cease 'till you prepare me cruel 'gainst my heart,
And then you turn't upon my hand and mock me

Lady Cowardly flesh !

Thou show'st thy faintness still, I felt thee shake
E'en when the storm came near thee, thou'rt the same
But 'twas not for thy fear I put death by,
I had forgot a chief and worthy business,
Whose strange neglect—would have made me forgotten
I will be ready straight, sir [she kneels in prayer

Gov. O poor lady !

Why might not she expire now in that prayer,
Since she must die, and never try worse ways,
'Tis not so happy, for we often see
Condemn'd men sick to death, yet 'tis their fortune
To recover to their execution,
And rise again in health to set in shame
What, if I steal a death unseen of her now,
And close up all my miseries, with mine eyes ! Oh, fy,
And leave her here alone ! that were unmanly

Lady My lord, be now as sudden as you please, sir !
I am ready for your hand

Gov. But that's not ready
'Tis the hardest work that ever man was put to,
I know not which way to begin to come to't
Believe me, I shall never kill thee well
I shall but shame myself, it were but folly,
Dear soul, to boast of more than I can perform,

I shall not have the power to do thee right in t
 Thou deserv'st death with speed a quick dispatch
 The pain but of a twinkling and so sleep
 If I do t I shall make thee live too long
 And so spoil all that way I pr'y thee excuse me

Lady I should not be disturb'd an' you did well sir
 I have prepar'd my self for rest and silence
 And took my leave of words I am like one
 Removing from her house that locks up all
 And rather than she would displace her good
 Makes shift with any thing for the time she stays
 Then look not for more speech th' extremity speaks
 Enough to serve us both had we no tongues —

[knocking within]

Hark !

Within Lord Sophoniscus !

Gor. Which hand shall I take ?

Lady Art thou yet ignorant ? There is no way
 But through my bosom

Gor. Must I lose thee then ?

Lady They're but thine enemies that tell thee so
 His lust may part me from thee but death never
 Thou canst not lose me then for dying thine
 Thou dost enjoy me still — kings cannot rob thee

[knocking]

Within Do you hear my lord ?

Lady Is it yet time, or no ?

Honour remember thee !

Gor. I must — come ! prepare thyself ! —

Lady Never more dearly welcome —

[He runs at her, and falls by the way in a swoon]

Alas, Sir !

My lord, my love !—O thou poor spirited man !

He's gone before me, did I trust to thee,

And hast thou serv'd me so ? left all the work

Upon my hand, and stole away so smoothly ?

There was not equal suffering shown in this,

And yet I cannot blame thee, every man

Would seek his rest, eternal peace sleep with thee !

[She takes up the sword of Governor]

Thou art my servant now, come ! thou hast lost

A fearful master, but art now prefer'd

Unto the service of a resolute lady,

One that knows how to employ thee, and scorns death

As much as some men fear it Where's hell's ministers,

The tyrant's watch and guard ? 'tis of much worth,

When with this key the prisoner can slip forth —

[kills herself,—knocking]

Gov How now ! What noise is this ? I heard doors
beaten

[a great knocking again]

Where are my servants ? let men knock so loud

Their master cannot sleep !

Within The time's expir'd

And we'll break in, my lord !

Gov Ha ! where's my sword ?

I had forgot my business —O, 'tis done,

And never was beholding to my hand !

Was I so hard to thee ? so disrespectful of thee,

To put all this to thee? why it was more
 Than I was able to perform myself
 With all the courage that I could take to me
 It tir'd me I was fain to fall and rest
 And hast thou valiant woman overcome
 Thy honour's enemies with thine own white hand
 Where virgin victory sits all without help?
 Eternal praise go with thee!—Spare not now
 Make all the haste you can—I'll plant this bawd
 Against the door the fittest place for him
 That when with ungovern'd weapons they rush in
 Blinded with fury they may take his death
 Into the purple number of their deeds
 And wipe it off from mine — *[knocking within]*
 How now forbear

My lord's at hand!

Within My lord and ten lords more—
 I hope the king's officers are above them all

Enter the FELLOWS well weaponed

Gou: Life! what do you do take heed!—bless the old
 man!—

My lord All ass my lord he's gone!

1st Officer Farewell he then
 We have no eyes to pierce thorough inch boards
 'Twas his own folly the king must be serv'd
 And shall the best is we shall ne'er be hang'd for t
 There's such a number guilty

Gou: Poor my lord!
 He went some twice ambassador and behav'd himself

So wittily in all his actions

2nd Officer My lord ! what's she ?

Govi Let me see !

What should she be ? Now I remember her,—

O, she was a worthy creature,

Before destruction grew so inward with her !

1st Officer Well, for her worthiness, that's no work of
ours,

You have a lady, sir, the king commands her

To court with speed, and we must force her thither

Govi Alas ! she'll never strive with you, she was born
E'en with the spirit of meekness, is't for the king ?

1st Officer For his own royal and most gracious lust,
Or let me ne'er be trusted

Govi Take her then !

2nd Officer Spoke like an honest subject, by my troth !
I'd do the like myself to serve my prince
Where is she, sir ?

Govi Look but upon yon face,
Then do but tell me where you think she is ?

2nd Officer She's not here

Govi She's yonder

1st Officer 'Faith, she's gone
Where we shall ne'er come at her, I see that

Govi No, nor thy master, neither, now I praise
Her resolution, 'tis a triumph to me,
When I see those about her

2nd Officer How came this, sir ?
The king must know

Govi From yon old fellow's prattling

All your intents he reveal'd largely to her
 And she was troubled with a foolish pride
 To stand upon her honour and so dy'd

1st Officer We have done the king good service to kill
 him

More than we were aware of but this news
 Will make a mad court twill be a hard office
 To be a flatterer now his grace will run
 Into so many moods there'll be no finding of him
 As good seek a wild hare without a hound now
 A vengeance of your babbling these old fellows
 Will hearken after secrets as their lives
 But keep 'em in 'e'en as they keep their wives

Fellows We have watch'd fairly

[exiunt—manet Gori-mur]

Gori What a comfort 'tis
 To see 'em gone without her faith she told me
 Her everlasting sleep would bring me joy
 Yet I was still unwilling to believe her
 Her life was so sweet to me like some man
 In time of sickness that would rather wish
 (To please his fearful flesh) his former health
 Restor'd to him than death when after trial
 If it were possible ten thousand worlds
 Could not entice him to return again
 And walk upon the earth from whence he flew
 So stood my wish joy'd in her life and breath
 Now gone there is no heaven but after death
 Come thou delicious treasure of mankind
 To him that knows what virtuous woman is

And can discreetly love her ' the whole world
 Yields not a jewel like her, ransack rocks
 And caves beneath the deep O thou fain spring
 Of honest and religious desires,
 Fountain of weeping honour, I will kiss thee
 After death's marble lip ' thou'rt cold enough
 To lie entomb'd now by my father's side,
 Without offence in kindred, there I'll place thee
 With one I lov'd the dearest next to thee,
 Help me to mourn, all that love chastity [Exit

ACT IV SCENE I

Enter VOTARIUS, with ANSELMUS's Lady

Vot Pray, forgive me, madam, come, thou shalt '

Wife I'faith 'twas strangely done, sir

Vot I confess it

Wife Is that enough to help it, sir? 'tis easy
 To draw a lady's honour in suspicion,
 But not so soon recover'd and confirm'd
 To the first faith again from whence you brought it
 Your wit was fetch'd out about other business,
 Or such forgetfulness had never seiz'd you

Vot 'Twas but an overflowing, a spring tide
 In my affection, rais'd by too much love,
 And that's the worst words you can give it, madam

Wife Jealous of me?

Not You d'ye sworn yourself madam
Had you been in my body and chang'd cases
To see a fellow with a guilty pace
Glide through the room his face three quarters mighted
As if a deed of darkness had hung on him

Wife I tell you twice twas my bold woman's friend
Hell take her impudence

Not Why I have done madam

Wife You've done too late sir who shall do the rest
now?

Confest me yielding ' was thy way too free?

Why didst thou long to be restrain'd? pray speak sir!

Not A man cannot cozen you of the sin of weakness
Or borrow it of a woman for one hour
But how he's wonder'd at! when search your lives
We shall ne'er find it from you we can suffer you
To play away your days in idleness
And hide your imperfections with our loves
Or the most part of you would appear strange creatures;
And now tis but our chance to make an offer
And snatch at folly running yet to see
How earnest you're against us as if we'd robb'd you
Of the best gift your natural mother left you

Wife 'Tis worth a kiss i faith and thou shalt hav't
Were there not one more left for my lord's supper
And now sir I've bethought myself

Not That's happy!

Wife You say we're weak but the best wits of you all
Are glad of our advice for ought I see
And hardly thrive without us

Not I'll say so too,
 To give you encouragement, and advance your virtues
 'Tis not good always to keep down a woman

Wife Well, sir, since you've begun to make my lord
 A doubtful man of me, keep on that course,
 And ply his faith still with that poor belief
 That I'm inclining unto wantonness,
 Take heed you pass no further now

Not Why, do'st think
 I'll be twice mad together in one moon?
 That were too much for any freeman's son,
 After his father's funeral

Wife Well then thus, sir
 Upholding still the same, as being embolden'd
 By some loose glance of mine, you shall attempt,
 After you've plac'd my lord in some near closet,
 To thrust yourself into my chamber rudely,
 As if the game went forward to your thinking,
 Then leave the rest to me I'll so reward thee
 With bitterness of words, but, pr'ythee, pardon me,
 My lord shall swear me into honesty
 Enough to serve his mind all his life after,
 Nay, for a need, I'll draw some rapier forth,
 That shall come near my hand as 'twere by chance,
 And set a lively face upon my rage,
 But fear thou nothing, I too dearly love thee
 To let harm touch thee

Not O, it likes me rarely,
 I'll chuse a precious time for it *[Exit Notarius]*

Wife Go thy ways, I'm glad I had it for thee

Enter LEONELLA

Leo Madam my lord entreats your company

Wife Psha ye!

Leo P ha ye! My lord entreats your company

Wife What now?

Are ye so short heel'd

Leo I am as my betters are then

Wife How came you by such impudence alate minion?

You're not content to entertain your play fellow

In your own chamber cloely which I think

Is large allowance for a lady's woman

There's many a good man's daughter is in service

And cannot get such favour of her mistress

But what she has by stealth she and the chamber maid

Are glad of one between them and must you

Give such bold freedom to your long nos'd fellow

That every room must take a taste of him?

Leo Does that offend your ladyship?

Wife How think you forsooth?

Leo Then he shall do't again

Wife What?

Leo And again madam

So often till it please your ladyship

And when you like it he shall do't no more

Wife What's this?

Leo I know no difference virtuous madam

But in love all have privilege alike

Wife You're a bold quean

Leo And are not you my mistress?

Wife This is well, 'faith

Leo You spare not your own flesh no more than I,
Hell take me, an' I spare you

Wife O the wrongs
That ladies do their honors, when they make
Their slaves familiar with their weaknesses,
They're ever thus rewarded for that deed,
They stand in fear e'en of the grooms they feed
I must be forc'd to speak my woman fair now,
And be first friends with her, nay, all too little,
She may undo me at her pleasure else,
She knows the way so well, myself not better,
My wanton folly made a key for her
To all the private treasure of my heart,
She may do what she list [*aside*], come, Leonella!
I am not angry with thee

Leo Pish!

Wife 'Faith, I am not

Leo Why, what care I, an' you be?

Wife Pr'ythee, forgive me?

Leo I have nothing to say to you

Wife Come, thou shalt wear this jewel for my sake,
A kiss and friends, we'll never quarrel more

Leo Nay, chuse you, 'faith, the best is an' you do,
You know who'll have the worst on't

Wife True, myself

Leo Little thinks she, I have set her forth already,
I please my lord, yet keep her in awe too [*aside*]

Wife One thing I had forgot, I pr'y thee, wench,
Steal to Votarius closely, and remember him

To wear some privy armour then about him
That I may feign a fury without fear

Leo Armour! when madam?

Wife See now I chide thee

When I least thought upon thee thou art my best hand
I cannot be without thee — Thus then sirrah!

To beat away suspicion from the thoughts
Of under list nin^g servants bout the house
I have advis'd Votarius at fit time

Boldly to force his way into my chamber
The admittance being denied him and the passage
Kept strict by thee my necessary woman
(La! there I should have mist thy help again)

At which attempt I'll take occasion
To dissemble such an anger that the world
Shall ever after swear us to their thoughts
As clear and free from any fleshly knowledge
As nearest kindred are or ought to be
Or what can more express it if that fail'd

Leo You know I'm always at your service madam
But why some privy armour?

Wife Marry sweet heart

The best is yet forgotten thou shalt have
A weapon in some corner of the chamber
Yonder or there

Leo Or any where why I faith madam
Do you think I'm to learn now to hang a weapon
As much as I'm incapable of what follows?
I'm all your mind without book think it done madam

Wife Thanks my good wench, I'll never call thee worse
[exit *Wife*]

Leo Faith, you're like to hav't again, an' you do, madam

Enter BITHARIUS

Bel What, art alone?

Leo Curse me, what makes you here, sir?
You're a bold long-nos'd fellow

Bel How!

Leo So my lady says
'Faith, she and I have had a bout for you, sir
But she got nothing by't

Bel Did not I say still, thou would'st be too adventurous!

Leo Ne'er a whit, sir I made her glad to seek my
friendship first

Bel By my faith that shew'd well, if you come off
So brave a conqueress, to't again and spare not,
I know not which way you should get more honour

Leo She trusts me now to cast a mist, forsooth,
Before the servants' eyes I must remember
Votarius to come once with privy armour
Into her chamber, when with a fain'd fury,
And rapier drawn, which I must lay a-purpose
Ready for her dissemblance, she will seem
T' act wonders for her juggling honesty

Bel I wish no riper vengeance! can'st conceive me?
Votarius is my enemy!

Leo That's stale news, sir

Bel Mark what I say to thee! forget of purpose
That privy armour, do not bless his soul
With so much warning, nor his hated body

With such sure safety here express thy love
 Lay some empoisoned weapon next her hand
 That in that play he may be lost for ever
 I'd have him kept no longer away with him
 One touch will set him flying let him go

Leo Bribe me but with a kiss it shall be so *[exeunt]*

SCENE II

Enter TYRANT discontentedly NOBLE at a distance

2 Noble My Lord!

Tyr Begone or never see life more!

I'll send thee far enough from court *Memphonus*?

Where's he now?

Memp Ever at your highness's service

Tyr How dar'st thou be so near when we have threaten'd
 Death to thy fellow? Have we lost our power?

Or thou thy fear? Leave us in time of grace

'Twill be too late anon

Memp I think 'tis so with thee already *[aside]*

Tyr Dead! And I so healthful!

There's no equality in this stay!

Memp Sir!

Tyr Where is that fellow brought the first report to us?

Memp He waits without

Tyr I charge thee give command

That he be executed speedily as thou'lt stand firm thyself

Memp Now by my faith

His tongue has help'd his neck to a sweet bargain

[exit Memphonus]

Tyr Her own fan hand so cruel ! Did she chuse
 Destruction before me ? was I no better ?
 How much am I exalted to my face,
 And when I would be grac'd how little worthy !
 There's few kings know how rich they are in goodness,
 Or what estate they have in grace and virtue
 There is so much deceit in glossers' tongues,
 The truth is taken from us, we know nothing
 But what is for their purpose, that's our stint,
 We are allow'd no more O, wretched greatness !
 I'll cause a sessions for my flatterers,
 And have them all hang'd up — 'Tis done too late
 O she's destroy'd, married to death and silence,
 Which nothing can divorce, riches, nor laws,
 Nor all the violence that this frame can raise
 I've lost the comfort of her sight for ever,
 I cannot call this life that flames within me,
 But everlasting torment lighted up,
 To shew my soul her beggary — A new joy
 Is come to visit me in spite of death !
 It takes me of that sudden, I'm asham'd
 Of my provision, but a friend will bear — Within there !

Enter SOLDIERS

1st Sol Sir ?

2nd Sol My lord !

Tyr The men I wish'd for, for secrecy and employment
 Go, give order that Govianus be releas'd

4th Sol Releas'd, s^r !

Tyr Set free and then I trust he will fly the kingdom
And never know my purpose—Run sir! [*exit 4th Soldier*
you

Bring me the keys of the cathedral

1st Sol Are you so holy now do you curse all day
And go to pray at midnight? [*aside and exit*

Tyr Provide you sirs close lanthorns and a pickaxe
Away be speedy!

2nd Sol Lanthorns and a pickaxe?
Does he mean to bury himself alive too?

[*exunt 2nd and 3rd Soldiers*

Tyr Death nor the marble prison my love sleeps in
Shall keep her body lock'd up from mine arms
I must not be cozen'd though her life
Was like a widow's state made o'er in policy
To defeat me and my too confident heart
'Twas a most cruel wisdom to herself
As much to me th't lov'd her—What return'd?

•

Enter 1st SOLDIER

1st Sol There be the keys my lord

Tyr I thank thy speed

Here comes the rest full furnish'd follow me
And wealth shall follow you

[*exit*

Enter 2nd and 3rd SOLDIERS

1st Sol Wealth! by this light

We go to rob a church I hold my life
The money will ne'er thrive that's a sure saw
What's got from grace is ever spent in law

2nd Sold What strange fits grow upon him here alate !
 His soul has got a very dreadful leader
 What should he make in the cathedral now,
 The hour so deep in night ? all his intents
 Are contrary to man, in spirit or blood
 He waxes heavy in his noble mind ,
 His moods are such they cannot bear the weight,
 Nor will not long if there be truth in whispers !
 The honorable father of the state,
 Noble Helvetius, all the lords agree
 By some close policy shortly to set free [*ex eunt*]

SCENE III

*Enter the TYRANT and SOLDIERS at a farther door, which opened,
 brings them to the Tomb where the Lady lies buried The Tomb
 is discovered richly set forth*

Tyr Softly, softly !
 Let's give this place the peace that it requires ,
 The vaults e'en chide our steps with murmuring sounds,
 For making bold so late,—it must be done

1st Sold I fear nothing but the whorish ghost of a quean
 I kept once, she swore she would so haunt me, I should
 never pray in quiet for her, and I have kept myself from
 church these fifteen years to prevent her

Tyr The monument woos me, I must run and kiss it
 Now trust me if the tears do not e'en stand
 Upon the marble what slow springs have I !
 'Twas weeping to itself before I came ,
 How pity strikes e'en through insensible things,

And makes them shame our dulness
 Thou house of silence and the calms of rest,
 After tempestuous life I claim of thee
 A mistress one of the most beauteous sleepers
 That ever lay so cold not yet due to thee
 By natural death but cruelly forc'd hither
 Many a year before the world could spare her !
 We miss her amongst the glories of our court
 When they be number'd up All thy still strength
 Thou grey ey'd monument shall not keep her from us !
 Strike villain ! tho' the echo rail us all
 Into ridiculous deafness pierce the jaws
 Of this cold ponderous creature

2nd Sol Sir !

Tyr Why strik'st thou not ?

2nd Sol I shall not hold the axe fast I'm afraid sir

Tyr O shame of men a soldier and so fearful ?

2nd Sol 'Tis out of my element to be in a church sir
 Give me the open field and turn me loose sir

Tyr True thou then hast room enough to run away
 Take thou the axe from him

1st Sol I beseech your grace—

'Twill come to a worse hand You'll find us all
 Of one mind for the church I can assure you sir

Tyr Nor thou

3rd Sol I love not to disquiet ghosts
 Of any people living

Tyr O slaves of one opinion give me't from thee
 Thou man made out of fear

2nd Sol By my faith I'm glad I'm rid on't—

I that was ne'er before in a cathedral,
And have the battering of a lady's tomb,
Lies hard upon my conscience at first coming,
I should get much by that, it shall be a warning to me,
I'll ne'er come here again

Tyr No—wilt not yield? *[strikes at the tomb]*
Art thou so loth to part from her?

1st Sol What means he?
Has he no feeling with him? By this light, if I be not afraid
to stay any longer, very fear will go nigh to turn me of
some religion or other, and so make me forfeit my lieutenants-
ship

Tyr O, have we got the mastery? help, you vassals,
Freeze you in idleness, and can see us sweat

2nd Sol We sweat with fear as much as work can make us

Tyr Remove the stone that I may see my mistress!
Set to your hands, you villains, and that nimbly,
Or the same axe shall make you all fly open!

All O, good my lord!

Tyr I must not be delay'd

1st Sol This is ten thousand times worse than entering
on a breach

'Tis the first stone that ever I took off
From any lady, marry, I have brought 'em many,
Fair diamonds, sapphires, rubies

Tyr O blest object!
I never shall be weary to behold thee,
I could eternally stand thus and see thee
Why, 'tis not possible, death should look so fair
Life is not more illustrious when health smiles on't,

She's only pale the colour of the court
And most attractive mistresses most strive for t
And their lascivious servants most affect it
Lay to your hands again !

All My lord ?

Tyr Take up her body !

1st Sol How my lord ?

Tyr Her body

1st Sol She's dead my lord

Tyr True if she were alive

Such slaves as you should not come near to touch her
Do t and with all best reverence place her here

1st Sol Not only sir with reverence but with fear
You shall have more than your own asking once
I am afraid of nothing but she'll rise
At the first jog and save us all a labour

2nd Sol Then we were best take her up and never touch
her

1st Sol How can that be ? does fear make thee mad ?
I've took many a woman in my days
But never with less pleasure I protest

Tyr O the moon rises ! what reflection
Is thrown about this sanctified building
E'en in a twinkling ! How the monuments glister
As if death's palaces were all massy silver
And scorn'd the name of marble ! Art thou cold ?
I have no faith in t yet I believe none.
Madam ! tis I sweet lady pr'yther speak
'Tis thy love calls on thee thy king thy servant
No ! not a word all prisoners to pale silence

I'll prove a kiss

2d Sol Here's fine chull vinery ,
'Twould make a pandar's heels ache, I'll be sworn ,
All my teeth chatter in my head to see't

Tyr Thou'rt cold indeed, beshrew thee for't,
Unkind to thine own blood, hard hearted lady !
What injury hast thou offer'd to the youth
And pleasure of thy days? refuse the court,
And steal to this hard lodging ! was that wisdom?
Oh I could chide thee with mine eye brim full,
And weep out my forgiveness when I've done !
Nothing hurt thee but want of woman's counsel ,
Hadst thou but ask'd th' opinion of most ladies,
Thou'dst never come to this ! they would have told thee
How dear a treasure life and youth had been ,
'Tis that they fear to lose the very name
Can make more gaudy tremblers in a minute,
Than heaven, or sin, or hell , these are last thought on,
And where got'st thou such boldness from the rest
Of all thy timorous sex, to do a deed here
Upon thyself, would plunge the world's best soldier,
And make him twice bethink him, and again,
And yet give over Since thy life has left me,
I'll clasp the body for the spirit th it dwelt in it,
And love the house still for the mistress' sake
Thou art mine now, spite of destruction,
And Govianus, and I will possess thee
I once read of a Herod, whose affection
Pursued a virgin's love, as I did thine,
Who, for the hate she owed him, killed herself,

As thou too rashly didst without all pity
 Yet he preserv'd her body dead in honey
 And kept her long after her funeral
 But I'll unlock the treasure house of art
 With keys of gold and bestow all on thee
 Here slaves' receive her humbly from our arms
 Upon your knees you villains' all's too little
 If you should sweep the pavement with your lips

1st Sol What strange brooms he invents !

Iyr So ! reverently !

Bear her before us gently to the palace
 Place you the stone again where first we found it

[exeunt —manet 1st Soldier]

1st Sol Must this on now to deceive all comers
 And cover emptiness ? tis for all the world
 Like a great city pie brought to a table
 Where there be many hand that lay about
 The lid's shut close when all the meat's pick'd out
 Yet stands to make a show and cozen people

[exit]

SCENE IV

Enter GOVIANUS in black a book in his hand & a Pa'e carrying a torch before him

Gov: Already mine eye melts the monument
 No sooner stood before it but a tear
 Ran swiftly from me to express her duty
 Temple of honour ! I salute thee early
 The time that my griefs rise chamber of peace !
 Where wounded virtue sleeps lock'd from the world

I bring to be acquainted with thy silence
 Sorrows that love no noise, they dwell all inward,
 Where truth and love in every man should dwell
 Be ready, boy ! give me the strain again,
 'Twill show well here, whilst, in my grief's devotion,
 At every rest mine eye lets fall a bead,
 To keep the number perfect

[*Govianus kneels at the Tomb His Page sings*

THE SONG

If ever pity were well plac'd
 On true desert and virtuous honor,
 It could ne'er be better grac'd,
 Freely then bestow't upon her
 Never lady earn'd her fame
 In virtue's war with greater strife,
 To preserve her constant name,
 She gave up beauty, youth, and life
 There she sleeps,
 And here he weeps,
 The lord unto so rare a wife
 Weep, weep, and mourn ! lament,
 You virgins that pass by her !
 For if praise come by death again,
 I doubt few will lie nigh her

Gov: Thou art an honest boy, 'tis like one
 That has a feeling of his master's passions,
 And the unmatch'd worth of his dead mistress
 Thy better years shall find me good to thee,
 When understanding ripens in thy soul,

Which truly makes the man and not long time
 Pr'ythee withdraw a little and attend me
 At the cloister door

Page It shall be done my lord *[Page retires*

Gov: Eternal maid of honour whose chaste body
 Lies here like virtue's close and hidden seed
 To spring forth glorious to eternity
 At the everlasting harvest!

A Voice within—I am not here

Gov: What's that? who is not here? I'm forc'd to ques-
 tion it

Some idle sounds the beaten vaults send forth

*[The tombstone suddenly flies open amidst a noise like rush-
 ing wind and a light appears in the midst of the tomb
 the Ghost of his Lady stands before him in white
 covered with jewels and having a crucifix on her
 breast]*

Gov: Mercy look to me — Faith I fly to thee!
 Keep a strong watch about me! now thy friendship!
 O never came astonishment and fear
 So pleasing to mankind! I take delight
 To have my breast shake and my hair stand stiff
 If this be sorrow let it never die!
 Came all the pains of hell in that shape to me
 I should endure them smiling! keep me still
 In terror I beseech thee! I'd not change
 This fever for felicity of man
 Or all the pleasures of ten thousand ages

Ghost Dear lord I come to tell you all my wrongs

Gov: Welcome! Who wrongs the spirit of my love?

Thou art above the injuries of blood,
They cannot reach thee now, what dares offend thee?
No life that has the weight of flesh upon't,
And treads as I do, can now wrong my mistress

Ghost The peace that death allows me is not mine,
The monument is robb'd—behold! I'm gone,
My body taken up

Gov 'Tis gone, indeed
What villain dares so fearfully run in debt
To black eternity?

Ghost He that dares do more, the tyrant

Gov All the miseries below
Reward his boldness!

Ghost I am now at court
In his own private chamber there he woos me,
And plies his suit to me with as serious pains,
As if the short flame of mortality
Were lighted up again in my cold breast,
Folds me within his arms, and often sets
A sinful kiss upon my senseless lip,
Weeps when he sees the paleness of my cheek,
And will send privately for a hand of art,
That may dissemble life upon my face,
To please his lustful eye

Gov O piteous wrongs!
Inhuman injuries, without grace or mercy

Ghost I leave them to thy thought, dearest of men!
My rest is lost, thou must restore't again

Gov O, fly me not so soon!

Ghost Farewell—true lord [the Ghost disappears]

Gov: I cannot spare thee yet I'll make myself
 Over to death too and we'll walk together
 Like loving spirits I pray thee let's do so
 She's snatch'd away by fate and I talk sickly
 I must dispatch this business upon earth
 Before I take that journey I'll to my brother for his aid
 or counsel
 So wrong'd O heaven put armour on my spirit!
 Her body I will place in her first nest
 Or in th' attempt lock death into my breast [exit

ACT V SCENE I

Enter VOTARIUS with ANSELMUS

Vot You shall stand here my lord unseen and hear all
 Do I deal now like a right friend with you?

Ans Like a most faithful

Vot You shall have her mind e'en as it comes to me
 Though I undo her by t' your friendship sir
 Is the sweet mistress that I only serve
 I prize the roughness of a man's embrace
 Before the soft lips of a hundred ladies

Ans And that's an honest mind of thee

Vot Lock yourself sir
 Into that closet and be sure none see you
 Trust not a creature we'll have all round clear
 E'en as the heart affords it

Ans 'Tis a match sir

[exit

Not Troth, he says true then, 'tis a match indeed
 He does not know the strength of his own words,
 For, if he did, there'd be no mastering of him
 He's cleft the pin in two with a blind man's eyes ,
 Though I shoot wide, I'll cozen him of the game [exit

Enter LEONELLA above in a Gallery, with her Lover, BELLARIUS

Leo Dost thou see thine enemy walk ?

Bel I would I did not

Leo Pr'ythee rest quiet, man, I have feed one for him,
 A trusty catchpole too that will be sure of him ,
 Thou know'st this gallery, well, 'tis at thy use now,
 'T'as been at mine full often , thou may'st sit
 Like a most private gallant in yon corner,
 For all the play, and ne'er be seen thyself

Bel Therefore I chose it

Leo Thou shalt see my lady
 Play her part naturally, more to the life
 Than she's aware on

Bel Then must I be pleased ,
 Thou'rt one of the actors, thou'lt be miss'd anon

Leo Alas ! a woman's action's always ready ,
 Yet I'll down now I think on't

Bel Do, 'tis time, i faith [Leonella descends

Ans I know not yet where I should plant belief,
 I am so strangely tost between two tales,
 I'm told by my wife's woman the deed's done,
 And in Votarius' tongue 'tis yet to come
 The castle is but upon yielding yet,
 'Tis not deliver'd up well, we shall find

The mystery shortly I will entertain
The patience of a prisoner i th mean time
[locks himself in

Enter WIFE with LEONELLA

Wife Is all set ready wench?

Leo Peace madam! all

Wife Tell not me so she lives not for a lady
That has less peace than I

Leo Nay good sweet madam

You would not think how much this passion alters you
It drinks up all the beauty of your cheek

I promise you madam you have lost much blood

Wife Let it draw death upon me for till then
I shall be mistress of no true content
Who could endure hourly temptation
And bear it as I do?

Leo Nay that's most certain

Unless it were myself again I can do't
I suffer the like daily you should complain madam

Wife Which way were that wisdom? prythee wench
to whom?

Leo To him that makes all whole again my lord
To one that if he be a kind good husband
Will let you bear no more than you are able

Wife Thou knowst not what thou speakest why my
lord's he

That gives him the house's freedom all his boldness—
Keeps him o' purpose here to war with me

Leo Now I hold wiser of my lord than so

He knows the world, he would not be so idle

Wife I speak sad truth to thee, I am not private
In mine own chamber, such his impudence is
Nay my repenting time is scarce blest from him,
He will offend my prayers

Leo Out upon him
I believe, madam, he's of no religion

Wife He serves my lord, and that's enough for him
And preys upon poor ladies like myself,
There's all the gentleman's devotion

Leo Marry, the devil of hell give him his blessing!

Wife Pray, watch the door, and suffer none to trouble us,
Unless it be my lord

Leo 'Twas finely spoke that!
My lord indeed is the most trouble to her
Now must I show a piece of service here,
How do I spend my days—shall I never
Get higher than a lady's door keeper?
I must be married as my lady is, first,
And then, my maid may do as much for me

[*aside*

Wife O miserable time! except my lord
Do wake in honourable pity to me,
And rid this vicious gamester from his house,
Whom I have check'd so often here I vow
I'll imitate my noble sister's fate,
Late mistress to the worthy Govianus,
And cast away my life as he did hers

Enter VOTARIUS, to the door within

Leo Back, you're too forward, sir! there's no coming
for you

Vot How mistress Len my lady's smock woman
Am I no farther in your duty yet?

Leo Duty! look for't of them you keep under sir

Vot You'll let me in

Leo Who would you speak withal?

Vot Why the best lady you make curtesy to

Leo She will not speak with you

Vot Have you her mind?

I scorn to take her answer of her broker

Leo Madam?

Wife What's there? How now sir what's your business?
We see your boldness plain

Vot I came to see you madam

Wife Farewell then! though 'twas impudence too much
When I was private

Vot Madam!

Wife He was born
To beggar all my patience

Vot I'm bold

Still to prefer my love your woman hears me not

Wife Where's modesty and honour? Have I not thrice
Answer'd thy lust?

Leo By'r lady I think oft ner [aside

Wife And darrest thou yet look with temptation on us?
Since nothing will prevail come death come vengeance —
I will forget the weakness of my kind
And force thee from my chamber

[she thrusts at Votarius with the sword

Vot How now lady!

Uds life you prick me madam!

Wife Pi'ythee, peace !

I will not hurt thee , will you yet begone, sir ?

Leo He's upon going, I think

Vot Madam, you deal false with me, O I feel it,
You're a most treacherous lady ! this thy glory !

My breast is all a-fire—Oh—

[*dies*]

Leo Ha, ha, ha !

Ans Ha ! I believe her constancy too late,
Confirm'd e'en in the blood of my best friend,
Take thou my vengeance, thou bold pernicious strumpet,
[*kills Leonella*]

At the same instant, BELLARIUS enters

That durst accuse thy virtuous lady falsely !

Bel O deadly poison, after a sweet banquet !
What make I here ? I had forgot my heart,
I am an actor too, and never thought on't,
The blackness of this season cannot miss me
Sirrah—you—lord !

Wife Is he there ! welcome, ruin !

Bel There is a life due to me in that bosom
For this poor gentlewoman

Ans And art thou then receiver !

I'll pay thee largely, slave, for thy last 'scape

[*they make a dangerous pass at one another, the Lady
purposely runs between them, and is killed*]

Wife I come, Votarius !

Ans Hold, if manhood guide thee !

O what has fury done now ?

Bel What has it done now ?

Why killed an honourable whore that's all

Ans Villain! I'll seal that lie upon thy heart
A constant lady!

[he kneels at his Wife's side]

Bel To the devil as could be
Must I prick you forward; either up
Or sir I'll take my chance thou couldst kill her
Without repenting that deserv'd more pity;
And spendst thy time and tears upon a quean

Ans Slave!

Bel That was deceiv'd once in her own deceit

[they fight both are mortally wounded]

As I am now the poison I prepar'd
Upon that weapon for mine enemy's bosom
Is bold to take acquaintance of my blood too
And serves us both to make up death withal

Ans I ask no more of destiny but to fall
Close by the chaste side of my virtuous mistress
If all the treasure of my weeping strength
Be left so wealthy but to purchase that
I have the dear wish of a great man's spirit
Yet favour me O yet—I thank thee fate
I expire cheerfully and give death a smile

[Anselmus faints]

Bel O rage! I pity now mine enemy's flesh

Enter GOVIANUS with Servants

Govi Where should he be?

1st Serv My lady sir will tell you
She's in her chamber here

2d Serv O ! my Lord !

Govi Peace—my honourable brother, madam, all,—
So many dreadful deeds, and not one tongue
Left to proclaim 'em

Bel Yes, here, if a voice
Some minutes long may satisfy your ear,
I've that time allowed it

Govi 'Tis enough,
Bestow it quickly, ere death snatch it from thee

Bel That lord, your brother, made his friend Votarius
To tempt his lady, she was won to lust,
The act reveal'd here by her serving woman,
But that wise close adultress, stor'd with art
To prey upon the weakness of that lord,
Dissembled a great rage upon her love,
And indeed kill'd him, which so won her husband,
He slew this right discoverer in his fury,
Who, being my mistress, I was mov'd in haste
To take some pains with him, and he's paid me for it
As for the cunning lady, I commend her,
She perform'd that which never woman tried,
She ran upon our weapons and so died
Now you have all, I hope I shall sleep quiet [dies

Ans O thunder ! that awakes me e'en from death,
And makes me curse my confidence with cold lips,
I feel his words in flames about my soul,
He's more than kill'd me

Govi Brother !

Ans I repent the smile
That I bestow'd on destiny ? O whore !

I fling thee thus from my believing breast
 With all the strength I have my rage is great
 Although my veins grow beggars now I sue
 To die far from thee may we never meet
 Were my soul bid to joy's eternal banquet
 And were assur'd to find thee there a guest
 I'd sup with torments and refuse that feast
 O thou beguiler of man's easy trust
 The serpent's wisdom is in women's lust

[*dies*]

Gor: Is death so long a coming to mankind
 It must be met half way? O cruel speed!
 There's few men pay their debts before their day;
 If they be ready at their time 'tis well
 And but a few that are so what strange haste
 Was made among these people! My heart weeps for t
 Go bear those bodies to a place more comely
 Brother I came for thy advice but I
 Find thee so ill a counsellor to thyself
 That I repent my pains and depart sighing
 The body of my love is still at court
 I am not well to think on t the poor spirit
 Was with me once again about it troth;
 And I can put it off no more for shame
 Though I desire to have it haunt me still
 And never to give over 'tis so pleasing
 I must to court I've plighted my faith to t
 'T'as open'd me the way to the revenge
 Tyrant I'll run thee on a dangerous shelf
 Though I be forc'd to fly this land myself

[*exit*]

SCENE II

Enter TYRANT, with Attendants

Tyr In vain my spirit wrestles with my blood
 Affection will be mistress here on earth,
 The house is hers, the soul is but a tenant
 I have task'd myself but with the abstinence
 Of one poor hour, yet cannot conquer that
 I cannot keep from sight of her so long,
 I starve mine eye too much go, bring her forth
 As we have caus'd her body to be deck'd
 In all the glorious riches of our palace,
 Our mind has felt a famine for the time,
 All comfort has been dear and scarce with us
 The times are alter'd since strike on, sweet harmony !

*Enter SOLDIERS, with the LADY**[music playing]*

A braver world comes towards us

[They bring the body in a chair, dressed up in black velvet, which sets out the paleness of the hands and face, and a fair chain of pearl across the breast, and the crucifix above it, he stands silent awhile, letting the music play, beckoning the soldiers that bring her in to make obeisance to her, and he himself makes a low honour to the body, and kisses the hand]

A Song

O what is beauty that's so much adored ?
 A flattering glass that cozens her beholders,
 One night of death makes it look pale and horrid,

The dainty preserv'd flesh how soon it moulders
 To love it living it bewitcheth many
 But after life is seldom heard of any

1st Sol By this hand mere idolatry I make courtesy
 To my damnation I have learnt so much
 Though I could never know the meaning yet
 Of all my Latin prayers nor ne'er sought for't

Tyr How pleasing art thou to us even in death !
 I love thee yet above all women living
 I can see nothing to be mended in thee
 But the too constant paleness of thy cheek
 I'd give the kingdom but to purchase there
 The breadth of a red rose in natural colours
 And think it the best bargain that ever king made yet
 But fate's my hindrance
 And I must only rest content with art
 And that I'll have in spite on't is he come sir ?

2nd Sol Who my lord ?

Tyr Dull—the fellow that we sent
 For a picture drawer
 A lady's forenoon tutor is he come sir ?

1st Sol Not yet return'd my lord

Tyr The fool belike
 Makes his choice carefully for so we charg'd him
 To fit our close deeds with some private hand
 It is no shame for thee most silent mistress
 To stand in need of art when youth
 And all thy warm friends have forsok thee !
 Women alive are glad to seek her friendship

To make up the full number of their graces,
 Or else the reckoning would fall short sometimes,
 And servants would look out for better wages

Enter 3rd SOLDIER, with GOVIANUS disguised

2nd Sol He's come, my lord

Tyr Depart then is that he?

3rd Sol The privatest I could get, my lord

Gov [*aside*] O Heaven! marry patience to my spirit!
 Give me a sober fury I beseech thee,

A rage that may not overcharge my blood,

And do myself most hurt! 'tis strange to me

To see thee here at court, and gone from hence

Didst thou make haste to leave the world for this?

O who dares play with destiny but he

That wears security so thick upon him,

The thought of death and hell cannot pierce through!

Tyr 'Twas circumspectly carried leave us, go!

Be nearer, sir, thou'rt much commended to us

Gov It is the hand, my lord, commends the workman

Tyr Thou speak'st both modesty and truth in that

We need that art that thou art master of

Gov My king is master both of that and me

Tyr Look on yon face, and tell me what it wants

Gov Which? that, sir

Tyr That! what wants it?

Gov Troth, my lord,

Some thousand years' sleep, and a marble pillow

Tyr What's that? observe it still all the best arts

Have the most fools and drunkards to their master
 Thy apprehension has too gross a film
 To be employed at court what colour wants she ?

Govi By my troth all sir I see none she has
 Nor none she cares for

Tyr I am over match d here

Govi A lower chamber with less noise were kindlier
 For her poor woman whatso'r she was

Tyr But how if we be pleas d to have it thus
 And thou well hired to do what we command ?
 Is not your work for money ?

Govi Yes my lord

I would not trust but few an I could chuse

Tyr Let but thy art hide death upon her face
 That now looks fearfully on us and strive
 To give our eye delight in that pale part
 Which draws so many pities from these springs
 And thy reward for't shall outlast thy end
 And reach to thy friend s fortunes and his friend

Govi Say you so my lord I'll work out my heart then
 But I ll shew art enough

Iyr About it then

I never wish d so seriously for health
 After long sickness

Govi [*aside*] A religious trembling shakes me by the
 hand

And bids me put by such unhallow d business
 But revenge calls for't and it must go forward
 'Tis time the spirit of my love took rest
 Poor soul 'tis weary much abus d and toil d

[*Govianus paints the face of the body*]

Tyr Could I now send for one to renew heat
 Within her bosom, that were a fine workman
 I should but too much love him, but, alas !
 'Tis as impossible for living fire
 To take hold there, as for dead ashes to burn back again
 Into those hard tough bodies whence they fell
 Life is removed from her now, as the warmth
 Of the bright sun from us, when it makes winter,
 And kills with unkind coldness, so is't vnder
 An everlasting frost hangs now upon her,
 And as in such a season men will force
 A heat into their bloods with exercise,
 In spite of extreme weather, so shall we
 By art force beauty on yon lady's face,
 Though death sit frowning on't a storm of hail,
 To beat it off our pleasure shall prevail

Gov My lord !

Tyr Hast done so soon ?

Gov That's as your grace
 Gives approbation

Tyr O, she lives again !
 She'll presently speak to me, keep her up !
 I'll have her swoon no more, there's treachery in't,
 Does she not feel warmer to thee ?

Gov Very little, sir

Tyr The heat wants cherishing then, our arms and lips
 Shall labour life into her, wake, sweet mistress !
 'Tis I that call thee at the door of life [*kisses the body*] Ha !
 I talk so long to death, I'm sick myself
 Methinks an evil scent still follows me

Gor. May be tis nothing but the colour sir
That I laid on

Tyr. Is that so strong?

Gor. Yes faith sir

Twas the best poison I could get for money [*throws off his*

Tyr. Gorianus! [*disguise*

Gor. O thou sacrilegious villain!

Thou thief of rest robber of monuments!

Cannot the body after funeral

Sleep in the grave for thee? must it be rais'd

Only to please the wickedness of thine eye?

Do all things end with death and not thy lust?

Hast thou devis'd a new way to damnation

More dreadful than the soul of any sin

Did ever pass yet between earth and hell?

Dost strive to be particularly plagu'd

Above all ghosts beside?

Thou scorn'st a partner in thy torments too!

Tyr. What fury gave thee boldness to attempt

This deed for which I'll doom thee with a death

Beyond the extremest tortures?

Gor. I smile at thee

Draw all the deaths that ever mankind suffer'd

Unto one head to help thine own invention

And make my end as rare as thine thy sin

And full as fearful to the eyes of women

My spirit shall fly singing to his lodging

In midst of that rough weather Doom me tyrant!

Had I fear'd death I'd never appear'd noble

To seal this act upon me which even honours me

Unto my mistress' spirit,—it loves me for't
 I told my heart 'twould prove destruction to't,
 Who hearing 'twas for her, charg'd me to do't

Enter the GHOST, in the same form as the Body in the choir

Tyr Thy glories shall be shortened, who's within there?
[he sees the Ghost.

I call'd not thee, thou enemy to firmness,
 Mortality's earthquake!

Gov Welcome to mine eye,
 As is the day-spring from the morning's womb
 Unto that wretch whose nights are tedious!
 As liberty to captives, health to labourers,
 And life still to old people, never weary on't,
 So welcome art thou to me! the deed's done,
 Thou queen of spirits! he has his end upon him
 Thy body shall return to rise again,
 For thy abuser falls, and has no power
 To vex thee farther

Ghost My truest love!
 Live ever honoured here, and blest above

Tyr Oh, if there be a hell for flesh and spirit,
 'Tis built within this bosom—

Enter NOBLES

My lords, treason!

Gov Now, death, I'm for thee, welcome!

Tyr Your king's poisoned!

Mem The King of heaven be prais'd for it!

Tyr Lay hold on him,

On Gorianus!

Mem Even with the best loves
And truest hearts that ever subjects owed

Tyr How's that? I charge you all lay hands on him

Mem Look you my lord your will shall be obey'd
Here comes another we'll have his hand too

Enter HELVETIUS

Helv You shall have both mine if that work go forward
Beside my voice and knee

Tyr Helvetius! then my destruction was confirm'd
amongst em

Premeditation wrought it O my torments!

All Live Gorianus long our virtuous king! [*flourish*]

Tyr That thunder strikes me dead

Gor I cannot better

Reward my joys than with astonish'd silence

For all the wealth of words is not of power

To make up thanks for you my honoured lords

I'm like a man pluck'd up from many waters

That never look'd for help and am here placed

Upon this cheerful mountain where prosperity

Shoots forth her richest beam

Mem Long injured lord!

The tyranny of his actions grew so weighty

His life so vicious—

Helv To which this is witness

Monster in sin! this the disquieted body

Of my too resolute child in honour's war

Mem That he became as hateful to our minds

Helv As death's unwelcome to a house of riches ,
Or what can more express it ?

Govr Well, he's gone,
And all the kingdom's evils perish with him !
And since the body of that virtuous lady
Is taken from her rest, in memory
Of her admired mistress, 'tis our will,
It receive honour dead, as it took part
With us in all afflictions when it lived ,
Here place her in this throne, crown her our queen,*
The first and last that ever we make ours
Her constancy strikes so much firmness in us,
That honour done, let her be solemnly borne
Unto the house of peace, from whence she came,
As queen of silence

*[the Spirit here enters again, and stays to go out
with the body, as it were attending it]*

O welcome, blest spirit !

Thou needst not mistrust me, I have a care
As jealous as thine own we'll see it dole,
And not believe report, our zeal is such,
We cannot reverence chastity too much
Lead on ! I would, those ladies that fill honour's rooms
Might all be borne so virtuous to their tombs !

[solemn music plays them out]

* A similar instance of posthumous coronation is mentioned in Camoëns' *Lusiad*, Canto III

PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY,

WRITTEN BY
J. BROWNE

A MAN MAY CHUSE A GOOD WIFE
FROM A BAD

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1

PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY,

WHEN TWO

A MAN MAY CHUSE A GOOD WIFE
FROM A BAD

SI RAYE N TIM ACT TH EARL W AT
AN S.

E T TU NERE VE IT

LONDON

PRINTED FOR MATTHEW LAWE AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT
HIS SHOP IN PAULS CHURCH YARD NEAR UNTO ST
AUGUSTINES GATE AT THE SIGN OF THE FOX

1602

A PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY

R N W D H W

A MAN MAY CHUSE A GOOD WIFE FROM A BAD

THIS play agrees perfectly with the description given of it in the title it is certainly a most pleasant conceited comedy rich in humour and written altogether in a right merry vein The humour is broad and strongly marked and at the same time of the most diverting kind the characters are excellent and admirably discriminated the comic parts of the play are written with most exquisite drollery and the serious with great truth and feeling It is ascribed in Garrick's collection in manuscript to Joshua Cooke probably says the *Biographia Dramatica* John Cooke the author of *Green's Tu quoque* There does not however appear to be any authority for attributing these two plays to the same author and the resemblance between them in style and character is not sufficiently strong to warrant that conclusion independently of other evidence Of the present piece there were five editions * within a short period with all of which the present reprint has been carefully collated and is now for the first time divided into acts and scenes

PERSONS REPRESENTED

OLD MASTER ARTHUR
 OLD MASTER LUSAM
 YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR
 YOUNG MASTER LUSAM
 MASTER ANSELM
 MASTER FULLER
 SIR AMINADAB *a Schoolmaster*
 JUSTICE REASON
 BRABO
 HUGH *Justice Reason's Servant*
 PIPKIN *Master Arthur's Servant*
Boys Officers &c
 MISTRESS ARTHUR
 MISTRESS MARY
 MISTRESS SPLAY
 MAID

Scene London

From the familiarity of the names to them the originally intended
 to make Young Lusam the son of Old Lusam and brother of Mistress Arthur
 but the word suggested him to not page 10 the latter call him to and
 to his little girl in the time of his death

A PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY

R N H W

HOW A MAN MAY CHUSE A GOOD WIFE FROM A BAD

ACT I SCENE I

The Exchange

Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR *and* YOUNG MASTER LUSAN

Y *Art* I TELL you true sir but to every man
I would not be so lavish of my speech
Only to you my dear and private friend
Although my wife in every eye be held
Of beauty and of grace sufficient
Of honest birth and good behaviour
Able to win the strongest thoughts to her
Yet in my mind I hold her the most hated
And loathed object that the world can yield

B

Y Lus Oh, Master Arthur, bear a better thought
Of your chaste wife, whose modesty hath won
The good opinion and report of all
By heaven! you wrong her beauty, she is fair

Y Art Not in mine eye

Y Lus O you are cloy'd with dainties, Master Arthur,
And too much sweetness glutted hath your taste,
And makes you loath them. at the first
You did admire her beauty, prais'd her face,
Were proud to have her follow at your heels
Through the broad streets, when all censuring tongues
Found themselves busied, as she past along,
'T' extol her in the hearing of you both
Tell me, I pray you, and dissemble not,
Have you not, in the time of your first-love,
Hugg'd such new popular and vulgar talk,
And gloried still to see her bravely deck'd?
But now, a kind of loathing hath quite chang'd
Your shape of love into a form of hate,
But on what reason ground you this hate?

Y Art My reason is my mind, my ground my will,
I will not love her if you ask me why
I cannot love her, let that answer you

Y Lus Be judge, all eyes, her face deserves it not,
Then on what root grows this high branch of hate?
Is she not loyal, constant, loving, chaste,
Obedient, apt to please, loth to displease,
Careful to live, chary of her good name,
And jealous of your reputation?
Is she not virtuous, wise, religious?

How should you wrong her to deny all this
 Good Ma ter Arthur let me argue with you

[they walk aside]

Enter MASTER ANSELM and MASTER FULLER

Ful Oh Master Anselm grown a lover fie !
 What might she be on whom your hopes rely ?

Ans What fools they are that seem most wise in love
 How wise they are that are but fools in love
 Before I was a lover I had reason
 To judge of matters censure of all sorts
 Nay I had wit to call a lover fool
 And look into his folly with bright eyes
 But now intruding love dwells in my brain
 And frantically hath shoulder'd reason thence
 I am not old and yet alas ! I doat
 I have not lost my sight and yet am blind
 No bondman yet have lost my liberty
 No natural fool and yet I want my wit
 What am I then ? let me define myself
 A dotard young a blind man that can see
 A witty fool a bond man that is free

Ful Good aged youth blind seer and wise fool
 Loose your free bonds and set your thoughts to school

Enter OLD MASTER ARTHUR and OLD MASTER LUSAM

O Art 'Tis told me Master Lusam that my son
 And your chaste daughter whom we match'd together
 Wrangle and fall at odds and brawl and chide

O Jus Nay I think so I never look'd for better

This 'tis to many children when they are young
 I said as much at first, that such young brats
 Would 'gree together even like dogs and cats

O Art Nay, pray you, Master Lusam, say not so,
 There was great hope, though they were match'd but young,
 Their virtues would have made them sympathize,
 And live together like two quiet saints

O Lus You say true, there was great hope, indeed,
 They would have liv'd like saints, but where's the fault?

O Art If fame be true, the most fault's in my son

O Lus You say true, Master Arthur, 'tis so indeed

O Art Nay, sir, I do not altogether excuse
 Your daughter, many lay the blame on her

O Lus Ah! say you so? by the mass, 'tis like enough,
 For, from her childhood, she hath been a shrew

O Art A shrew? you wrong her, all the town admires
 her

For mildness, chasteness, and humility

O Lus 'Fore God, you say well, she is so indeed,
 The city doth admire her for these virtues

O Art O, sir, you praise your child too palpably,
 She's mild and chaste, but not admir'd so much

O Lus Aye, so I say, I did not mean admir'd

O Art Yes, if a man do well consider her,
 Your daughter is the wonder of her sex

O Lus Are you advis'd of that? I cannot tell
 What 'tis you call the wonder of her sex,
 But she is, is she, aye, indeed, she is —

O Art What is she?

O Lus Even what you will, you know best what she is

Ans Yon is her husband let us leave this walk
How full are bad thoughts of suspicion
I love but loath myself for loving so
Yet cannot change my disposition

Full Medice cura teipsum

Ans *Heu mihi! quod nullus amor est medicabilis herbis*

[*exeunt Anselm and Fuller*]

Y Art All your persuasions are to no effect
Never allege her virtues nor her beauty
My settled unkindness hath begot
A resolution to be unkind still
My ranging pleasures love variety

Y Lus Oh too unkind unto so kind a wife
Too virtueless to one so virtuous
And too unchaste unto so chaste a matron

Y Art But soft sir see where my two fathers are
Busily talking let us shrink aside
For if they see me they are bent to chide

[*exeunt Y Arthur and Y Lusam*]

O Art I think tis best to go straight to the house
And make them friends again what think you sir?

O Lus I think so too

O Art Now I remember too that s not so good
For divers reasons I think best stay here
And leave them to their wrangling what think you?

O Lus I think so too

O Art Nay we will go that s certain

O Lus Aye tis best tis best in sooth there s no way
but to go

O Art Yet if our going should breed more unrest

More discord, more dissension, more debate,
 More wrangling, where there is enough already,
 'Twere better stay than go

O Lus 'Fore God, 'tis true,
 Our going may, perhaps, breed more debate,
 And then we may, too late, wish we had staid,
 And, therefore, if you will be rul'd by me,
 We will not go, that's flat nay, if we love
 Our credits, or our quiet, let's not go

O Art But if we love their credits or their quiet, we
 must go

And reconcile them to their former love,
 Where there is strife betwixt a man and wife 'tis hell,
 And mutual love may be compar'd to heaven,
 For then their souls and spirits are at peace
 Come, Master Lusam, now 'tis dinner time,
 When we have din'd, the first work we will make
 Is to decide their jars for pity's sake

O Lus Well fare a good heart ' yet are you advis'd?
 Go, said you, Master Arthur? I will run
 To end these broils that discord hath begun [exunt

SCENE II

Young Arthur's House

Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR, and PIPKIN

Mis Art Come hither, Pipkin, how chance you tread so
 softly?

Pip For fear of breaking, mistress

Mis Art Art thou afraid of breaking, how so?

Pip Can you blame me mistress? I am crack'd already

Mis Art Crack'd Pipkin how? hath any crack'd your crown?

Pip No mistress I thank God my crown is current but—

Mis Art But what?

Pip The maid gave me not my supper yesternight so that indeed my belly wambled and standing near the great sea coal fire in the hall and not being full on the sudden I crack'd and you know mistress a pipkin is soon broken

Mis Art Sirrah! run to the Exchange and if you there can find my husband pray him to come home
Tell him I will not eat a bit of bread
Until I see him pr'ythee Pipkin run

Pip By r lady mistress if I should tell him so it may be he would not come were it for no other cause but to save charges I'll rather tell him if he come not quickly you will eat up all the meat in the house and then if he be of my stomach he will run every foot and make the more haste to dinner

Mis Art Aye thou mayst jest my heart is not so light
It can digest the least conceit of joy
Entreat him fairly though I think he loves
All places worse that he beholds me in
Wilt thou begone?

Pip Whither mistress to the Change?

Mis Art Aye to the Change

Pip I will mistress hoping my master will go so oft

to the Change, that at length he will change his mind, and use you more kindly O, it were brave if my master could meet with a merchant of ill-ventures, to bargain with him for all his bad conditions, and he sell them outright, you should have a quieter heart, and we all a quieter house but hoping, mistress, you will pass over all these jars and squabbles in good health, as my master was at the making thereof, I commit you

Mis Art Make haste again, I pr'ythee [*exit Pipkin*]

'Till I see him,

My heart will never be at rest within me
 My husband hath of late so much estrang'd
 His words, his deeds, his heart from me,
 That I can seldom have his company,
 And even that seldom with such discontent,
 Such frowns, such chidings, such impatience,
 That did not truth and virtue arm my thoughts,
 They would confound me with despair and hate,
 And make me run into extremities
 Had I deserv'd the least bad look from him,
 I should account myself too bad to live,
 But honoring him in love and chastity,
 All judgements censure freely of my wrongs

Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR, YOUNG MASTER LUSAM, and
 PIPKIN

Y Art Pipkin, what said she when she sent for me?

Pip 'Faith, master, she said little, but she thought more,
 For she was very melancholy

Y Art Did I not tell you she was melancholy?

For nothing else but that she sent for me
And fearing I would come to dine with her

Y Lus O you mistake her even upon my soul
I durst affirm you wrong her chastity
See where she doth attend your coming home

Mis Art Come Master Arthur shall we in to dinner?
Sirrah be gone and see it served in

Y Lus Will you not speak unto her?

Y Art No not I will you go in sir?

Mis Art Not speak to me! nor once look towards me!
It is my duty to begin I know
And I will break this ice of curtesy
You are welcome home sir

Y Art Hark Master Lusam if she mock me not!
You are welcome home sir am I welcome home?
Good faith! I care not if I be or no

Y Lus Thus you misconstrue all things Master Arthur
Look if her true love melt not into tears

Y Art She weeps but why? that I am come so soon
To hinder her of some appointed guests
That in my absence revel in my house
She weeps to see me in her company
And were I absent she would laugh with joy
She weeps to make me weary of the house
Knowing my heart cannot away with grief

Mis Art Knew I that mirth would make you love my
bed
I would enforce my heart to be more merry

Y Art Do you not hear? she would enforce her heart
All mirth is forced that she can make with me

Y Lus O misconceit, how bitter is thy taste !
 Sweet Master Arthur, Mistress Arthur too,
 Let me entreat you reconcile these jars,
 Odious to heaven, and most abhorr'd of men

Mis Art You are a stranger, sir, but by your words
 You do appear an honest gentleman
 If you profess to be my husband's friend,
 Persist in these persuasions, and be judge
 With all indifference in these discontents
 Sweet husband, if I be not fair enough
 To please your eye, range where you list abroad,
 Only, at coming home, speak me but fair
 If you delight to change, change when you please,
 So that you will not change your love to me
 If you delight to see me drudge and toil,
 I'll be your drudge, because 'tis your delight
 Or if you think me unworthy of the name
 Of your chaste wife, I will become your maid,
 Your slave, your servant, any thing you will,
 If for that name of servant, and of slave,
 You will but smile upon me now and then
 Or if, as I well think, you cannot love me,
 Love where you list, only but say you love me
 I'll feed on shadows, let the substance go
 Will you deny me such a small request ?
 What, will you neither love nor flatter me ?
 O, then, I see your hate here doth but wound me,
 And with that hate it is your frowns confound me

Y Lus Wonder of women ! why, haik you, Master Ar-
 thur !

What is your wife a woman or a saint?
 A wife or some bright angel come from heaven?
 Are you not mov'd at this strange spectacle?
 This day I have beheld a miracle
 When I attempt this sacred nuptial life
 I beg of heaven to find me such a wife

Y *Art* Ha! ha! a miracle a prodigy!
 To see a woman weep is as much pity
 As to see foxes digg'd out of their holes
 If thou wilt pleasure me let me see thee less
 Grieve much they say grief often shortens life
 Come not too near me till I call thee wife
 And that will be but seldom I will tell thee
 How thou shalt win my heart—die suddenly
 And I'll become a lusty widower
 The longer thy life lasts the more my hate
 And loathing still increaseth towards thee
 When I come home and find thee cold as earth
 Then will I love thee thus thou know'st my mind
 Come Master Lusam let us in to dine

Y *Lus* O sir you too much affect this evil
 Poor saint! why wert thou yok'd thus with a devil? [*aside*
[*exeunt* Y *Art* and Y *Lus*

Mis Art If thou wilt win my heart die suddenly!
 But that my soul was bought at such a rate
 At such a high price as my Saviour's blood
 I would not stick to lose it with a stab
 But virtue banish all such fantasies
 He is my husband and I love him well
 Next to my own soul's health I tender him

And would give all the pleasures of the world,
 To buy his love if I might purchase it
 I'll follow him, and like a servant wait,
 And strive by all means to prevent his hate [*exit*]

Enter OLD MASTER ARTHUR *and* OLD MASTLR LUSAM

O Art This is my son's house, were it best go in,
 How say you, Master Lusam ?

O Lus How, go in, how say you, sir ?

O Art I say 'tis best

O Lus Aye, sir, say you so ? so say I too

O Art Nay, nay, it is not best, I'll tell you why
 Haply the fire of hate is quite extinct
 From the dead embers, now to rake them up,
 Should the least spark of discontent appear,
 To make the flame of hatred burn afresh,
 The heat of this dissension might scorch us,
 Which, in his own cold ashes smother'd up,
 May die in silence, and revive no more
 And therefore tell me, is it best or no ?

O Lus How say you, sir ?

O Art I say it is not best

O Lus. Mass, you say well, sir, and so say I too

O Art But shall we lose our labour to come hither,
 And, without sight of our two children,
 Go back again ? nay, we will in, that's sure

O Lus In, quotha, do you make a doubt of that,
 Shall we come thus far, and in such post haste,
 And have our children here, and both within,
 And not behold them e'er our back-return ?

It were unfriendly and unfatherly

Come Master Arthur pray you follow me

O Art Nay but hark you sir will you not knock?

O Lus Is t best to knock?

• • •

O Art Aye knock in any case

O Lus 'Twas well you put it in my mind to knock

I had forgotten it else I promise you

O Art Tush! is t not my sons and your daughter's
door

And shall we two stand knocking? Lead the way

O Lus Knock at our children's doors! that were a jest

Are we such fools to make ourselves so strange

Where we should still be boldest? In for shame!

We will not stand upon such ceremonies [exunt]

SCENE III

The Street

Enter ANSELM and FULLER

Ful Speak in what cue sir do you find your heart
Now thou hast slept a little on thy love?

Ans Like one that strives to shun a little plash
Of shallow water and avoiding it
Plunges into a river past his depth
Like one that from a small spark steps aside
And falls in headlong to a greater flame

Ful But in such fires corch not thyself for shame!
If she be fire thou art so far from burning
That thou hast scarce yet warm'd thee at her face
But list to me I'll turn thy heart from love

And make thee loath all of the feminine sex
 They that have known me, knew me once of name
 To be a perfect wench I have tried
 All sorts, all sects, all states, and find them still
 Inconstant, fickle, always variable
 Attend me, man ! I will prescribe a method
 How thou shalt win her without all peradventure

Ans That would I gladly hear

Ful I was once like thee,

A sigher, melancholy, humourist,
 Crosser of arms, a goer without garters,
 A hatband-hater, and a busk-point* wearer,
 One that did use much bracelets made of hair,
 Rings on my fingers, jewels in mine ears,
 And, now and then, a wench's carkanet,
 That had two letters for her name in pearl
 Scarfs, garters, bands, wrought waistcoats, gold-stitch'd
 caps,

A thousand of those female fooleries,
 But when I look'd into the glass of reason, straight I began
 To loath that female bravery, and henceforth
 Study to cry *peccavi* to the world

Ans I pray you, to your former argument
 Prescribe a means to win my best belov'd

Ful First, be not bashful, bar all blushing tricks,
 Be not too apish female, do not come

* *Busk-point*, the lace with its tye which secured the end of the busk, a piece of wood or whalebone worn by women in front of the stays to keep them straight

With foolish sonnets to present her with
 With legs with curtsies congees and such like
 Nor with penn'd speeches or too far fetch'd sigh
 I hate such antique quaint formality

Ans Oh but I cannot watch occasion
 She dashes every proffer with a frown

Ful A frown a fool' art thou afraid of frowns?
 He that will leave occasion for a frown
 Were I his judge (all you his case bemoan)
 His doom should be ever to lie alone

Ans I cannot chuse but when a wench says nay
 To take her at her word and leave my suit

Ful Continue that opinion and be sure
 To die a virgin chaste a maiden pure
 It was my chance once in my wanton days
 To court a wench hark and I'll tell thee how
 I came unto my love and she look'd coy
 I spake unto my love she turn'd aside
 I touch'd my love and gan with her to toy
 But she sat mute for anger or for pride
 I striv'd and kiss'd my love she cry'd —away
 Thou would'st have left her thus I made her stay
 I catch'd my love and wrung her by the hand
 I took my love and set her on my knee
 And pull'd her to me oh you spoil my band
 You hurt me sir pray let me go quoth she
 I'm glad quoth I that you have found your tongue
 And still my love I by the finger wrung
 I ask'd her if she lov'd me she said no
 I bad her swear she straight call'd for a book

Nay then, thought I, 'tis time to let her go,
 I eas'd my knee, and from her cast a look
 She leaves me wond'ring at these strange affairs,
 And like the wind she trips me up the stairs
 I left the room below, and up I went,
 Finding her thrown upon her wanton bed
 I ask'd the cause of her sad discontent,
 Further she lies, and, making room, she said,
 Now, sweeting, kiss me, having time and place;
 So clings me to her with a sweet embrace

Ans Is't possible? I had not thought till now
 That women could dissemble Master Fuller,
 Here dwells the sacred mistress of my heart,
 Before her door I'll frame a friv'lous walk,
 And, spying her, with her devise some talk

Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR, MISTRESS ARTHUR, OLD
 MASTER ARTHUR, OLD MASTER LUSAM, YOUNG MASTER
 LUSAM, and PIRKIN

Ful What stir is this? let's step but out the way,
 And hear the utmost what these people say

O Art Thou art a knave, although thou be my son
 Have I with care and trouble brought thee up,
 To be a staff and comfort to my age,
 A pillar to support me, and a crutch
 To lean on, in my second infancy,
 And dost thou use me thus? Thou art a knave

O Lus A knave, aye, marry, and an arrant knave,
 And, sirrah, by old Master Arthur's leave,
 Though I be weak and old, I'll prove thee one

I Art Sir though it be my father's pleasure thus
To wrong me with the scorn'd name of knave
I will not have you so familiar
Nor so presume upon my patience

O Lus Speak Master Arthur is he not a knave?

O Art I say he is a knave

O Lus Then so say I

Y Art My father may command my patience
But you sir that are but my father in law
Shall not so mock my reputation
Sir you shall find I am an honest man

O Lus An honest man!

I Art Aye sir so I say

O Lus Nay if you say so I'll not be against it
But sir you might have us'd my daughter better
Than to have beat her spurn'd her rail'd at her
Before our faces

O Art Aye therein son Arthur
Thou shew'dst thyself no better than a knave

O Lus Aye marry did he I will stand to it
To use my honest daughter in such sort
He shew'd himself no better than a knave

I Art I say again I am an honest man
He wrongs me that shall say the contrary

O Lus I grant sir that you are an honest man
Nor will I say unto the contrary
But wherefore do you use my daughter thus?
Can you accuse her of unchastity
Of loose demeanour disobedience or disloyalty?
Speak what canst thou object against my daughter?

O Art Accuse her¹ here she stands, spit in her face
If she be guilty, in the least, of these

Mis Art O, father, be more patient, if you wrong
My honest husband, all the blame be mine,
Because you do it only for my sake
I am his handmaid, since it is his pleasure
To use me thus, I am content therewith,
And bear his checks and crosses patiently

Y Art If, in mine own house, I can have no peace,
I'll seek it elsewhere, and frequent it less
Father, I'm now past one and twenty years,
I'm past my father's pamp'ring, I suck not,
Nor am I dandled on my mother's knee
Then, if you were my father twenty times,
You shall not chuse, but let me be myself
Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom
Am I thus baited? Wife, remember this¹
Father, farewell¹ and, father-in-law, adieu¹
Your son had rather fast, than feast with you [cut

O Art Well, go to, wild oats¹ spendthrift¹ prodigal¹
I'll cross thy name quite from my reck'ning book
For these accounts, 'faith, it shall scathe thee somewhat,
I will not say what somewhat it shall be

O Lus And it shall scathe him somewhat of my purse
And, daughter, I will take thee home again,
Since thus he hates thy fellowship,
Be such an eye-sore to his sight no more¹
I tell thee, thou no more shalt trouble him

Mis Art Will you divorce whom God hath tied together?
ther?

Or break that knot the sacred hand of heaven
 Made fast betwixt us ? Have you never read
 What a great curse was laid upon his head
 That breaks the holy band of marriage
 Divorcing husbands from their chosen wives ?
 Father I will not leave my Arthur so
 Not all my friends can make me prove his foe

O Art I could say somewhat in my son's reproof

O Lus Faith so could I

O Art But till I meet him I will let it pass

O Lus Faith so will I

O Art Daughter farewell ! with weeping eyes I part
 Witness these tears thy grief sits near my heart

O Lus Weeps Master Arthur ? nay then let me cry
 His cheeks shall not be wet and mine be dry

Mis Art Fathers farewell ! spend not a tear for me
 But for my husband's sake let these woes be
 For when I weep 'tis not for my own care
 But fear lest folly bring him to despair

[*exeunt O Art and O Lus*]

Y Lus Sweet saint ! continue still this patience
 For time will bring him to true penitence
 Mirror of virtue ! thanks for my good cheer
 A thousand thanks

Mis Art It is so much too dear
 But you are welcome for my husband's sake
 His guests shall have best welcome I can make

Y Lus Than marriage nothing in the world more com-
 mon

Nothing more rare than such a virtuous woman [exit]

Mis Art My husband in this humour well I know

Plays but the unthrift, therefore, it behoves me
 To be the better housewife here at home,
 To save and get, whilst he doth lugh and spend
 Though for himself he riots it at large,
 My needle shall defray my household's charge

[she sits down to work in front of the house]

Ful Now, Master Anselm, to her, step not back,
 Bustle yourself, see where she sits at work,
 Be not afraid, man, she's but a woman,
 And women the most cowards seldom fear
 Think but upon my former principles,
 And, twenty pound to a dream, you speed

Ans Aye, say you so?

Ful Beware of blushing, sirrah,
 Of fear and too much eloquence!
 Rail on her husband, his misusing her,
 And make that serve thee as an argument,
 That she may sooner yield to do him wrong
 Were it my case, my love and I to plead,
 I hav't at fingers' ends who could miss the clout
 Having so fair a white, such steady aim,
 This is the upshot, now bid for the game *[Anselm advances]*

Ans Fair mistress, God save you!

Ful What a circumstance doth he begin with, what an
 ass is he

To tell her at the first that she was fair,
 The only means to make her to be coy!
 He should have rather told her she was foul,
 And brought her out of love quite with herself,
 And, being so, she would the less have car'd
 Upon whose secrets she had laid her love

He hath almost marr'd all with that word fair

Ans Mistress God save you!

Ful What a block is that

To say God save you! is the fellow mad?

Once to name God in his ungodly suit

Mis Art You are welcome sir Come you to speak
with me

Or with my husband? pray you what's your will?

Ful She answers to the purpose what's your will?

O zounds that I were there to answer her

Ans Mistress my will is not so soon exprest

Without your special favour and the promise

Of love and pardon if I speak amiss

Ful O ass! O dunce! O blockhead! that hath left

The plain broad high way and the readiest path

To travel round about by circumstance

He might have told his meaning in a word

And now hath lost his opportunity

Never was such a truant in love's school

I am ashamed that ever I was his tutor

Mis Art Sir you may freely speak whatever it be
So that your speech suiteth with modesty

Ful To this now could I answer passing well

Ans Mistress I pitying that so fair a creature—

Ful Still fair and yet I warn'd the contrary

Ans Should by a villain be so foully used as you have
been—

Ful Aye that was well put in

If time and place were both convenient

Ans Have made this bold intrusion to present

My love and service to your sacred self

Ful Indifferent, that was not much amiss

Mis Art Sir, what you mean by service and by love
I will not know, but what you mean by villain,
I fain would know

Ans That villain is your husband,
Whose wrongs towards you are bruited through the land
O, can you suffer at a peasant's hands,
Unworthy once to touch this silken skin,
To be so rudely beat and buffeted ?
Can you endure from such infectious breath,
Able to blast your beauty, to have names
Of such im poison'd hate flung in your face ?

Ful O, that was good, nothing was good but that,
That was the lesson that I taught him last

Ans O, can you hear your never tainted fame
Wounded with words of shame and infamy ?
O, can you see your pleasures dealt away,
And you to be debarr'd all part of them,
And bury it in deep oblivion ?
Shall your true right be still contributed
'Mongst hungry bawds, insatiate courtezans ?
And can you love that villain, by whose deed
Your soul doth sigh, and your distress'd heart bleed ?

Ful All this as well as I could wish myself

Mis Art Sir, I have heard thus long with patience,
If it be me you term a villain's wife,
In sooth, you have mistook me all this while,
And neither know my husband nor myself,
Or else you know not man and wife is one

If he be call'd a villain what is she
 Whose heart and love and soul is one with him?
 'Tis pity that so fair a gentleman
 Should fall into such villains company
 O sir take heed if you regard your life
 Meddle not with a villain or his wife

[*exit*]

Ful O that same word villain hath marr'd all

Ans Now where is your instruction? where's the wench?
 Where are my hopes? where your directions?

Ful Why man in that word villain you marr'd all
 To come unto an honest wife and call
 Her husband villain! were she ne'er so bad,
 Thou might'st well think she would not brook that name
 For her own credit though no love to him
 But leave not thus but try some other mean;
 Let not one way thy hopes make frustrate clean

Ans I must persist my love against my will
 He that knows all things knows I prove this ill [*exit*]

ACT II SCENE I

A School

Enter AMINADAB with a rod in his hand and Boys, with their books

Amin Come boys come boys rehearse your parts
 And then *ad prandium jam jam incipe!*

1st Boy Forsooth my lessons torn out of my book

Amin *Quæ caceris chartis deseruisse decet*
 Torn from your book! I'll tear it from your breast

How say you, Mistress Virga, will you suffer
Hic puer bene indolis, to tear
 His lessons, leaves, and lectures from his book?

1st Boy Truly, forsooth, I laid it in my seat,
 While Robin Glade and I went into *campus*,
 And when I came again, my book was torn

Amin O, *mus*, a mouse, was ever heard the like?

1st Boy O, *domus*, a house, master, I could not mend it

2nd Boy O, *pediculus*, a louse, I knew not how it came

Amin All toward boys, good scholars of their times,
 The least of these is past his accident,

Some at *qui mihi*, here's not a boy

But he can construe all the grammar rules

Sed ubi sunt sodales? not yet come?

Those *tarde venientes* shall be whipt

Ubi est Pipkin? where's that lazy knave?

He plays the truant every Saturday,

But Mistress Virga, Lady Willowby,

Shall teach him that *diluculo surgere*

Est saluberrimum here comes the knave

Enter PIPKIN

1st Boy *Tarde, tarde, tarde*

2nd Boy *Tarde, tarde, tarde*

Amin *Huc ades*, Pipkin, reach a better rod,
Cur tam tarde venis? speak, where have you been?
 Is this a time of day to come to school?

Ubi fuisti? speak, where hast thou been?

Pip *Magister, quomodo valet?*

Amin Is that *responsio* fitting my demand?

Pip *Etiam certè* you ask me where I have been and I say *quomodo tales* as much as tō say come out of the ale house

Amin Untruss untruss ' nay help him help him'

Pip *Quæso preceptor quæso* for God's sake do not whip me

Quid est grammatica?

Amin Not whip you *quid est grammatica* what's that?

Pip *Grammatica est* that if I untruss d you must needs whip me upon them *quid est grammatica*

Amin Why then *dic mihi* speak where hast thou been?

Pip Forsooth my mistress sent me of an errand to fetch my master from the Exchange we had strangers at home at dinner and but for them I had not come *tarde quæso preceptor*

Amin Construe your lesson parse it *ad unguem et con demnato* too I'll pardon thee

Pip That I will master an if you'll give me leave

Amin *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas expone expone*

Pip Construe it master I will *dicas* they say *propria* the proper man *quæ maribus* that loves marrow bones *mascula* miscall d me

Amin A pretty quaint and new construction

Pip I warrant you master if there be marrow bones in my lesson I am an old dog at them How construe you this master *rostra disertus amat?*

Amin *Disertus* a desert *amat* doth love *rostra* roast meat

Pip A good construction on an empty stomach Master, now I have construed my lesson, my mistress would pray you to let me come home to go of an errand

Amin Your *ties sequuntur*, and away

Pip *Canis* a hog, *rana* a dog, *porcus* a frog,
Abeundum est mihi [exit

Amin Yours, sirrah, too, and then *ad prandium*

1st Boy *Apis* a bed, *genu* a knee, *Vulcanus*, Doctor Dec
Viginti minus usus est mihi

Amin By *Juno's* hip and *Saturn's* thumb
It was *bonus*, *bona*, *bonum*

2nd Boy *Vitrum*, glass, *spica*, grass, *tu es asinus*, you
are an ass *Precor tibi felicem noctem*

Amin *Claudite jam libros, pueri, sat prate bibistis*,
Look, when you come again, you tell me *ubi fuistis*
He that minds trish-trash, and will not have care of his
rodia,

Him I will be-lish-lash, and have a fling at his *podix*
[exit Boys

Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR

Y Art A pretty wench, a passing pretty wench,
A sweeter duck all London cannot yield,
She cast a glance on me as I pass'd by,
Not Helen had so ravishing an eye
Here is the pedant, Sir Aminadab,
I will enquire of him if he can tell,
By any circumstance, whose wife she is
Such fellows commonly have intercourse,
Without suspicion, where we are debarr'd

God save you gentle Sir Aminadab !

Amin Salve tu quoque ! would you speak with me ?

You are I take it and let me not lie

For as you know *mentiri non est meum*

Young Master Arthur *quid vis* what will you ?

Y Art You are a man I much rely upon

There is a pretty wench dwells in this street

That keeps no shop nor is not public known

At the two posts next turning of the lane

I saw her from a window looking out

O could you tell me how to come acquainted

With that sweet lass you should command me sir

Even to the utmost of my life and power

Amin Du boni boni 'tis my love he means

But I will keep it from this gentleman

And so I hope make trial of my love

Y Art If I obtain her thou shalt win thereby

More than at this time I will promise thee

Amin Quando venis apud I shall have two horns on my
caput

Y Art What if her husband come and find one there ?

Amin Nuncquam time never fear

She is unmarried I swear

But if I help you to the deed

Tu vis narrare how you speed

Y Art Tell how I speed ? ay sir I will to you

Then presently about it Many thanks

For this great kindness Sir Aminadab

Amin If my *puella* prove a drab

I'll be reveng'd on both *am/o* shall die

Shall die ' by what ? for *ego* I
 Have never handled, I thank God,
 Other weapon than a rod,
 I dare not fight for all my speeches
Sed cave, if I take him thus,
Ego sum expers at untruss

[*cacunt*]

SCENE II

A Room in Justice Reason's House

Enter JUSTICE REASON, OLD MASTER ARTHUR, OLD MASTER LUSAM, MISTRESS ARTHUR, YOUNG MASTER LUSAM, and HUGH

O. Art We, master Justice Reason, come about
 A serious matter that concerns us near

O Lus Aye, marry, doth it, sir, concern us near,
 Would God, sir, you would take some order for it

O Art Why, look ye, Master Lusam, you are such
 another,

You will be talking what concerns us near,
 And know not why we come to Master Justice

O Lus How, know not I ?

O Art No, sir, not you

O Lus Well, I know somewhat, though I know not that,
 Then on, I pray you

Justice Forward, I pray, yet the case is plain

O Art Why, sir, as yet you do not know the case

O Lus Well, he knows somewhat, forward, Master
 Arthur

O Art And, as I told you, my unruly son
 Once having bid his wife home to my house,

There took occasion to be much aggrieved
About some household matters of his own
And in plain terms they fell in controversy

O Lus 'Tis true sir I was there the self-same time
And I remember many of the words

O Art Lord what a man are you! you were not there
That time as I remember you were rid
Down to the North to see some friends of yours

O Lus Well I was somewhere forward Master
Arthur

Justice All this is well no fault is to be found
In either of the parties pray say on

O Art Why sir I have not nam'd the parties yet
Nor touch'd the fault that is complain'd upon

O Lus Well you touch'd somewhat forward Master
Arthur

O Art And as I said they fell in controversy
My son not like a husband gave her words
Of great reproof despite and contumely
Which she poor soul digested patiently
This was the first time of their falling out
As I remember at the self same time
One Thomas the Earl of Surrey's gentleman
Din'd at my table

O Lus O I knew him well

O Art You are the strangest man this gentleman
That I speak of I am sure you never saw
He came but lately from beyond the sea

O Lus I'm sure I know one Thomas —forward sir

Justice And is this all? make me a *mittimus*

And send the offender straightways to the jail

O Art First know the offender, how began the strife
Betwixt this gentlewoman and my son,
Since when, sir, he hath us'd her not like one
That should partake his bed, but like a slave
My coming was, that you, being in office
And in authority, should call before you
My unthrift son, to give him some advice,
Which he will take better from you than me,
That am his father Here's the gentlewoman,
Wife to my son, and daughter to this man,
Whom I perforce compell'd to live with us

Justice All this is well, here is your son, you say,
But she that is his wife you cannot find

Y Lus You do mistake, sir, here's the gentlewoman,
It is her husband that will not be found

Justice Well, all is one, for man and wife are one,
But is this all?

Y Lus Aye, all that you can say,
And much more than you can well put off

Justice Nay, if the case appear thus evident,
Give me a cup of wine What! man and wife
To disagree? I pr'ythee, fill my cup,
I could say somewhat tut, tut, by this wine,
I promise you 'tis good canary sack

Mis Art Fathers, you do me open violence,
To bring my name in question, and produce
This gentleman and others here to witness
My husband's shame in open audience,
What may my husband think when he shall know

I went unto the Justice to complain
 But Master Justice here more wise than you
 Says little to the matter knowing well
 His office is no whit concern'd herein
 Therefore with favor I will take my leave

Justice The woman saith but reason Master Arthur
 And therefore give her licence to depart

O Lus Here is dry justice not to bid us drink
 Hark thee my friend I pray thee lend thy cup
 Now Master Justice hear me but one word
 You think this woman hath had little wrong
 But by this wine which I intend to drink—

Justice Nay save your oath I pray you do not swear
 Or if you swear take not too deep an oath

O Lus Content you I may take a lawful oath
 Before a Justice therefore by this wine—

I Lus A profound oath well sworn and deeply took
 'Tis better thus than swearing on a book

O Lus My daughter hath been wrong'd exceedingly

Justice O sir I would have credited these words
 Without this oath but bring your daughter hither
 That I may give her counsel ere you go

O Lus Marry God's blessing on your heart for that!
 Daughter give ear to Justice Reason's words

Justice Good woman or good wife or mistress if you
 have done amiss it should seem you have done a fault and
 making a fault there's no question but you have done
 amiss but if you walk uprightly and neither lead to the
 right hand nor the left no question but you have neither
 led to the right hand nor the left but as a man should

say, walked uprightly, but it should appear by these plaintiffs, that you have had some wrong if you love your spouse entirely, it should seem you affect him fervently, and if he hate you monstrously, it should seem he loaths you most exceedingly, and there's the point at which I will leave, for the time passes away therefore, to conclude, this is my best counsel, look that thy husband so fall in, that hereafter you never fall out

O Lus Good counsel, passing good instruction,
Follow it, daughter Now, I promise you,
I have not heard such an oration
This many a day What remains to do?

Y Lus Sir, I was call'd as witness to this matter,
I may be gone for ought that I can see

Justice Nay, stay, my friend, we must examine you
What can you say concerning this debate
Betwixt young Master Arthur and his wife?

Y Lus 'Faith, just as much, I think, as you can say,
And that's just nothing

Justice How, nothing? Come, depose him, take his oath,
Swear him, I say, take his confession

O Art What can you say, sir, in this doubtful case?

Y Lus Why, nothing, sir

Justice We cannot take him in contrary tales,
For he says nothing still, and that same nothing
Is that which we have stood on all this while,
He hath confest even all, for all is nothing
This is your witness, he hath witness'd nothing
Since nothing, then, so plainly is confess'd,
And we, by cunning answers and by wit,

Have wrought him to confess nothing to us
Write his confession

O Art Why what should we write?

Justice Why nothing heard you not as well as I
What he confess d? I say write nothing down
Mistress we have dismiss d you love your husband
Which whilst you do you shall not hate your husband
Bring him before me I will urge him with
This gentleman's express confession
Against you send him to me I'll not fail
To keep just nothing in my memory
And sir now that we have examin d you
We likewise here discharge you with good leave
Now Master Arthur and Master Lusain too
Come in with me unless the man were here
Whom most especially the cause concerns
We cannot end this quarrel but come near
And we will taste a glass of our March beer [exeunt

SCENE III

A Room in Mistress Mary's House

Enter MISTRESS MARY MISTRESS SPLAY and BRABO

Mis Ma I pr'ythee tell me Brabo what planet think st
thou govern d at my conception that I live thus openly to
the world?

Bra Two planets reign d at once Venus that's you
And Mars that's I were in conjunction

Mis Splay Pr'ythee pr'ythee in faith that conjunction
copulative is that part of speech that I live by

Bra Ha, ha¹ to see the world¹ we swaggerers,
 That live by oaths and big-mouth'd menaces,
 Are now reputed for the tallest men
 He that hath now a black mustachio
 Reaching from ear to ear, or turning up,
Puncto reverso, bristling towards the eye,
 He that can hang two handsome tools at his side,
 Go in disguis'd attire, wear iron enough,
 Is held a tall man, and a soldier
 He that, with greatest grace, can swear gogs-zounds¹
 Or, in a tavern, make a drunken fray,
 Can cheat at dice, swagger in bawdy houses,
 Wear velvet on his face, and, with a grace,
 Can face it out with,—as I am a soldier¹
 He that can clap his sword upon the board,
 He's a brave man, and such a man am I

Mis Ma She that with kisses can both kill and cure,
 That lives by love, that swears by nothing else
 But by a kiss, which is no common oath,
 That lives by lying, and yet oft tells truth,
 That takes most pleasure when she takes most pains,
 She's a good wench, my boy, and so am I

Mis Splay She that is past it, and prays for them that
 may—

Bra Is an old bawd, as you are, Mistress Splay

Mis Splay O, do not name that name, do you not know
 That I could ne'er endure to hear that name?
 But, if your man would leave us, I would read
 The lesson that last night I promis'd you

Mis Ma I pr'ythee, leave us, we would be alone

Bra And will and must if you bid me begone,
 I will withdraw and draw on any he
 That in the world's wide round dare cope with me
 Mistress, farewell! to none I never speak
 So kind a word My salutations are—
 Farewell and be hang'd! or in the devil's name!
What they have been my many frays can tell
 You cannot fight therefore to you farewell! *[exit]*

Mis Mi O this same swaggerer is the bulwark of my
 reputation
 But Mistress Splay now to your lecture that you promis'd
 me

Mis Splay Daughter attend for I will tell thee now
 What in my young days I myself have tried
 Be rul'd by me and I will make thee rich
 You God be prais'd are fair and as they say
 Full of good parts you have been often try'd
 To be a woman of good carriage
 Which in my mind is very commendable

Mis Ma It is indeed forward good Mother Splay

Mis Splay And as I told you being fair I wish
 Sweet daughter you were as fortunate
 When any suitor comes to ask thy love
 Look not into his words but into his sleeve
 If thou canst learn what language his purse speaks
 Be rul'd by that that's golden eloquence
 Money can make a slaving tongue speak plain
 If he that loves thee be deform'd and rich
 Accept his love gold hides deformity
 Gold can make limping Vulcan walk upright

Make squint eyes straight, a crabbed face look smooth ,
 Gilds copper noses, makes them look like gold ,
 Fills age's wrinkles up, and makes a face,
 As old as Nestor's, look as young as Cupid's
 If thou wilt arm thyself against all shifts,
 Regard all men according to their gifts
 This, if thou practice, thou, when I am dead,
 Wilt say, Old Mother Splay soft laid thy head

Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR

Mis Ma Soft, who comes here ? begone, good Mistress
 Splay ,
 Of thy rules' practice this is my first day
Mis Splay God, for thy passion ! what a beast am I,
 To scare the bird that to the net would fly ! *[exit*
Y Art By your leave, mistress
Mis Ma What to do, master ?
Y Art To give me leave to love you
Mis Ma I had rather afford you some love to leave me
Y Art I would you would as soon love me, as I could
 leave you
Mis Ma I pray you, what are you, sir ?
Y Art A man, I'll assure you
Mis Ma How should I know that ?
Y Art 'Tis me, by my word, for I say I am a man ,
 Or, by my deed, I'll prove myself a man
Mis Ma Are you not Master Arthur ?
Y Art Not Master Arthur, but Arthur, and your ser-
 vant, sweet Mistress Mary,

Mis Ma Not Mistress Mary but Mary and your hand
maud sweet Master Arthur

Y Art That I love you let my face tell you that I love
you more than ordinarily let this kiss testify and that I
love you fervently and entirely ask this gift and see what
it will answer you Myself my purse and all being wholly
at your service

Mis Ma That I take your love in good part my thanks
shall speak for me that I am pleased with your kiss this
interest of another shall certify you and that I accept
your gift my prostrate service and self shall witness with
me My love my lips and sweet self are at your service
wilt please you to come near sir?

Y Art O that my wife were dead! here would I make
My second choice would she were buried!
From out her grave this marigold should grow
Which in my nuptials I would wear with pride
Die shall she I have doom'd her destiny

Mis Ma 'Tis news Master Arthur to see you in such a
place
How doth your wife?

Y Art Faith Mistress Mary at the point of death
And long she cannot live she shall not live
To trouble me in this my second choice

Enter AMINADAB with a bill and head piece

Mis Ma I pray forbear sir for here comes my love
Good sir for this time leave me by this kiss
You cannot ask the question at my hand
I will deny you pray you get you gone

Y Art Farewell, sweet Mistress Mary ' [exit

Mis Ma Sweet, adieu ']

Amin Stand to me, bill ' and, head-piece, sit thou close ']
 I hear my love, my wench, my duck, my dear,
 Is sought by many suitors, but, with this,
 I'll keep the door, and enter he that dare ']
 Vinga, be gone, thy twigs I'll turn to steel,
 These fingers, that were expert in the jerk,
 Instead of lashing of the trembling *podex*,
 Must learn pash and knock, and beat and mall,
 Cleave pates, and *caputs*, he that enters here
 Comes on his death ' *mors mortis* he shall taste

[he hides himself

Mis Ma Alas, poor fool ' the pedant's mad for love ']
 Thinks me more mad that I would marry him
 He's come to watch me with a rusty bill,
 To keep my friends away by force of arms
 I will not see him, but stand still aside,
 And here observe him what he means to do

Amin O, *utinam*, that he that loves her best,
 Durst offer but to touch her in this place ']

Per Jovem et Junonem ' *hoc*

Shall pash his coxcomb such a knock,
 As that his soul his course shall take
 To Limbo, and Avernus' lake
 In vain I watch in this dark hole,
 Would any living durst my manhood try,
 And offer to come up the stairs this way ']

Mis Ma O, we should see you make a goodly fray

Amin The wench I here watch with my bill,

Amo amas amavi till

Qui audeat—let him come that dare !

Death hell and limbo be his share !

Enter BRABO with his sword in his hand

Bra Where's Mistress Mary? never a post here

A bar of iron gainst which to try my sword?

Now by my beard a dainty piece of steel

Amin O Jove what a qualm is this I feel !

Bra Come hither Mall is none here but we two?

When didst thou see the starveling school master? that

rat that shrimp that spindle shank that wren that sheep

biter that lean chitty face that famine that lean envy that

all bones that bare anatomy that Jack a-Lent that ghost

that shadow that moon in the wane

Amin I wail in woe I plunge in pain

Bra When next I find him here I'll hang him up

Like a dried sausage in the chimney's top

That stock fish that poor John that gut of men !

Amin O that I were at home again !

Bra When he comes next turn him into the streets

Now come let's dance the shaking of the sheets

[exeunt Mistress Mary and Brabo]

Amin *Qui quæ quod* hence boist'rous bill! come gentle rod !

Had not grimalkin stamp'd and star'd

Aminadab had little car'd

Or if instead of this brown bill

I had kept my mistress Virga still

And he upon another's back

His points untruss'd, his breeches slack,
 My countenance he should not dash,
 For I am expert in the lash
 But my sweet lass my love doth fly,
 Which shall make me by poison die
Per fidem, I will rid my life,
 Either by poison, sword, or knife

[*exit*]

ACT III SCENE I

A Room in Young Arthur's House

Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR and PIPKIN

Mis Art Sirrah! when saw you your master?

Pip Faith, mistress, when I last look'd upon him

Mis Art And when was that?

Pip When I beheld him

Mis Art And when was that?

Pip Marry, when he was in my sight, and that was yesterday, since when I saw not my master, nor look'd on my master, nor beheld my master, nor had any sight of my master

Mis Art Was he not at my father-in-law's?

Pip Yes, marry, was he

Mis Art Didst thou not entreat him to come home?

Pip How should I, mistress? he came not there to-day

Mis Art Didst thou not say he was there?

Pip True, mistress, he was there, but I did not tell ye when, he hath been there divers times, but not of late

Mis Art About your business! here I'll sit and wait
 His coming home tho' it be never so late
 Now once again go look him at the Change
 Or at the church with Sir Aminadab
 'Tis told me they use often conference;
 When that is done get you to school again

Pip I had rather play the truant at home than go seek
 my master at school let me see what age am I? some
 four and twenty and how have I profited? I was five years
 learning to crish cross from great A and five years longer
 coming to F there I stuck some three years before I could
 come to Q and so in process of time I came to e per see
 and com per se and tittle then I got to a e i o u; after
 to our father and in the sixteenth year of my age and the
 fifteenth of my going to school I am in good time gotten
 to a noun by the same token there my horse went down
 then I got to a verb there I began first to have a beard
 then I came to *iste ista istud* there my master whipp'd
 me till he fetch'd the blood and so forth so that now I
 am become the greatest scholar in the school for I am
 bigger than two or three of them But I am gone fare
 well mistress! [*exit*]

SCENE II

The Street

Enter ANSELMI and FULLER

Full Love none at all they will forswear themselves
 And when you urge them with it their replies

Cf. lit-cross to Alphabet.

Are, that Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries

Ans You told me of a jest concerning that ,
I pr'ythee, let me hear it

Ful That thou shalt

My mistress in a humour had protested,
That above all the world she lov'd me best ,
Saying, with suitors she was oft molested,
And she had lodg'd her heart within my breast ,
And sware (but me) both by her mask and fan,
She never would so much as name a man
Not name a man? quoth I , yet be advis'd ,
Not love a man but me ! let it be so
You shall not think, quoth she, my thought's disguis'd
In flattering language, or dissembling show ,
I say again, and I know what I do,
I will not name a man alive but you
Into her house I came at unaware,
Her back was to me, and I was not seen ,
I stole behind her 'till I had her fair,
Then with my hands I closed both her een ,
She, blinded thus, beginneth to bethink her
Which of her loves it was that did hoodwink her
First she begins to guess and name a man
That I well knew, but she had known far better ,
The next I never did suspect till then
Still of my name I could not hear a letter ,
Then mad, she did name Robin, and then James,
'Till she had reckon'd up some twenty names ,
At length, when she had counted up a score,
As one among the rest, she hit on me ,

I ask'd her if she could not reckon more
 And pluck'd away my hands to let her see
 But when she look'd back and saw me behind her
 She blush'd and ask'd if it were I did blind her?
 And since I swore both lye her mask and fan
 To trust no she tongue that can name a man

Ans Your great oath hath some exceptions
 But to our former purpose; you is Mistress Arthur
 We will attempt another kind of wooing
 And make her hate her husband if we can

Ful But not a word of passion or of love;
 Have at her now to try her patience

Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR

God save you mistress!

Mis Art You are welcome sir

Ful I pray you where's your husband?

Mis Art Not within

Ans Who Master Arthur? him I saw even now
 At Mistress Mary's the brave courtesan's

Mis Art Wrong not my husband's reputation so
 I neither can nor will believe you sir

Ful Poor gentlewoman! how much I pity you
 Your husband is become her only guest
 He lodges there and daily diets there
 He riots revels and doth all things
 Nay he is held the Master of Misrule
 Amongst a most loathed and abhorred crew
 And can you being a woman suffer this?

Mis Art Sir sir! I understand you well enough

Admit my husband doth frequent that house
Of such dishonest usage, I suppose
He doth it but in zeal to bring them home,
By his good counsel, from that course of sin,
And, like a Christian, seeing them astray
In the broad path that to damnation leads,
He useth thither to direct their feet
Into the narrow way that guides to heaven

Ans Was ever woman gull'd so palpably ?
But, Mistress Arthur, think you as you say ?

Mis Art Sir, what I think, I think, and what I say
I would I could enjoin you to believe

Ans 'Faith, Mistress Arthur, I am sorry for you,
And, in good sooth I wish it lay in me
To remedy the least part of these wrongs
Your unkind husband daily proffers you

Mis Art You are deceived, he is not unkind,
Although he bear an outward face of hate,
His heart and soul are both assured mine

Ans Fie, Mistress Arthur ! take a better spirit,
Be not so timorous to rehearse your wrongs
I say, your husband haunts bad company,
Swaggerers, cheaters, wanton coutezans,
There he defiles his body, stains his soul,
Consumes his wealth, undoes himself and you,
In danger of diseases, whose vile names
Are not for any honest mouths to speak,
Nor any chaste ears to receive and hear
O he will bring that face, admir'd for beauty,
To be more loathed than a lep'rous skin !

Divorce yourself now whilst the clouds grow black
 Prepare yourself a shelter for the storm;
 Abandon his most loathed fellowship
 You are young mistress will you lose your youth?

Mis Art Tempt no more devil! thy deformity
 Hath chang'd it elf into an angel's shape
 But yet I know thee by thy course of speech
 Thou get'st an apple to betray poor I've
 Whose outside bears a show of pleasant fruit;
 But the vile branch on which this apple grew
 Was that which drew poor Eve from Paradise
 Thy Syren's song could make me drown myself
 But I am tied unto the mat of truth
 Admit my husband be inclin'd to vice
 My virtues may in time recall him home
 But if we both should desperate run to sin
 We should abide certain destruction
 But he's like one that over a sweet face
 Puts a deformed vizard; for his soul
 Is free from any such intents of ill
 Only to try my patience he puts on
 An ugly shape of black intemperance
 Therefore this blot of shame which he now wears
 I with my prayers will purge wash with my tears {*exit*

Ans Fuller¹

Ful Anselm!

Ans How lik'st thou this?

Ful As school boys jerks apes whip as lions cocks
 As Furies do fasting days and devils crosses
 As maids to have their marriage days put off;

I like it as the thing I most do loath
 What wilt thou do? for shame, persist no more
 In this extremity of frivolous love
 I see, my doctrine moves no precise ears
 But such as are profess'd inamoratos

Ans O, I shall die!

Ful Tush! live to laugh a little
 Here's the best subject that thy love affords,
 Listen awhile and hear this ho, boy! speak

Enter AMINADAB

Amin As in present, thou loath'st the gift I sent thee,
Nolo plus tarry, but die for the beauteous Mary,
 Fain would I die by a sword, but what sword shall I die by?
 Or by a stone, what stone? *nullus lapis jacet ibi*
 Knife I have none to sheath in my breast, or empty my
 full veins,
 Here's no wall or post which I can soil with my bruised
 brains,
 First will I, therefore, say two or three creeds and ave
 maries,

And after go buy a poison at the apothecary's

Ful I pr'ythee, Anselm, but observe this fellow,
 Do'st not hear him? he would die for love,
 That mis-shap'd love thou would'st condemn in him,
 I see in thee I pr'ythee, note him well

Ans Were I assur'd that I were such a lover,
 I should be with myself quite out of love
 I pr'ythee, let's persuade him still to live

Ful That were a dangerous case, perhaps the fellow,

In desperation would to sooth us up
 Promise repentant recantation
 And after fall into that desperate course
 Both which I will prevent with policy

Amin O death! come with thy dart! come death
 when I bid thee!

Mors teni teni mors! and from this misery rid me
 She whom I lov'd whom I lov'd even she my sweet pretty
 Mary

Doth but flout and mock and jest and dissimulatory

Ful I'll fit him finely in this paper is
 The juice of mandrake by a doctor made
 To cast a man whose leg should be cut off
 Into a deep a cold and senseless sleep
 Of such approved operation
 That who o takes it is for twice twelve hours
 Breathless and to all men's judgements past all sense
 This will I give the pedant but in sport
 For when tis known to take effect in him
 The world will but esteem it as a jest
 Besides it may be a means to save his life
 For being perfect poison as it seems
 His meaning is some covetous slave for coin
 Will sell it him though it be held by law
 To be no better than flat felony

Ans Uphold the jest but he hath spy'd us peace!

Amin Gentles God save you!

Here is a man I have noted oft most learn'd in physic
 One man he help'd of the cough another he heal'd of the
 pthysic

And I will board him thus, *salve, o salve, magister* !

Ful *Gratus mihi advenis* ! *quid tecum vis* ?

Amin *Optatum venis, paucis te volo*

Ful *Si quid industria nostra tibi faciet, dic, quæso*

Amin Attend me, sir,—I have a simple house,

But, as the learned Diogenes saith

In his epistle to Tertullian,

It is extremely troubled with great rats,

I have no *mus* puss, nor grey-ev'd cat,

To hunt them out O, could your learned art

Shew me a means how I might poison them,

Tuus dum suus, Sir Aminadab

Ful With all my heart, I am no rat catcher,

But, if you need a poison, here is that

Will pepper both your dogs, and rats, and cats

Nay, spare your purse, I give this in good will,

And, as it proves, I pray you send to me,

And let me know would you aught else with me ?

Amin *Mimne quidem*, here's that you say will take
them,

A thousand thanks, sweet sir, I say to you,

As Tully in his *Æsop's Fables* said,

Ago tibi gratias, so farewell ! *vale* !

[*exit*]

Ful Adieu ! Come, let us go, I long to see
What the event of this new jest will be

Enter YOUNG ARTHUR

Y Art Good morrow, gentlemen, saw you not this
way,

As you were walking, Sir Aminadab ?

Ans Master Arthur as I take it

Y Art Sir the same

Ans Sir I desire your more familiar love

Would I could bid myself unto your house

For I have wish'd for your acquaintance long

Y Art Sweet Master Anselm I desire yours too

Will you come dine with me at home to-morrow?

You shall be welcome I assure you sir

Ans I fear sir I shall prove too bold a guest

Y Art You shall be welcome if you bring your friend

Ful O Lord sir we shall be too troublesome

Y Art Nay now I will enforce a promise from you
Shall I expect you?

Ful Yes with all my heart

Ans A thousand thanks Yonder's the schoolmaster
So till to-morrow twenty times farewell

Y Art I double all your farewells twenty fold

Ans O this acquaintance was well scrap'd of me
By this my love to-morrow I shall see

[exceunt Anselm and Fuller]

Enter AMINADAB

Amin This poison shall by force expel

Amorem love *infernum* hell

Per hoc venenum ego I

For my sweet lovely lass will die

Y Art What do I hear of poison? which sweet means
Must make me a brave frolic widower

It seems the doating fool being forlorn

Hath got some compound mixture in despair

To end his desperate fortunes and his life,
 I'll get it from him, and with this make way
 To my wife's night and to my love's fair day

Amin In nomine domini, friends, farewell !

I know death comes, here's such a smell !

Pater et mater, father and mother,

Frater et soror, sister and brother,

And my sweet Mary, not these drugs

Do send me to the infernal bugs,

But thy unkindness, so, adieu !

Hob-goblins, now I come to you

Y Art Hold, man, I say ! what will the madman do ?

[*takes away the supposed poison*]

Aye, have I got thee ? thou shalt go with me [aside]

No more of that, fie, Sir Minadab,

Destroy yourself ! If I but hear hereafter

You practice such revenge upon yourself,

All your friends shall know that for a wench,

A paltry wench, you would have kill'd yourself

Amin O tace, quæso, do not name

This frantic deed of mine, for shame

My sweet *magister*, not a word,

I'll neither drown me in a ford,

Nor give my neck such a scope,

T' embrace it with a hempen rope,

I'll die no way 'till nature will me,

And death come with his dart and kill me,

If what is past you will conceal,

And nothing to the world reveal,

Nay, as Quintillian said of yore,

I ll strive to kill myself no more

I Art On that condition I ll conceal this deed
To-morrow pray come and dine with me ;
For I have many strangers mongst the rest
Some are desirous of your company
You will not fail me ?

Amin No in sooth
I ll try the sharpness of my tooth
Instead of poison I will eat
Rabbits capons and such meat
And so as Pythagoras says
With wholesome fare prolong my days
But sir will mistress Mall be there ?

I Art She shall she shall man never fear

Amin Then my spirit becomes strouger
And I will live and stretch longer ;
For Ovid said and did not lie
That poison d men do often die
But poison henceforth I ll not eat
Whilst I can other victuals get
To-morrow if you make a feast
Be sure sir I will be your guest
But keep my counsel *vale tu !*
And till to-morrow sir adieu !
At your table I will prove
If I can eat away my love

[*exit*

Y Art O I am glad I have thee now devise
A way how to bestow it cunningly
It shall be thus to morrow I ll pretend
A reconciliation twixt my wife and me

And, to that end, I will invite thus many —
First, Justice Reason, as the chief man there,
My father Arthur, Old Lusam, Young Lusam, Master
Fuller,

And Master Anselm, I have bid already,
Then will I have my lovely Mary too,
Be it but to spite my wife before she die,
For die she shall before to-morrow night
The operation of this poison is
Not suddenly to kill, they that take it
Fall in a sleep, and then 'tis past recure,
And thus will I put in her cup to-morrow

Enter PIPKIN, running

Pip This 'tis to have such a master ! I have sought him
at the 'Change, at the school, at every place, but I cannot
find him no where O, cry mercy ! my mistress would in-
treat you to come home

Y Art I cannot come to-night, some urgent business
Will all this night employ me otherwise

Pip I believe, my mistress would con you as much
thank to do that business at home as abroad

Y Art Here, take my purse, and bid my wife provide
Good cheer against to-morrow, there will be
Two or three strangers of my late acquaintance
Sirrah, go you to Justice Reason's house,
Invite him first with all solemnity,
Go to my father's, and my father-in-law's,
Here, take this note
The rest that come I will invite myself

About it with what quick dispatch thou canst

Pip I warrant you master I'll dispatch this business with more honesty than you'll dispatch yours But master will the gentlewoman be there?

I Art What gentlewoman?

Pip The gentlewoman of the old house that is as well known by the colour she lays on her cheeks as an ale house by the painting is laid on his lattice she that is like *homo* common to all men she that is beholden to no trade but lives of herself

I Art Sirrah begone or I will send you hence

Pip I'll go but by this hand I'll tell my mistress as soon as I come home that mistress light heels comes to dinner to morrow [exit

I Art Sweet Mistress Mary I'll invite myself
And there I'll frolic sup and spend the night
My plot is current here tis in my hand
Will make me happy in my second choice
And I may freely challenge as mine own
What I am now enforced to seek by stealth
Love is not much unlike ambition
For in them both all lets must be removed
Twixt every crown and him that would aspire
And he that will attempt to win the same
Must plunge up to the depth of her head and ears
And hazard drowning in that purple sea
So he that loves must needs through blood and fire
And do all things to compass his desire [exit

SCENE III

A Room in Young Arthur's House

Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR and her MAID

Mis Art Come, spread the table, is the hall well
rubb'd?

The cushions in the windows neatly laid?

The cupboard of plate set out? the casements stuck

With rosemary and flowers? the carpets brush'd?

Maid Aye, forsooth, mistress

Mis Art Look to the kitchen-maid, and bid the cook
take down the oven stone, the pies be burn'd here, take
my keys, and give him out more spice

Maid Yes, forsooth, mistress

Mis Art Where's that knave Pipkin? bid him spread
the cloth,

Fetch the clean diaper napkins from my chest,

Set out the gilded salt, and bid the fellow

Make himself handsome, get him a clean band

Maid Indeed, forsooth, mistress, he is such a sloven,

That nothing will sit handsome about him,

He had a pound of soap to scour his face,

And yet his brow looks like the chimney stock

Mis Art He'll be a sloven still maid, take this apron,
And bring me one of linen, quickly, maid

Maid I go, forsooth

Mis Art There was a cut'sy, let me see't again,
Aye, that was well —[*exit Maid*] I fear my guests will come

Ere we be ready What a spite is this

Within Mistress '

Mis Art What s the matter?

Within Mistress I pray take Pipkin from the fire
We cannot keep his fingers from the roast

Mis Art Bid him come hither what a knave is that!
Fie fie never out of the kitchen!
Still broiling by the fire '

Enter PIPKIN

Pip I hope you will not take Pipkin from the fire
Till the broth be enough

Enter MAID *with an apron*

Mis Art Well sirrah get a napkin and a trencher
And wait to-day So let me see my apron

Pip Mistress I can tell ye one thing my master's
wench
Will come home to-day to dinner

Enter JUSTICE REASON *and his man* HUCH

Mis Art She shall be welcome if she be his guest
But here s some of our guests are come already
A chair for Justice Reason sirrah!

Justice Good morrow Mistress Arthur ' you are like a
good housewife
At your request I am come home What a chair '
Thus age seeks ease Where is your husband mistress?
What a cushion too '

Pip I pray you, ease your tail, sir

Justice Marry, and will, good fellow, twenty thanks

Pip Master Hugh, as welcome as heart can tell, or tongue can think

Hugh I thank you, Master Pipkin, I have got many a good dish of broth by your means

Pip According to the ancient courtesy you are welcome, according to the time and place you are heartily welcome when they are busied at the board, we will find ourselves busied in the buttry, and so, sweet Hugh, according to our scholars' phrase, *gratulor adventum tuum*

Hugh I will answer you with the like, sweet Pipkin, *gratias*

Pip As much grace as you will, but as little of it as you can, good Hugh But here comes more guests

Enter OLD MASTER ARTHUR, and OLD MASTER LUSAN

Mis Art More stools and cushions for these gentlemen

O Art What, Master Justice Reason, are you here?
Who would have thought to have met you in this place?

O Lus What say mine eyes, is Justice Reason here?
Mountains may meet, and so, I see, may we

Justice Well! when men meet, they meet,
And when they part they oft leave one another's company,
So we, being met, are met

O Lus Truly, you say true,
And Master Justice Reason speaks but reason
To hear how wisely men of law will speak!

Enter ANSELM and FULLER

Ans Good morrow gentlemen !

Mis Art What ! are you there ?

Ans Good morrow mistress and good morrow all !

Justice If I may be so bold in a strange place

I say good morrow and as much to you

I pray gentlemen will you sit down ?

We have been young like you and if you live

Unto our age you will be old like us

Ful Be rul'd by reason but who's here ?

Enter AMINADAB

Amin *Salvete omnes* ! and good day

To all at once as I may say

First Master Justice next Old Arthur

That gives me pension by the quarter

To my good mistress and the rest

That are the founders of this feast

In brief I speak to *omnes* all

That to their meat intend to fall

Justice Welcome Sir Aminadab O my son

Hath profited exceeding well with you

Sit down sit down by Mistress Arthur's leave

*Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR YOUNG MASTER LUSAM and
MISTRESS MARY*

I Art Gentlemen welcome all whilst I deliver

Their private welcomes wife be it your charge

To give this gentlewoman entertainment

Mis Art Husband, I will Oh, this is she usurps
 The precious interest of my husband's love,
 Though, as I am a woman, I could well
 Thrust such a lewd companion out of doors,
 Yet, as I am a true obedient wife,
 I'd kiss her feet to do my husband's will [aside
 You are entirely welcome, gentlewoman,
 Indeed, you are, pray do not doubt of it

Mis Ma I thank you, Mistress Arthur, now, by my
 little honesty,

It much repents me to wrong so chaste a woman [aside

Y Art Gentles, put o'er your legs, first, Master
 Justice,

Here you shall sit

Justice And here shall Mistress Mary sit by me

Y Art Pardon me, sir, she shall have my wife's place

Mis Art Indeed, you shall, for he will have it so

Mis Ma If you will needs, but I shall do you wrong to
 take your place

O Lus Aye, by my faith, you should

Mis Art That is no wrong which we impute no wrong
 I pray you, sit

Y Art Gentlemen all, I pray you, seat yourselves
 What, Sir Aminadab, I know where your heart is

Amin Mum, not a word, *par vobis*, peace
 Come, gentles, I'll be of this mess

Y Art So, who gives thanks?

Amin Sir, that will I

Y Art I pray you to it by and by where's Pipkin?
 Wait at the board, let Master Reason's man

Be had into the buttery but first give him
 A naphin and a trencher Well said Hugh
 Wait at your master's elbow —now say grace

Amin Gloria Deo sirs preface

Attend me now whilst I say grace
 For bread and salt for grapes and malt
 For flesh and fish and every dish
 Mutton and beef of all meats chief
 For cow heels chutterlings tripes and souse
 And other meat that s in the house
 For racks for breasts for legs for loins
 For pies with raisins and with prunes
 For fritters pan-cakes and for frys
 For ven son pasties and minc d pies
 Sheeps head and garlick brawn and mustard
 Wafers spic d cakes tart and custard
 For capons rabbits pigs and geese
 For apples caraways and cheese
 For all these and many mo

Benedicamus Domino !

All Amen

Justice I con you thanks but Sir Aminadab
 Is that your scholar? now I promise you
 He is a toward stripling of his age

Pip Who I forsooth? yes indeed forsooth I am his
 scholar I would you should well think I have profited
 under him too you shall hear if he will pose me

O Art I pray you let s hear him

Amin Huc ades Pipkin

Pip Adsum

Amin Quot casus sunt? how many cases are there?

Pip Marry, a great many

Amin Well answer'd, a great many, there are six,
Six, a great many, 'tis well answer'd,
And which be they?

Pip A bow-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lute-case, a fiddle-case, and a candle-case

Justice I know them all, again, well answer'd
Pray God, my youngest son profit no worse

Amin How many parsons are there?

Pip I'll tell you as many as I know, if you'll give me leave to reckon them

Ans I pr'ythee, do

Pip The parson of Fenchurch, the parson of Pancras, and the parson of—

Y Art Well, sir, about your business —now will I Temper the cup my loathed wife shall drink

[*aside, and exit*]

O Art Daughter, methinks you are exceeding sad

O Lus 'Faith, daughter, so thou art exceeding sad

Mis Art 'Tis but my countenance, for my heart is merry

Mistress, were you as merry as you are welcome,
You should not sit so sadly as you do

Mis Ma 'Tis but because I am seated in your place,
Which is frequented seldom with true mirth

Mis Art The fault is neither in the place nor me

Amin How say you, lady, to him you last did lie by?
All this is no more, *prohibeo tibi*

Mis Ma I thank you, sir Mistress, this draught shall be,

To him that loves both you and me

Mis Art I know your meaning

Ans Now to me

If she have either love or charity

Mis Art Here Master Justice thus to your grave years
A mournful draught God wot half wine half tears [*aside*

Justice Let come my wench here youngsters to you
all

You are silent here's that will make you talk

Wenches methinks you sit like puritans

Never a jest abroad to make them laugh?

Ful Sir since you move speech of a puritan

If you will give me audience I will tell ye

As good a jest as ever you did hear

O Art A jest? that's excellent!

Justice Before hand let's prepare ourselves to laugh

A jest is nothing if it be not grac'd

Now now I pray you when begins this jest?

Ful I came unto a puritan to woo her

And roughly did salute her with a kiss

Away! quoth she and rudely push'd me from her

Brother by yea and nay I like not this

And still with amorous talk she was saluted

My artless speech with Scripture was confuted

O Lus Good good indeed the best that e'er I heard

O Art I promise you it was exceeding good

Ful Oft I frequented her abode by night

And courted her and spake her wondrous fair

But ever somewhat did offend her sight

Either my double ruff or my long hair

My scarf was vain, my garments hung too low,
My Spanish shoe was cut too broad at toe

All Ha, ha! the best that ever I heard

Ful I parted for that time, and came again,
Seeming to be conform'd in look and speech,
My shoes were sharp-toed, and my band was plain,
Close to my thigh my metamorphos'd breech,
My cloak was narrow cap'd, my hair cut shorter,
Off went my scarf, thus march'd I to the porter

All Ha, ha! was ever heard the like?

Ful The porter, spying me, did lead me in,
Where his fair mistress sate reading of a chapter,
Peace to this house, quoth I, and those within,
Which holy speech with admiration wrapt her,
And ever as I spake, and came her nigh,
Seeming divine, turn'd up the white of eye

Justice So, so, what then?

O Lus Forward, I pray, forward, sir

Ful I spake divinely, and I call'd her sister,
And by this means we were acquainted well
By yea and nay, I will, quoth I, and kiss'd her,
She blush'd, and said, that long-tongu'd men would tell,
I seem'd to be as secret as the night,
And said, on sooth, I would put out the light

O Art In sooth he would, a passing, passing jest

Ful O, do not swear, quoth she, yet put it out,
Because I would not have you break your oath
I felt a bed there, as I grop'd about,
In troth, quoth I, here will we rest us both
Swear you, in troth, quoth she? had you not sworn,

I had not don t but took it in foul scorn
 Then you will come quoth I? though I be loath
 I ll come quoth she be t but to keep your oath
Justice 'Tis very pretty; but now when s the jest?
O Art O forward to the jest in any case
O Lus I would not for an angel lose the jest
Ful Here s right the dunghill cock that finds a pearl
 To talk of wit to these is as a man
 Should cast out jewels to a herd of swine
 Why in the last words did consist the jest
O Lus Aye in the last words? ha ha ha!
 It was an excellent admir'd jest
 To them that understood it

Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR with two cups of wine

Justice It was indeed I must for fashion s sake
 Say as they say but otherwise O God! [*aside*]
 Good Master Arthur thanks for our good cheer
Y Art Gentlemen welcome all now hear me speak—
 One special cause that mov d me lead you hither
 Is for an ancient grudge that hath long since
 Continued twixt my modest wife and me
 The wrongs that I have done her I recant
 In either hand I hold a sev'ral cup
 This in the right hand wife I drink to thee
 This in the left hand pledge me in this draught
 Burying all former hatred so have to thee [*he drinks*]
Mis Art The welcom st pledge that yet I ever took
 Were this wine poison or did taste like gall
 The honey sweet condition of your draught

Would make it drink like nectar I will pledge you,
Weie it the last that I should ever drink

Y Art Make that account thus, gentlemen, you see
Our late discord brought to a unity

Amin *Ecce, quam bonum et quam jucundum*
Est habitare fratres in unum

O Art My heart doth taste the sweetness of your pledge,
And I am glad to see this sweet accord

O Lus Glad, quotha, there's not one amongst us,
But may be exceeding glad

Justice I am, aye, marry, am I, that I am

Y Lus The best accord that could betide their loves

Ans The worst accord that could betide my love

[*all about to rise*]

Amin What, rising, gentles? keep your place,
I'll close up your stomachs with a grace,

O Domine et chare Pater,

That giv'st us wine instead of water,

And from the pond and river clear,

Mak'st nappy ale, and good March beer,

That send'st us sundry sorts of meat,

And every thing we drink or eat,

To maids, to wives, to boys, to men,

Laus Deo sancto, Amen

Y Art So, much good do ye all, and, gentlemen,
Accept your welcomes better than your cheer

O Lus Nay, so we do, I'll give you thanks for all
Come, Master Justice, you do walk our way,
And Master Arthur, and old Hugh your man,
We'll be the first will strain civility

Justice God be with you all!

[exeunt O Art O Lus and Justice Reason]

Amin *Proximus ego sum* I'll be the next

And man you home how say you lady?

I Art I pray you do good Sir Aminadab

Mis Ma Sir if it be not too much trouble to you

Let me entreat that kindness at your hands

Amin Entreat! fie! no sweet lass command

Sic so *nunc* now take the upper hand

[exit Mis Ma escorted by Amin]

I Art Come wif this meeting was all for our sakes

I long to see the force my poison takes *[aside]*

Mis Art My dear dear hu band in exchange of hate

My love and heart shall on your service wait

[exeunt I Art Mis Art and Pip/in]

Ans So doth my love on thee but long no more

To her rich love thy service is too poor

Ful For shame no more! you had best expostulate

Your love with every stranger leave these sighs

And change them to familiar conference

I Lus Trust me the virtues of young Arthur's wife

Her constancy modest humility

Her patience and admired temperance

Have made me love all womankind the better

Re enter PIPKIN

Pip O my mistress! my mistress! she's dead! she's gone!
she's dead! she's gone!

Ans What's that he says?

Pip Out of my way! stand back, I say! all joy from earth is fled!

She is this day as cold as clay, my mistress she is dead!

O Lord, my mistress! my mistress! [*exit*]

Ans What, Mistress Arthur dead? my soul is vanish'd,
And the world's wonder from the world quite banish'd

O, I am sick, my pain grows worse and worse,

I am quite struck through with this late discourse

Ful What! faint'st thou, man? I'll lead thee hence, for shame!

Swoon at the tidings of a woman's death!

Intolerable, and beyond all thought!

Come, my love's fool, give me thy hand to lead,

This day one body and two hearts are dead

[*exeunt Anselm and Fuller*]

Y Lus But now she was as well as well might be,

And on the sudden dead, joy in excess

Hath over-run her poor disturbed soul

I'll after, and see how Master Arthur takes it,

His former hate far more suspicious makes it [*exit*]

Enter HUGH, and after him, PIPKIN

Hugh My master hath left his gloves behind where he sat in his chair, and hath sent me to fetch them, it is such an old snudge, he'll not lose the droppings of his nose

Pip O, mistress! O, Hugh! O, Hugh! O, mistress! Hugh, I must needs beat thee, I am mad! I am lunatic! I must fall upon thee my mistress is dead! [*beats Hugh*]

Hugh O, Master Pipkin, what do you mean? what do you mean, Master Pipkin?

Pip O Hugh! O mistress! O mistress! O Hugh!

Hugh O Pipkin! O God! O God! O Pipkin!

Pip O Hugh I am mad! bear with me I cannot chuse
O death! O mistress! O mistress! O death! [exit

Hugh Death quotha he hath almost made me dead
with beating

Re enter JUSTICE REASON, OLD MASTER ARTHUR and OLD MASTER LUSAM

Justice I wonder why the knave my man stays thus
And comes not back see where the villain loiters

Re enter PIPKIN

Pip O Master Justice! Master Arthur! Master Lusam!
wonder not why I thus blow and bluster my mistress is
dead! dead is my mistress! and therefore hang yourself
O my mistress my mistress! [exit

O Art My son's wife dead!

O Lus My daughter!

Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR mourning

Justice Mistress Arthur! here comes her husband

Y Art O here the woeful st husband comes alive
No husband now the wight that did uphold
That name of husband is now quite o erthrown
And I am left a hapless widower

O Art Fain would I speak if grief would suffer me

O Lus As Master Arthur says so say I
If grief would let me I would weeping die
To be thus hapless in my aged years!

O I would speak but my words melt to tears

Y Art Go in, go in, and view the sweetest corpse,
 That e'er was laid upon a mournful room
 You cannot speak for weeping sorrow's doom
 Bad news are rife, good tidings seldom come [*ex eunt*]

ACT IV SCENE I

The Street

Enter ANSELM

Ans What frantic humour doth thus haunt my sense,
 Striving to breed destruction in my spirit ?
 When I would sleep, the ghost of my sweet love
 Appears unto me in an angel's shape
 When I'm awake, my fantasy presents,
 As in a glass, the shadow of my love
 When I would speak, her name intrudes itself
 Into the perfect echoes of my speech
 And though my thought beget some other word,
 Yet will my tongue speak nothing but her name
 If I do meditate, it is on her,
 If dream of her, or if discourse of her,
 I think her ghost doth haunt me, as in times
 Of former darkness old wives' tales report

Enter FULLER

Here comes my better genius, whose advice
 Directs me still in all my actions
 How now, from whence come you ?

Ful Faith from the street in which as I pass'd by
 I met the modest Mistress Arthur's corpse
 And after her as mourners first her husband
 Next Justice Reason then old Master Arthur
 Old Master Lusam and young Lusam too
 With many other kinsfolks neighbours friends
 And others that lament her funeral
 Her body is by this laid in the vault

Ans And in that vault my body I will lay

I prythee leave me thither is my way

Ful I am sure you jest you mean not as you say

Ans No no I'll but go to the church and pray

Ful Nay then we shall be troubled with your humour

Ans As ever thou didst love me or as ever

Thou didst delight in my society

By all the rights of friendship and of love

Let me entreat thy absence but one hour

And at the hour's end I will come to thee

Ful Nay if you will be foolish and past reason

I'll wash my hands like Pilate from thy folly

And suffer thee in these extremities

[*exit*]

Ans Now it is night and the bright lamps of heaven

Are half burnt out now bright Adalbora

Welcomes the cheerful day star to the east

And harmless stillness hath possess'd the world

This is the church — this hollow is the vault

Where the dead body of my saint remains

And this the coffin that enshrines her body

For her bright soul is now in paradise

My coming is with no intent of sin

Or to defile the body of the dead,
 But rather take my last farewell of her,
 Or languishing and dying by her side,
 My airy soul post after her's to heaven

[comes to Mistress Arthur's tomb]

First, with this latest kiss I seal my love
 Her lips are warm, and I am much deceiv'd
 If that she stir not O, this Golgotha,
 This place of dead men's bones, is terrible,
 Presenting fearful apparitions!
 It is some spirit that in the coffin lies,
 And makes my hair start up on end with fear!
 Come to thyself, faint heart,—she sits upright!
 O, I would hide me, but I know not where
 Tush, if it be a spirit, 'tis a good spirit,
 For, with her body living, ill she knew not,
 And, with her body dead, ill cannot meddle

Mis Art Who am I? or, where am I?

Ans O, she speaks, and, by her language, now I know
 she lives

Mis Art O, who can tell me where I am become?
 For, in this darkness, I have lost myself,
 I am not dead, for I have sense and life
 How come I then in this coffin buried?

Ans Anselm, be bold, she lives, and destiny
 Hath train'd thee hither to redeem her life

Mis Art Lives any 'mongst these dead? none but my-
 self

Ans O, yes, a man whose heart till now was dead,
 Lives and survives at your return to life

Nay start not I am Anselm one who long
 Hath doted on your fair perfection
 And loving you more than became me well
 Was hither sent by some strange providence
 To bring you from these hollow vaults below
 To be a liver in the world again

Mis Art I understand you and I thank the heavens
 That sent you to revive me from this fear
 And I embrace my safety with good will

Enter ANSELM ADAM and BOYS

*Amin Mane citus lectum fuge mollem discute somnum
 Templa petas supplex et veneratum deum*
 Shake off thy sleep get up betimes go to the church and
 pray
 And never fear God will thee hear and keep thee all the
 day

Good counsel boys observe it mark it well
 This early rising this *diluculo*
 Is good both for your bodies and your minds
 'Tis not yet day give me my tinder box;
 Meantime unloose your satchels and your books
 Draw draw and take you to your lessons boys

1st Boy O Lord master what's that in the white sheet?

Amin In the white sheet my boy? *Dic ubi* where?

1st Boy *Vide* master *vide illic* there

Amin O *Domine Domine* keep us from evil

A charm from flesh the world and the devil' [*exeunt*]

Mis Art O tell me not my husband was ingrate
 Or that he did attempt to poison me

Or that he laid me here, and I was dead,
These are no means at all to win my love

Ans Sweet mistress, he bequeath'd you to the earth,
You promis'd him to be his wife 'till death,
And you have kept your promise but now, since
The world, your husband, and your friends suppose
That you are dead, grant me but one request,
And I will swear never to solicit more
Your sacred thoughts to my dishonest love

Mis Art So your demand may be no prejudice
To my chaste name, no wrong unto my husband,
No suit that may concern my wedlock breach,
I yield unto it, but to pass the bounds of modesty and
chastity,

First will I bequeath myself again
Unto this grave, and never put from hence,
Than taint my soul with black impurity

Ans Take here my hand and faithful heart to gage
That I will never tempt you more to sin
This my request is,—since your husband doats
Upon a lewd lascivious courtezan,—
Since he hath broke the bonds of your chaste bed,
And, like a murd'rer, sent you to your grave,
Do but go with me to my mother's house,
There shall you live in secret for a space,
Only to see the end of such lewd lust,
And know the difference of a chaste wife's bed,
And one whose life is in all looseness led.

Mis Art Your mother is a virtuous matron held
Her counsel, conference, and company,

May much avail me there a space I'll stay
 Upon condition as you said before
 You never will move your unchaste suit more

Ans My faith is pawn'd O never had chaste wife
 A husband of so lewd and unchaste life ' [exeunt

SCENE II

A Room in Mistress Mary's House

Enter MISTRESS MARY MISTRESS SPLAY and BRABO

Bra Mistress I long have serv'd you even since
 These bristled hairs upon my grave like chin
 Were all unborn when I first came to you
 These infant feathers of these ravens wings
 Were not once begun

Mis Splay No indeed they were not

Bra Now in my two mustachios for a need
 Wanting a rope I well could hang myself
 I pry thee mistress for all my long service
 For all the love that I have borne thee long
 Do me this favor now to marry me

Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR

Mis Ma Marry come up! you blockhead! you great
 ass!

What! wouldst thou have me marry with a devil?
 But peace no more here comes the silly fool
 That we so long have set our lime twigs for
 Begone and leave me to entangle him

[exeunt *Mistress Splay and Brabo*

Y Art What, Mistress Mary ?

Mis Ma O good Master Arthur, where have you been
this week, this month, this year ?

This year, said I ? where have you been this age ?

Unto a lover, ev'ry minute seems time out of mind

How should I think you love me, that can endure to stay
so long from me ?

Y Art I'faith, sweetheart, I saw thee yesternight

Mis Ma Aye, true, you did, but since you saw me not,
At twelve o'clock you parted from my house,
And now 'tis morning, and new stricken seven,
Seven hours thou staid'st from me, why didst thou so ?
They are my seven years' 'prenticeship of woe

Y Art I pr'ythee, be patient, I had some occasion
That did enforce me from thee yesternight

Mis Ma Aye, you are soon enforc'd, fool that I am,
To doat on one that nought respecteth me '
'Tis but my fortune, I am born to bear it,
And ev'ry one shall have their destiny

Y Art Nay, weep not, wench, thou wound'st me with
thy tears

Mis Ma I am a fool, and so you make me too,
These tears were better kept than spent in waste
On one that neither tenders them nor me,
What remedy ? but if I chance to die,
Or to miscarry with that I go withal,
I'll take my oath* that thou art cause thereof,
You told me, that when your wife was dead,

* Printed *death* in all the editions

You would forsake all others and take me

Y Art I told thee so and I will keep my word
And for that end I came thus early to thee
I have procur'd a licence and this night
We will be married in a lawless church

Mis Ma These news revive me and do somewhat ease
The thought that was new gotten to my heart
But shall it be to-night?

Y Art Aye wench to-night
A se nnight and odd days since my wife died
Is past already and her timeless death
Is but a nine days talk come go with me
And it shall be dispatched presently

Mis Ma Nay then I see thou lov'st me and I find
By this last motion thou art grown more kind

Y Art My love and kindness like my age shall grow
And with the time increase and thou shalt see
The older I grow the kinder I will be

Mis Ma Aye so I hope it will but as for mine
That with my age shall day by day decline [aside
Come shall we go?

Y Art With thee to the world's end
Whose beauty most admire and all commend [exunt

SCENE III

The Street near the House of Anselm's Mother

Enter ANSELM and FULLER

Ans 'Tis true as I relate the circumstance
And she is with my mother safe at home

But yet, for all the hate I can allege
Against her husband, nor for all the love
That on my own part I can urge her to,
Will she be won to gratify my love.

Ful All things are full of ambiguity,
And I admire this wond'rous accident
But, Anselm, Arthur's about a new wife, a *bona roba*,
How will she take it when she hears this news?

Ans I think, even as a virtuous matron should,
It may be, that report may, from thy mouth,
Beget some pity from her flinty heart,
And I will urge her with it presently

Ful Unless report be false, they are link'd already,
They are fast as words can tie them. I will tell thee
How I, by chance, did meet him the last night —
One said to me, this Arthur did intend
To have a wife, and presently to marry,
Amidst the street I met him as my friend,
And to his love a present he did carry,
It was some ring, some stomacher, or toy,
I spake to him, and bade God give him joy
God give me joy, quoth he, of what, I pray?
Marry, quoth I, your wedding that is toward
'Tis false, quoth he, and would have gone his way
Come, come, quoth I, so near it and so froward
I urg'd him hard by our familiar loves,
Pray'd him, withal, not to forget my gloves
Then he began —your kindness hath been great,
Your courtesy great, and your love not common,
Yet so much favor pray let me entreat,

To be excus'd from marrying any woman
 I knew the wench that is become his bride
 And smil'd to think how deeply he had lied
 For first he swore he did not court a maid
 A wife he could not she was elsewhere tied
 And as for such as widows were he said
 And deeply swore none such should be his bride
 Widow nor wife nor maid I ask'd no more
 Knowing he was betroth'd unto a whore

Ans Is it not Mistress Mary that you mean?
 She that did dine with us at Arthur's house?

Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR

Ful The same the same —here comes the gentle
 woman

Oh Mistress Arthur I am of your counsel
 Welcome from death to life

Ans Mistress this gentleman hath news to tell ye
 And as you like of it so think of me

Ful Your husband hath already got a wife
 A huffing wench a faith whose rustling silks
 Make with their motion music unto love
 And you are quite forgotten

Ans I've sworn to move this my unchaste demand no
 more

Ful When doth your colour change?
 When do your eyes sparkle with fire to revenge these
 wrongs?
 When doth your tongue break into rage and wrath
 Against that scum of manhood your vile husband?

He first misus'd you

Ans And yet can you love him ?

Ful He left your chaste bed, to defile the bed
Of sacred marriage with a courtezan

Ans Yet can you love him ?

Ful And not content with this,
Abus'd your honest name with sland'rous words,
And fill'd your hush'd house with unquietness

Ans And can you love him yet ?

Ful Nay, did he not, with his rude fingers, dash you on
the face,

And double-dye your coral lips with blood ?
Hath he not torn those gold wires from your head,
Wherewith Apollo would have strung his harp,
And kept them to play music to the gods ?
Hath he not beat you, and with his rude fists
Upon that crimson temperature of your cheeks,
Laid a lead colour with his boist'rous blows ?

Ans And can you love him yet ?

Ful Then did he not,
Either by poison, or some other plot,
Send you to death, where, by his providence,
God hath preserved you by wond'rous miracle ?
Nay, after death, hath he not scandaliz'd
Your place with an immodest courtezan ?

Ans And can you love him yet ?

Mis Art And yet, and yet, and still, and ever whilst I
breathe this air

Nay, after death, my unsubstantial soul,
Like a good angel, shall attend on him,

And keep him from all harm
 But is he married? much good do his heart
 Pray God she may content him better far
 Than I have done long may they live in peace
 Till I disturb their solace but because
 I fear some mischief doth hang o'er his head
 I'll weep my eyes dry with my present care
 And for their healths make hoarse my tongue with prayer
[*exit*]

Ful Ar't sure she is a woman? if she be
 She is create of nature's purity

Ans O yes I too well know she is a woman
 Henceforth my virtue shall my love withstand
 And of my striving thoughts get the upper hand

Ful Then thus resolv'd I straight will drink to thee
 A health thus deep to drown thy melancholy [*exunt*]

ACT V SCENE I

A Room in Mistress Mary's House

*Enter MISTRESS MARY YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR BRABO and
 MISTRESS SPLAY*

Mis Ma Not have my will? yes I will have my will
 Shall I not go abroad but when you please?
 Can I not now and then meet with my friend
 But at my coming home you will controul me?
 Marry come up!

Y Art Where art thou, patience ?
 Nay, rather, where's become my former spleen ?
 I had a wife would not have us'd me so

Mis Ma Why, you Jacksauce ! you cuckold ! you
 what not !

What, am I not of age sufficient
 To go and come still when my pleasure serves,
 But must I have you, sir, to question me ?
 Not have my will ! yes, I will have my will

Y Art I had a wife would not have us'd me so,
 But she is dead

Bra Not have her will, sir ! she shall have her will
 She says she will, and, sir, I say she shall
 Not have her will ! that were a jest indeed,
 Who says she shall not ? if I be dispos'd
 To man her forth, who shall find fault with it ?
 What's he that dare say black's her eye ?
 Though you be married, sir, yet you must know,
 That she was ever born to have her will

Mis Splay Not have her will ! God's passion ! I say
 still,
 A woman's nobody that wants her will.

Y Art Where is my spirit ? what, shall I maintain
 A strumpet with a Brabo and her bawd,
 To heard me out of my authority ?
 What, am I from a master made a slave ?

Mis Ma A slave ? nay, worse, dost thou maintain my
 man,
 And this my maid ? 'tis I maintain them both
 I am thy wife, I will not be drest so

While thy gold lasts but then most willingly
 I will bequeath thee to flat beggary
 I do already hate thee do thy worst
 Nay touch me if thou dar'st what shall he beat me?

Bra I'll make him seek his fingers amongst the dogs
 That dares to touch my mistress never fear
 My sword shall smooth the wrinkles of his brows
 That bends a frown upon my mistress.

I Art I had a wife would not have us'd me so
 But God is just

Mis Ma Now Arthur if I knew
 What in this world would most torment thy soul
 That I would do would all my evil usage
 Could make thee straight despair and hang thyself!
 Now I remember —where is Arthur's man
 Pipkin? that slave! go turn him out of doors
 None that loves Arthur shall have house room here

Enter PIPKIN

Yonder he comes Brabo discard the fellow

I Art Shall I be overmaster'd in my own?
 Be thyself Arthur —strumpet! he shall stay

Mis Ma What! shall he Brabo? shall he Mistress
 Splay?

Bra Shall he? he shall not breathes there any living
 Dares say he shall when Brabo says he shall not?

Y Art Is there no law for this? she is my wife
 Should I complain I should be rather mock'd
 I am content keep by thee whom thou list
 Discharge whom thou think'st good do what thou wilt

Rise, go to bed, stay at home, or go abroad
 At thy good pleasure, keep all companies,
 So that, for all this, I may have but peace
 Be unto me as I was to my wife,
 Only give me, what I deny'd her then,
 A little love, and some small quietness
 If he displease thee, turn him out of doors

Pip Who, me? Turn me out of doors? Is this all the wages I shall have at the year's end, to be turned out of doors? You, mistress! you are a

Mis Splay A what? speak, a what? touch her and touch me, taint her and taint me, speak, speak, a what?

Pip Marry, a woman that is kin to the frost

Mis Splay How do you mean that?

Pip And you are a-kin to the Latin word, to understand

Mis Splay And what's that?

Pip *Subaudi, subaudi*, and, sir, do you not use to pink doublets?

Mis Splay And why?

Pip I took you for a cutter, you are of a great kindred, you are a common cozener, every body calls you cousin, besides, they say you are a very good warrener, you have been an old coney catcher but, if I be turn'd a begging, as I know not what I am born to, and that you ever come to the said trade, as nothing is impossible, I'll set all the commonwealth of beggars on your back, and all the congregation of vermin shall be put to your keeping, and then, if you be not more bitten than all the company of beggars besides, I'll not have my will zounds! turn'd out of doors! I'll go and set up my trade, a dish to drink in,

that I have within a wallet that I'll make of an old shirt
 then my speech for the Lord's sake I beseech your wor-
 ship then I must have a lame leg I'll go to foot all and
 break my shin and I am provided for that

Bra What stands the villain prating? hence you
 slave! *[Exit Pipkin]*

I Art Art thou yet pleas'd?

Mis Ma When I have had my humour

I Art Good friends for manners sake awhile
 withdraw

Bra It is our pleasure sir to stand aside

[Mistress Splay and Bra's stand aside]

I Art Mary what cause hast thou to use me thus?

From nothing I have rais'd thee to much wealth;

'Twas more than I did owe thee many a pound

Nay many a hundred pound I spent on thee

In my wife's time; and once but by my means

Thou hadst been in much danger but in all things

My purse and credit ever bare thee out

I did not owe thee this I had a wife

That would have laid herself beneath my feet

To do me service; her I set at naught

For the entire affection I owe thee

To show that I have lov'd thee have I not

Above all women made chief choice of thee?

An argument sufficient of my love;

What reason then hast thou to wrong me thus?

Mis Ma It is my humour

I Art O but such humours honest wises should
 purge

I'll shew thee a far greater instance yet
Of the true love that I have borne to thee
Thou knew'st my wife was she not fair?

Mis Ma So, so

Y Art But more than fair, was she not virtuous?
Endued with the beauty of the mind?

Mis Ma Faith, so they said

Y Art Hark, in thine ear! I'll trust thee with my life,
Than which what greater instance of my love
Thou knew'st full well how suddenly she died —
T' enjoy thy love, even then I poison'd her

Mis Ma How! poison'd her? accur'd murderer!
I'll ring this fatal alarm in all ears,
Than which what greater instance of my hate?

Y Art Wilt thou not keep my counsel?

Mis Ma Villain, no! thou'lt poison me, as thou hast
poison'd her

Y Art Dost thou reward me thus for all my love?
Then, Arthur, fly, and seek to save thy life!

O, difference 'twixt a chaste and unchaste wife! [exit

Mis Ma Pursue the murder'r, apprehend him straight

Bra Why, what's the matter, mistress?

Mis Ma 'This villain Arthur poison'd his first wife,
Which he, in secret, hath confess'd to me,
Go and fetch warrants from the justices
T' attach the murder'r; he once hang'd and dead,
His wealth is mine pursue the slave that's fled

Bra Mistress, I will, he shall not pass this land,
But I will bring him bound with this strong hand

[exit

SCENE II

*The Street before the House of Anselm's Mother**Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR*

Mis Art O what are the vain pleasures of the world
 That in their actions we affect them so?
 Had I been born a servant my low life
 Had steady stood from all these miseries
 The waving reeds stand free from every gust
 When the tall oaks are rent up by the roots
 What is vain beauty but an idle breath?
 Why are we proud of that which so soon changes?
 But rather wish the beauty of the mind
 Which neither time can alter sickness change
 Violence deface nor the black hand of envy
 Smudge and disgrace or spoil or make deformed
 O had my riotous husband borne this mind
 He had been happy I had been more blest
 And peace had brought our quiet souls to rest

Enter YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR

Y Art O whither shall I fly to save my life
 When murder and despair dogs at my heels?
 O misery! thou never foundst a friend
 All friends forsake men in adversity
 My brother hath denied to succour me
 Upbraiding me with name of murderer
 My uncle double bars their doors against me

My father hath denied to shelter me,
 And curs'd me worse than Adam did vile Eve
 I that, within these two days, had more friends
 Than I could number with arithmetic,
 Have now no more than one poor cypher is,
 And that poor cypher I supply myself
 All that I durst commit my fortunes to,
 I have tried, and find none to relieve my wants
 My sudden flight, and fear of future shame,
 Left me unfurnish'd of all necessities,
 And these three days I have not tasted food

Mis Art It is my husband; O, how just is heaven!
 Poorly disguis'd, and almost hunger-starv'd!
 How comes this change?

Y Art Doth no man follow me?
 O how suspicious guilty murder is!
 I starve for hunger, and I die for thirst
 Had I a kingdom I would sell my crown
 For a small bit of bread I shame to beg,
 And yet, perforce, I must or beg or starve
 This house, belike, 'longs to some gentlewoman,
 And here's a woman, I will beg of her,
 Good mistress, look upon a poor man's wants
 Whom do I see? tush! Arthur, she is dead
 But that I saw her dead and buried,
 I would have sworn it had been Arthur's wife,
 But I will leave her, shame forbids me beg
 Of one so much resembles her

Mis Art Come hither, fellow! wherefore dost thou
 turn

Thy guilty looks and blushing face aside ?

It seems thou hast not been brought up to this

Y Art You say true mistress then for charity

And for her sake whom you resemble most

Pity my present want and misery

Mis Art It seems thou hast been in some better plight ,

Sit down I prythee men though they be poor

Should not be scorn'd to ease thy hunger first

Eat these conserves and now I prythee tell me

What thou hast been thy fortunes thy estate

And what she was that I resemble most

Y Art First look that no man see or overhear us

I think that shape was born to do me good

Mis Art Hast thou known one that did resemble me ?

Y Art Aye mistress I cannot chuse but weep

To call to mind the fortunes of her youth

Mis Art Tell me of what estate or birth was she

Y Art Born of good parents and as well brought up

Most fair but not so fair as virtuous

Happy in all things but her marriage

Her riotous husband which I weep to think

By his lewd life made them both miscarry

Mis Art Why dost thou grieve at their adversities ?

Y Art O blame me not that man my kinsman was,

Nearer to me a kinsman could not be

As near allied was that chaste woman too

Nearer was never husband to his wife

He whom I term'd my friend no friend of mine

Proving both mine and his own enemy

Poison'd his wife O the time he did so !

Joyed at her death, inhuman slave to do so '
 Exchang'd her love for a base strumpet's lust ,
 Foul wretch ' accused villain ' to exchange so

Mis. Art You are wise, and blest, and happy, to repent
 so

But what became of him and his new wife ?

Y Art O hear the justice of the highest heaven
 This strumpet, in reward of all his love,
 Pursues him for the death of his first wife ,
 And now the woeful husband languisheth,
 Flies upon, pursu'd by her fierce hate ,
 And now, too late, he doth repent his sin,
 Ready to perish in his own despair,
 Having no means but death to rid his care

Mis Art I can endure no more, but I must weep ,
 My blabbing tears cannot my counsel keep *[aside*

Y Art Why weep you, mistress ? if you had the heart
 Of her whom you resemble in your face,—
 But she is dead, and, for her death,
 The sponge of either eye
 Shall weep red tears 'till every vein is dry

Mis Art Why weep you, friend ? your rainy drops pray
 keep,

Repentance wipes away the drops of sin
 Yet tell me, friend, he did exceeding ill,
 A wife, that lov'd and honor'd him, to kill
 Yet say, one like her, far more chaste than fair,
 Bids him be of good comfort, not despair
 Her soul's pleas'd with his repentant tears,
 Wishing he may survive her many years

Fain would I give him money to supply
 His present wants but fearing he should fly
 And getting over to some foreign shore
 These rainy eyes should never see him more
 My heart is full I can no longer stay
 But what I am my love must needs bewray [aside
 Farewell good fellow and take this to spend;
 Say one like her commends her to your friend [exit

I Art No friend of mine I was my own soul's foe
 To murder my chaste wife that lov'd me so!
 In life she lov'd me dearer than her life
 What husband here but would wish such a wife?
 I hear the officers with hue and cry
 She sav'd my life but now and now I die
 And welcome death! I will not stir from hence
 Death I deerv'd I'll die for this offence

Enter BRABO with OFFICERS MISTRESS SPLAY and HUGH

Bra Here is the murderer; and Reason's man
 You have the warrant sirs lay hands on him
 Attach the slave and lead him bound to death

Hugh No by my faith Master Brabo you have the
 better heart at least you should have I am sure you have
 more iron and steel than I have do you lay hands on him
 I promise you I dare not

Bra Constables forward forward officers
 I will not thrust my finger in the fire
 Lay hands on him I say why step you back?
 I mean to be the hindmost least that any
 Should run away and leave the rest in peril

Stand forward are you not asham'd to fear ?

Y Art Nay, never strive, behold, I yield myself
I must commend your resolution,
That, being so many, and so weapon'd,
Dare not adventure on a man unarm'd
Now, lead me to what prison you think best
Yet, use me well, I am a gentleman

Hugh Truly, Master Arthur, we will use you as well as
heart can think, the justices sit to-day, and my master is
chief you shall command me

Bra What¹ hath he yielded? if he had withstood us,
This cutlaxe of mine had cleft his head,
Resist he durst not, when he once spy'd me
Come, lead him hence how lik'st thou this, sweet witch?
This fellow's death will make our mistress rich

Mis Splay I say, I care not who's dead or alive,
So, by their lives or deaths, we two may thrive

Hugh Come, bear him away [*each un'*]

SCENE III

A Room in Justice Reason's House

Enter JUSTICE REASON, OLD MASTER ARTHUR, and OLD MAS-
TER LUSAM

Justice Old Master Arthur, and Master Lusam, so it is
that I have heard both your complaints, but understood
neither, for, you know, *Legere et non intelligere negligere*
est

O Art I come for favour, as a father should,

Pitying the fall and ruin of his son

O Lus I come for justice as a father should

That hath by violent murder lost his daughter

Justice You come for favour and you come for justice

Justice with favour is not partial

And using that I hope to please you both

O Art Good Master Justice think upon my son

O Lus Good Master Justice think upon my daughter

Justice Why so I do I think upon them both

But can do neither of you good

For he that lives must die and she that s dead

Cannot be revived

O Art Lusam thou seek st to rob me of my son

My only son

O Lus He robb d me of my daughter my only daughter

Justice And robbers are flat felons by the law

O Art Lusam I say thou art a blood sucker

A tyrant a remorseless cannibal

Old as I am I'll prove it on thy bones

O Lus Am I a blood sucker or cannibal?

Am I a tyrant that do thirst for blood?

O Art Aye if thou seek st the ruin of my son

Thou art a tyrant and a blood sucker

O Lus Aye if I seek the ruin of thy son I am indeed

O Art Nay more thou art a dotard

And in the right of my accused son

I challenge thee the field Meet me I say

To-morrow morning beside Islington

And bring thy sword and buckler if thou dar st

O Lus Meet thee with my sword and buckler

There's my glove
 I'll meet thee, to revenge my daughter's death
 Call'st thou me dotard? Though these threescore years
 I never handled weapon but a knife,
 To cut my meat, yet will I meet thee there
 God's precious ' call me dotard?

O Art I have cause,
 Just cause, to call thee dotard, have I not?

O Lus Nay, that's another matter, have you cause?
 Then God forbid that I should take exceptions,
 To be call'd dotard of one that hath cause

Justice. My masters, you must leave this quarrelling,
 for quarrellers are never at peace, and men of peace, while
 they are at quiet, are never quarrelling so you, whilst you
 fall into brawls, you cannot chuse but jar Here comes
 your son accused, and his wife the accuser, stand forth
 both Hugh, be ready with your pen and ink to take their
 examinations and confessions

Enter MISTRESS MARY, BRABO, YOUNG MASTER ARTHUR,
 MISTRESS SPLAY, HUGH, and OFFICERS

Y Art It shall not need, I do confess the deed,
 Of which this woman here accuseth me,
 I poison'd my first wife, and, for that deed,
 I yield me to the mercy of the law

O Lus Villain! thou mean'st my only daughter,
 And in her death depriv'dst me of all joys

Y Art I mean her I do confess the deed,
 And, though my body taste the force of law,
 Like an offender, on my knce, I beg

Your angry soul will pardon me her death

O Lus Nay if he kneeling do confess the deed
No reason but I should forgive her death

Justice But so the law must not be satisfied
Blood must have blood and men must have death
I think that cannot be dispens'd withal

Mis Ma If all the world else would forgive the deed
Yet would I earnestly pursue the law

I Art I had a wife would not have us'd me so
The wealth of Europe could not hire her tongue
To be offensive to my patient ears
But in exchanging her I did prefer
A devil before a saint night before day
Hell before heaven and dross before tried gold
Never was bargain with such damage sold

Bra If you want witness to confirm the deed
I heard him speak it and that to his face
Before this presence I will justify
I will not part hence till I see him swing

Mis Splay I heard him too pity but he should die
And like a murderer be sent to hell
To poison her and make her belly swell

Mis Ma Why stay you then? give judgment on the
slave

Whose shameless life deserves a shameful grave

Y Art Death's bitter pangs are not so full of grief
As this unkindness every word thou speak'st
Is a sharp dagger thrust quite through my heart
As little I deserve this at thy hands
As my kind patient wife deserv'd of me

I was her torment, God hath made thee mine,
Then, wherefore at just plagues should I repine?

Justice Where did'st thou buy this poison? for such
drugs

Are felony for any man to sell

Y Art I had the poison of Aminadab,
But, innocent man, he was not accessary
To my wife's death, I clear him of the deed

Justice No matter, fetch him, fetch him, bring him
To answer to this matter at the bar
Hugh, take these officers and apprehend him.

Bra I'll aid him too, the schoolmaster, I see,
Perhaps may hang with him for company

Enter ANSELM and FULLER

Ans This is the day of Arthur's examination
And trial for the murder of his wife,
Let's hear how Justice Reason will proceed,
In censuring of his strict punishment

Ful. Anselm, content, let's thrust in 'mong the throng

Enter AMINADAB and the OFFICERS

Amin O, *Domine*! what mean these knaves,
To lead me thus with bills and glaves?
O, what example would it be,
To all my pupils for to see,
To tread their steps all after me,
If, for some fault, I hanged be,
Somewhat surely I shall mar,
If you bring me to the bar

But peace betake thee to thy wits

For yonder Justice Reason sits

Justice Sir Dab Sir Dab here's one accuseth you

To give him poison being ill employ'd

Speak how in this case you can clear yourself

Amin *Hei mihi!* what should I say? the poison given I deny

He took it perforce from my hands and *Domine* why not?

I got it of a gentleman he most freely gave it

Ask he knew me my means was only to have it

Y Art 'Tis true I took it from this man perforce

And snatch'd it from his hand by rude constraint

Which proves him in this act not culpable

Justice Aye but who sold the poison unto him?

That must be likewise known speak schoolmaster

Amin A man *verbosus* that was a fine *generosus*

He was a great guller his name I take to be Fuller

See where he stands that unto my hands convey'd a powder

And like a knave sent her to her grave obscurely to shroud her

Justice Lay hands on him are you a poison seller?

Bring him before us sirrah what say you?

Sold you a poison to this honest man?

Ful I sold no poison but I gave him one
To kill his rats

Justice Ha ha! I smell a rat

You sold him poison then to kill his rats?

The word to kill argues a murderous mind

And you are brought in compass of the murder

So set him by, we will not hear him speak
That Arthur, Fuller, and the schoolmaster,
Shall by the judges be examined

Ans Sir, if my friend may not speak for himself,
Yet let me his proceedings justify

Justice What's he that will a murder justify?
Lay hands on him, lay hands on him, I say,
For justifiers are all accessaries,
And accessaries have deserv'd to die.
Away with him! we will not hear him speak,
They all shall to the High Commissioners

Enter MISTRESS ARTHUR

Mis Art Nay, stay them, stay them yet a little while,
I bring a warrant to the contrary,
And I will please all parties presently

Y Art I think my wife's ghost haunts me to my
death,

Wretch that I was, to shorten her life's breath!

O Art Whom do I see, my son's wife?

O Lus What, my daughter?

Justice Is it not Mistress Arthur that we see,
That long since buried we suppos'd to be?

Mis Art This man's condemn'd for pois'ning of his wife,
His poison'd wife yet lives, and I am she,
And, therefore, justly I release his bands
This man, for suff'ring him these drugs to take,
Is likewise bound, release him for my sake
This gentleman that first the poison gave,
And this his friend, to be releas'd I crave

Murder there cannot be where none is kill'd
 Her blood is sav'd whom you suppos'd was spill'd
 Father in law I give you here your son
 The act's to do which you suppos'd was done
 And father now joy in your daughter's life
 Whom heaven hath still kept to be Arthur's wife

O Art O welcome welcome daughter! now I see
 God by his power hath preserved thee

O Lus And tis my wench whom I suppos'd was dead
 My joy revives and my sad woe is fled

I Art I know not what I am nor where I am
 My soul's transported to an ecstasy
 For hope and joy confound my memory

Mis Ma What do I see? lives Arthur's wife again?
 Nay then I labour for his death in vain

Bra What secret force did in her nature lurk,
 That in her soul the poison would not work?

Mis Splay How can it be the poison took no force?
 She lives with that which would have kill'd a horse!

Mis Art Nay shun me not be not asham'd at all
 To heaven not me for grace and pardon fall
 Look on me Arthur blush not at my wrongs

Y Art Still fear and hope my grief and woe prolongs
 But tell me by what power thou didst survive?
 With my own hands I temper'd that vile draught
 That sent thee breathless to thy grandsire's grave
 If that were poison I receiv'd of him

Amin That *ego nescio* but this dram
 Receiv'd I of this gentleman
 The colour was to kill my rats

But 'twas my own life to dispatch

Ful Is it even so? then this ambiguous doubt,
 No man can better than myself decide,
 That compound powder was of poppy made and mandrakes,
 Of purpose to cast one into a sleep,
 To ease the deadly pain of him, whose leg
 Should be saw'd off, that powder gave I to the school-
 master

Amin And that same powder, even that *idem*,
 You took from me, the same *per fidem*

Y Art And that same powder I commix'd with wine,
 Our godly knot of wedlock to untwine

O Art But, daughter, who did take thee from thy grave?

O Lus Discourse it, daughter

Ans Nay, that labour save,
 Pardon me, Master Arthur, I will now
 Confess the former frailty of my love
 Your modest wife with words I tempted oft,
 But neither ill I could report of you,
 Nor any good I could forge for myself,
 Would win her to attend to my request,
 Nay, after death, I lov'd her in so much,
 That to the vault where she was buried,
 My constant love did lead me through the dark,
 There ready to have ta'en my last farewell
 The parting kiss I gave her I felt warm,
 Briefly I bare her to my mother's house,
 Where she hath since liv'd the most chaste and true,
 That since the world's creation eye did view

Y Art My first wife, stand you here, my second there,

And in the midst myself he that will chuse
 A good wife from a bad come learn of me
 That have tried both in wealth and misery
 A good wife will be careful of her fame
 Her husband's credit and her own good name
 And such art thou A bad wife will respect
 Her pride her lust and her good name neglect
 And such art thou A good wife will be still
 Industrious apt to do her husband's will;
 But a bad wife cross spiteful and madling
 Never keep home but always be a gadling;
 And such art thou A good wife will conceal
 Her husband's dangers and nothing reveal
 That may procure him harm and such art thou
 But a bad wife corrupts chaste wedlock's vow
 On this hand virtue and on this hand sin;
 Thus who would strive to lose or thus to win?
 Here lives perpetual joy here burning woe
 Now husbands choose on which hand you will go
 Seek virtuous wives all husband will be blest
 Fair wives are good but virtuous wives are best
 They that my fortunes will peruse shall find
 No beauty's like the beauty of the mind

[*exunt*]

LONDON

Printed by D. S. Maurice, Church street

THE BALL

A COMEDY

WRITTEN BY GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JAMES SHIRLEY

LONDON

PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWIN NEWCASTLE-STREET

MDCCCXXIV

LONDON

Printed by D. S. Murray For church Bazaar.

THE BALL

A COMEDY

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WRITTEN BY GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JAMES SHIRLEY

LONDON

PRINTED BY THOMAS COTES FOR ANDREW CROOKE AND
WILLIAM COOKE

THE BALL

THIS excellent old Comedy was licensed to be acted on the 16th of November 1609 and the representation appears from the MSS of Sir Henry Herbert the Master of the Revels to have given great offence In the play of *The Ball* says he written by Shirley and acted by the Queen's Players there were divers personated so lively both of Lords and others of the Court that I took it ill and would have forbidden the Play but that Biston [Christopher Beeston] promised many things which I found fault withal should be left out and that he would not suffer it to be done by the Poet any more who deserves to be punished and the first that offends in this kind of Poets or Players shall be sure of public punishment From an allusion to this Play in the following passage in Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure* it appears not unlikely that the admonition of the Master of the Revels induced the poets to leave out some of the more obnoxious parts in the publication of it.

A th gam y u h wh ch eo sum m
 Y f m than p rse y e l th gl t
 Y meeti g call'd *The Ball* to wh ch ppc
 A to th C rt f Pleas all y gall ts
 A d l des th th bou d by a bpoen
 Of Ven d m ll C p d h gh d pl as

Tis but the Faculty of Love translated
 Into more earthly sin: there was a point
 And had the Poet not been belied to a modest
 Expression of your English belief
 Some darker had been discovered at the deed too
 In time he may repent, or make something,
 To see the reason of the Editor's rage."

According to Sir Henry Herbert, in the passage above
 quoted, *The Ball* was written by Shirley, and from internal
 evidence we should say, that if not the whole yet the
 greater part was written by him. There is more nicety
 and discrimination in the characters than Chapman was
 capable of, and the humour is chiefly of that kind in which
 Shirley delights and excels.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

LORD RAINBOW
SIR AMBROSE LAMOUNT
SIR MARMADUKE TRAVERS
COLONEL WINFIELD
MR BOSTOCK
MR FRESHWATER
MR BARBER
MONSIEUR LE FRISKE
GUDGEON *Servant to Freshwater*
SOLOMON *Servant to Lucina*
Servants &c
LADY LUCINA
LADY ROSAMOND
LADY HONORIA
MISTRESS SCUTILLA
Venus Diana Cupid

THE BALL

ACT I SCENE I

Enter SIR MARMADUK TRAFERS and MR BOSTOCK

Bos Whither so fast Sir Marmaduke? a word

Mar My honorable blood! would I could stay
To give thee twenty I am now engag'd
To meet a noble gentleman

Bos Or rather
A gentlewoman let her alone and go
With me

Mar Whither?

Bos I'll shew thee a lady of fire

Mar A lady of the lake were not so dangerous

Bos I mean a spirit in few words because
I love thee I'll be open I am going
To see my mistress

Mar I'll dispense with my

Occasion to see a handsome lady,
I know you'll chuse a rare one

Bos She is a creature
Worth admiration, such a beauty, wit,
And an estate besides—thou canst not chuse,
But know her name, the Lady Lucina

Mar Is she your mistress?

Bos Mine! whose but mine?
Am I not nobly born? does not my blood
Deserve her?

Mar To tell you truth, I was now going thither,
Though I pretended an excuse, and with
A compliment from one that is your rival

Bos Does she love any body else?

Mar I know not,
But she has half a score, upon my knowledge,
Are suitors for her favour

Bos Name but one,
And if he cannot shew as many coats—

Mar He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes
His game well

Bos Be an understanding knight,
And take my meaning, if he cannot shew
As much in heraldry—

Mar I do not know how rich he is in fields,
But he is a gentleman

Bos Is he a branch of the nobility?
How many lords can he call cousin? else
He must be taught to know he has presum'd
To stand in competition with me

THE BALL

Mar You will not kill him?

Bos You shall pardon me

I have that within me must not be provok'd
There be some living now that have been kill'd
For lesser matters

Mar Some living that have been kill'd!

Bos I mean some living that have seen examples
Not to confront nobility and I
Am sensible of my honour

Mar His name is

Sir Ambrose

Bos Lamount a knight of yesterday
And he shall die to-morrow name another

Mar Not so fast sir you must take some breath

Bos I care no more for killing half a dozen
Knights of the lower house I mean that are not
Descended from nobility than I do
To kick any footman and Sir Ambrose were
knight of the Sun king Oberon should not save him
Nor his queen Mab

Enter SIR AMBROSE LAMOUNT.

Mar Unluckily he is here sir

Bos Sir Ambrose

How does thy knighthood? ha!

Amb My nymph of honour well I joy to see thee

Bos Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to
Lady Lucina

Amb I have ambition
To be her servant

Bos Hast? thou'rt a brave knight, and I commend
Thy judgement

Amb Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too

Bos Why didst conceal it? Come, the more the merrier.
But I could never see you there

Mar I hope,
Sir, we may live

Bos I'll tell you, gentlemen,
Cupid has given us all one livery,
I serve that lady too, you understand me
But who shall carry her, the fates determine,
I could be knighted too

Amb That would be no addition to
Your blood

Bos I think it would not, so my lord told me,
Thou know'st my lord, not the earl, my other
Cousin, there's a spark his predecessors
Have match'd into the blood, you understand
He put me upon this lady, I proclaim
No hopes, pray let's together, gentlemen,
If she be wise I say no more, she shall not
Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me
To draw a sword, I have vow'd that

Mar You did but jest before

Amb 'Twere pity that one drop
Of your heroic blood should fall to th' ground
Who knows but all your cousin lords may die

Mar As I believe them not immortal, sir

Amb Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all,
May marry some queen yourself, and get princes

THE BALL

To furnish the barren parts of Christendom

Enter SOLOMON

Sol Sir Marmaduke! in private my lady would
Speak with you *[aside to Sir Marmaduke]*

Amb 'Tis her servant what's the matter?

Bos I hope he is not sent for

Sol But come alone I shall be troubled
With their inquiries but I'll answer 'em

Amb Solomon! *[takes him aside]*

Sol My lady would speak with you sir

Amb Me?

Sol Not too loud I was troubled with Sir Marmaduke

Mar This is good news *[aside]*

Bos I do not like this whispering

Sol *[to Sir Amb]* Forget not the time and to come alone

Amb This is excellent *[aside]*

Bos Solomon dost not know me? *[takes him aside]*

Sol My business is to you sir these
Kept me off my lady I ucina

Has a great mind to speak with you

Little do these imagine how she honours you

Bos If I fail may the surgeon

When he opens the next vein let out all my honorable
blood

There's for thy pains what thou shalt be hereafter

Time shall declare but this must be conceal'd
[exit Solomon]

Amb You look pleasant

Mar No no I have no cause you smile Sir Ambrose

Amb Who, I?—The Colonel

Enter the COLONEL

Mar But of our file, another of her suitors

Amb Noble Colonel

Col My honoured knights, and men of lusty kindred

Bos Good morrow

Col Morrow to all gentlemen I'll tell you
Who is return'd

Amb From whence?

Col A friend of ours that went to travel

Mar Who, who?

Col I saw him within these three minutes, and know
not how I lost him again, he's not far off d'ye keep a ca-
talogue of your debts?

Bos What debts?

Col Such dulness in your memory! there was
About six months ago a gentleman
That was persuaded to sell all his land,
And to put the money out most wisely,
To have five for one at his return from Venice
The shotten herring is hard by

Amb Jack Freshwater! I'll not see him yet.

Bos Must we pay him?

Col It will be for your honour, marry, we,
Without much stain, may happily compound,
And pay him nothing

Enter FRESHWATER, MONSIEUR LE RISKE, and GUDGEON
Here comes the thing!

THE BALL.

With what formality he treads and talks
And manœveth a toothpick like a statesman

Amb How he's transform'd!

Mar Is not his soul Italian?

Bos I'll not bid him welcome home

Amb Nor I

Mar What's the other rat that's with him?

Col D'ye not know him 'tis the court dancing weasel

Mar A dancer and so gay!

Col A mere French footman sir does he not look
Like a thing come off o' th' saltcellar?

Mar A dancer?

I would allow him gay about the legs
But why his body should exceed decorum
Is a sin o' th' state

Fres That's all

[to *Le Fris* [†]*Frisk*]

I can inform you of their dance in Italy
Marry that very morning I left Venice
I had intelligence of a new device

Le Fris For the dance Monsieur?

Fres Si signior I know not

What countryman invented but they say
There be chopinoes made with such rare art
That worn by a lady when she means to dance
Shall with their very motion sound forth music
And by a secret sympathy with their tread
Strike any tune that without other instrument
Their feet both dance and play

Le Fris Your lodging Monsieur?

That when I have leisure I may dare

Present an humble *serviteur*

Fres I do lie

At the sign of *Donna Margaretta de Pia*

In the Strand

Gud At the Magget a Pie in the Strand, sir

Le Fris At de Magdepie, bon, adieu, *serviteur* [exit

Amb He will not know us

Gud D'ye see those gentlemen ?

Fres Thou Pantalone,* be silent

Col I'll speak to him

You're welcome home, sir

Fres Signior ! [exit

Col He will not know me, this is excellent

He shall be acquainted better, ere I part

With any sums

Amb Next time we'll not know him

Bos Would all my creditors had this blessed ignorance !

Mar Now, colonel, I'll take my leave

[*exceunt Sir Marmaduke and Sir Ambrose*

Bos I am engag'd too

Col Well

Bos I shall meet you anon,

I am to wait upon a cousin of mine

Col A countess ?

* *Pantalone* In the old edition this word is spelt *Platalone*, which is most probably an error of the press. That a person who pretends to have just returned from Venice, and who affects, in consequence, a knowledge of the Italian language, should sprinkle his conversation with Italian, is likely enough. The character of Pantalone (an old man) was common on the Italian stage, and is, it is conjectured, used here in the sense of *Dotard*

THE BALL

Bos My lord

Enter LORD RAINEBOW and BARKER

Lord R Cousin !

Bos Your lordship honours me in this acknowledgement

Lord R Colonel !

Bos D'ye not know me sir ?

Bar You're not a proclamation that every man is bound to take notice of and I cannot tell who you are by instinct

Lord R A kinsman of mine Frank

Col Good morrow to your lordship

Lord R Colonel your humble servant hark you
Frank ! *[exeunt Lord Rainebow and Barker]*

Bos You are acquainted with my lord then

Is he not a complete gentleman ? his family
Came in with the Conqueror

Col You had not else been kin to him

Bos A poor slip a scion from that honorable tree

Col He is the ladies' idol they have not leisure

To say their prayers for him a great advancer
Of the new ball

Bos Nay he's right right as my leg colonel

Col But t'other gentleman you do not know his inside

Bos I have seen him he looks philosophical

Col Who ! he's the wit whom your nobility

Are much oblig'd to for his company

He has a railing genius and they cherish it

Flings dirt in every face when he's in the humour

And they must laugh and thank him he is dead else

Bos Will the lords suffer him ?

Present an humble *serviteur*

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And they must laugh and thank him he is dead else

Bos Will the lords suffer him ?

Col Or lose their mirth, he's known in every science,
 And can abuse 'em all, some have supposed
 He has a worm in's brain, which at some time
 O' the moon doth ravish him into perfect madness,
 And then he prophecies, and will depose
 The emperor, and set up Bethlem Gabor *

Bos He's dead, I hope he will not conjure for him

Col His father shall not 'scape him nor his ghost,
 Nor heaven, nor hell, his jest must have free passage,
 He's gone! and I lose time to talk of him
 Farewell! Your countess may expect too long

Bos Farewell! colonel

[*exunt*]

SCENE II

Enter LADY ROSAMOND, and LADY HONORIA

Ros Why do you so commend him?

Hon Does he not

Deserve it? Name a gentleman in the kingdom,
 So affable, so moving in his language,
 So pleasant, witty, indeed every thing
 A lady can desire

Ros Sure thou dost love him,
 I'll tell his lordship, when I see him again,
 How zealous you are in his commendation

Hon If I be not mistaken, I have heard
 Your tongue reach higher in his praises, madam,

* Bethlem Gabor, the famous Prince of Transylvania, being proclaimed King of Hungary, was opposed by the Emperor, and obliged to conclude a peace in 1624

Howe'er you now seem cold but if you tell him
 My opinion as you shall do him no pleasure
 You can do me no injury I know
 His lordship has the constitution
 Of other courtiers—they can endure
 To be commended

Ros But I prythee tell me
 Is it not love whence this proceeds? I have
 I must confess discours'd of his good parts
 Desir'd his company

Hon And had it?

Ros Yes and had it

Hon All night

Ros You are not I hope jealous
 If I should say all night I need not blush
 It was but at a ball but what of this?

Hon Even what you will

Ros I hope you have no patent
 To dance alone with him if he have privilege
 To kiss another lady she may say
 He does salute her and return a curtesey
 To shew her breeding but I'll now be plainer
 Although you love this lord it may be possible
 He may dispose his thoughts another way

Hon He may o

Ros Who can help it? he has eyes
 To look on more than one and understands
 Perhaps to guide and place his love upon
 The most deserving object

Hon Most deserving

This language is not level with that friendship
You have profess'd, this touches a comparison

Ros Why do you think all excellence is throng'd
Within your beauty ?

Hon You are angry, lady ,
How much does this concern you to be thus
Officious in his cause, if you be not
Engag'd by more than ordinary affection ,
I must interpret this no kind respect
To me

Ros Angry ! ha, ha !

Hon You then transgress against civility

Ros Good madam, why ? because
I think and tell you that another lady
May be as handsome in some man's opinion ,
Admit I lov'd him too, may not I hold
Proportion with you, on some entreaty ?

Enter LORD RAINBOW

Lord R They're loud, I'll not be seen yet

Ros What is it that exalts you above all
Comparison ? my father was as good
A gentleman, and my mother has as great
A spirit

Hon Then you love him too ?

Ros 'Twill appear
No greater miracle in me, I take it
Yet difference will be, perhaps I may
Affect him with a better consequence

Hon Your consequence perhaps may be denied too
 Why there are no such wonders in your eye
 Which other compositions do not boast of
 My lord no doubt hath in his travels clapp'd
 As modest cheeks and kiss'd as melting lips

Ros And yet mine are not pale

Hon It may be they blush for the teeth behind them

Ros I have read

No sonnets on the sweetness of your breath

Hon 'Tis not perfume'd

Ros But I have heard your tongue exalted much
 Highly commended

Hon Not above your forehead

When you have brush'd away the hairy penterush
 And made it visible

Lord R I'll now interrupt 'em

They'll fall by the ears else presently [*he comes forward*]

Hon My lord

Lord R What in contention ladies?

Ros Oh my lord you're welcome

Lord R Express it in discovery of that

Made you so earnest I am confident

You were not practising a dialogue

To entertain me

Hon Yet it did concern you

Ros Do not you blush? sie madam

Penter A i pri ted pent hru h i th rignal ed ti It i probabl
 th th i te ded to write pe t / meani g pe thouse th h gl g
 oof d porches f h e bel g th ally th t hed w th ru hes; ith gh
 I ha er se th w d sed bef

Lord R Nay, an' you come to blush once, and fie, madam,
I'll know the secret, by this kiss I will,

And this *[he kisses them both]*

Hon You were kiss'd first, discover now
At your discretion

Ros My lord, we were in jest

Hon It might have turn'd to earnest, if your lordship
Had not interpos'd

Lord R Come, out with it

Ros We had a difference

Lord R Well said

Ros About a man in the world, you had best name him

Hon You have the better gift at telling secrets

Lord R Yet again, come I'll help it out, there is
A gentleman in the world, some call a lord

Ros Did your lordship overhear us?

Lord R Nay, nay, you must stand to 't—one whom you
Love, it will appear no greater miracle
In you, I take it, one, no doubt, that hath
Travell'd, and clapp'd as modest cheeks, and kiss'd
As melting lips, thus far I'm right, but what
Name this most happy man doth answer to,
Is not within my circle

Hon Yet you know him

Ros Not to return your lordship longer in the dark,
Confident you'll not accuse my modesty
For giving you a truth, you shall not travel
Beyond yourself to find his name, but do not
Triumph, my lord

Lord R Am I so fortunate?

Then love I do forgive thee and will cherish
 The flame I did suspect would ruin me
 You two divide my love only you two
 Be gentle in your empire heavenly ladies !
 No enemy abroad can threaten you
 Be careful then that you maintain at home
 No civil wars

Hon How d ye mean my lord ?

Lord R You are pleas d to smile upon me gentle lady
 And I have took it in my heart more than
 Imaginary blessings with what pleasure
 Could I behold this beauty and consume
 My understanding to know nothing else
 My memory to preserve no other figure

Ros My lord I am not worth your flattery

Lord R I flatter you ? Venus herself be judge
 To whom you are so like in all that s fair
 Twere sin but to be modest

Ros How my lord ?

Lord R Do not mistake me twere
 A sin but to be modest in your praises
 Here s a hand nature hew me such another
 A brow a cheek a lip and every thing
 Happy am I that Cupid s blind

Ros Why happy ?

Lord R If he could see he would forsake his mistress
 To be my rival and for thy embraces
 Be banish d heaven

Hon My lord I ll take my leave

Lord R If you did know how great a part of me

Will wither in your absence, you would have
More charity, one accent of unkind
Language from you doth wound me more than all
The malice of my destinies, oh, dear madam,
You say you'll take your leave of your poor servant,
Say, rather, you will dwell for ever here,
And let me stay and gaze upon
Your heavenly form

Hon I can be patient
To hear your lordship mock me, these are but
A coarse reward for my good thoughts

Lord R This'tis to use plain dealing, and betray the inside
Of our hearts to women, did you think well of me
So late, and am I forfeited already
Am I a Christian?

Hon Yes, I hope, my lord

Lord R Make me not miserable then, dear madam,
With your suspicion, I dissemble with you!
But you know too well what command your beauty
Has upon me

Hon Give me leave,
My lord, to wonder you can love me,
With such a flame you have express'd, yet she
Your mistress

Lord R You are both my mistresses

Ros I like not this so well

Lord R There is no way but one to make me happy

Hon I wish, my lord, I had the art to effect
What you desire

Ros Or I

Lord R It is within

Your powers

Hon Speak it my lord

Lord R Since it is so

That I m not able to determine which
My heart so equal unto both would chuse
My suit is to your virtues to agree
Between yourselves whose creature I shall be
You can judge better of your worths than I
My allegiance shall be ready if you can
Conclude which shall have the supremacy
Take pity on your servant gentle ladies
And reconcile a heart too much divided
So with the promise of my obedience
To her that shall be fairest wisest sweetest
Of you two when I next present a lover
I take distracted leave

[*exit*

Hon Why this is worse than all the rest

Ros He s gone

And has referr d himself to us

Hon This will

Ask counsel

Ros And some time I would be loth
To yield

Hon And I Cupid instruct us both

[*ea eunt*

ACT II SCENE I

Enter BARKER, FRESHWATER, and GUDGEON

Bar And what made you undertake this voyage,
Sweet Signior Freshwater ?

Fres An affection
I had to be acquainted with some countries

Gud Give him good words

Bar And you return fraught home with the rich devices,
Fashions of steeples, and the situations
Of gallowses, and wit, no doubt, a bushel
What price are oats in Venice ?

Fres Signior,
I kept no horses there, my man and I—

Bar Were asses

Fres How, signior ?

Gud Give him good words, a pox take him

Bar Had not you land once ?

Fres I had some duty acres

Gud I am his witness

Fres Which I reduced into a narrow compass,
Some call it selling

Gud He would sell bargains of a child

Fres And 'twas a thriving policy

Bar As how ?

Fres It was but two hundred pound per annum, sir,
A lean revenue

Bar And did you sell it all ?

Fres I did not leave an acre rod or perch;
That had been no discretion when I was selling
I would sell to purpose; do you see this roll?
I have good security for my money sir
Not an egg here but has five chickens in it
I did most politickly disburse my sums
To have five for one at my return from Venice
And now I thank my stars I am at home

Bar And so by consequence in three months your estate
Will be five times as much or quintupled

Fres Yes signior quintupled
I will not purchase yet I mean to use
This trick seven years together first
I'll still put out and quintuply as you call it;
And when I can in my exchequer tell
Two or three millions I will fall a purchasing

Bar Kingdoms I warrant

Fres I have a mind to buy
Constantinople from the Turk and give it
The emperor

Bar What think you of Jerusalem?
If you would purchase that and bring it nearer
The Christian pilgrims would be much oblig'd to you
When did you wash your socks?

Fres I wear none signior

Bar Then tis your breath to your lodging and perfume
it!

You'll tell the sweeter lies to them that will
Lose so much time to ask about your travel
You will not sell your debts?

Fres Sell 'em ? no, signior

Bar Have you as much left in ready cash as will
Keep you and this old troul a fortnight longer ?
Die, and forgive the world ! thou may'st be buried,
And have the church-cloth, if you can put in
Security the parish shall be put
To no more charge, dost thou hope to have a penny
Of thy own money back ? is this an age
Of five for one ? die ere the town take notice !
There is a hideous woman carries ballads,
And has a singing in her head, take heed
And hang thyself, thou may'st not hear the time
You remember Coryat *

Fres Honest Tom Odcombe

Bar We'll have more verses o' thy travels, coxcomb,
Books shall be sold in bushels in Cheapside,
And come in like the peascods, wain loads full
Of thee, and thy man Apple John, that looks
As he had been a se'nnight in the straw
A ripening for the market, farewell, russeting !
Thou art not worth my spleen, do not forget
My counsel, hang thyself, and thou go'st off
Without a sessions

[*exit*

Fres Fine ! I'm glad he's gone Gudgeon, what dost
thou think ?

Gud I think you're well rid of a railing madcap

* Tom Coryat of Odcombe, called the Leg stretcher, a man who aspired to the reputation of a wit and a traveller with equal want of success, as may be seen by any one who will take the trouble to consult his "Crudities"

Fres Nay nay he ll not spare a lord
 But were not I best call in my monies Gudgeon?
 My estate will not hold out I must be more
 Familiar with my gentlemen

Enter LORD RAINBOW

Lord R Jack Freshwater! welcome from Venice

Fres I thank your honour

Lord R Was it not Frank Barker that parted from you?

Fres Yes my lord

Lord R What's the matter?

Fres There is a sum my lord

Lord R Where is it signior?

Fres There was a sum my lord deliver d
 From your poor servant Freshwater

Lord R I remember
 But I have business now come home to me
 The money's safe you were to give me five
 For one at your return

Fres I five? Your lordship has forgot the cinquepace

Lord R Something it is but when I am at leisure
 We will discourse of that and of your travel
 Farewell signior [*exit*]

Fres Is't come to this? if lords play fast and loose
 What shall poor knights and gentlemen?
 Hum tis he

Enter COLONEL

Col A pox upon him! what makes he in my way?

Fres Noble colonel

Col *Que dites vous, monsieur ?*

Fres *Que dites vous !*

Col *Oui, Je ne parle pas Anglois **

Fres There were five English pieces

Col *Je ne parle pas Anglois, me speak no word English,*

Votre scrivetur

[*exit*]

Fres Adieu five pieces,

Gudgeon gape, is't not he ?

They will not use me o'this fashion

Did he not speak to me i'the morning ?

Gud Yes, sir

Fres I think so

Gud But then you would not know him in Italian,
And now he will not know you in French

Fres Call you this selling of land, and putting out money
To multiply estate ?

Gud To quintuply five for one, large interest

Fres Five for one ! 'tis ten to one if I get my principal

Gud Your roll is not at the bottom yet, try the rest

Fres I have signior, farewell [*exit*]

Enter SCUTILLA and SOLOMON

Scu Didst speak with the colonel ?

Sol I met him opportunely after all the rest,

* The printer has made strange words out of the French introduced in different parts of the dialogue, but, it is presumed, the author intended that the Colonel should speak it correctly

And told him how much it would concern
His livelihood to make haste

Scu He must not be seen yet you know where
To attend for him give him access by
The garden to my chamber and bring
Me nimbly knowledge when he is there

Sol I shall forsooth [*exit*]

SCENE II

Enter MONSIEUR LE FRISKE LADY ROSAMOND LADY LUCINA
and LADY HONORIA

Le Fris Very well an dat be skirvy you run trot trot
trot psha follow me *fout madame* can you not tell so
often learnin, ?—*Madame* you foot it now *Plait il ?*

[*to another Lady w/ o dances*]

Excellent better den excellent psha—you be laughed
When you come to de ball I teach tree hundred never
Forgot so much me sweat taking pain and fiddling
Ladies

Luc Fiddling ladies you molecatcher [*she strikes him*]

Le Fris *Pourquoi ?* for telling you

Dance not well you commit faut and beat me for my
Diligence begar you dance your pleasure

Hon No *Monsieur Le Frishe* put not up your pipe my
lady

Was but in jest and you must take it for a favour

Le Fris I veare no favours in dat place should any gen
tleman

Of England give me blow, diable, me teach him French
Passage

Ros Nay, you shall not be so angry, I must have a co-
 rante

Pray, madam, be reconcil'd

Luc Come, monsieur, I am sorry

Le Fris Sorre, tat is too much, *par ma foi* ! I kiss tat
 white hand, give me one, two, tree buffets', *allez, allez*,
 look up your countenance, your English man spoil you,
 he no teach you look up, psha, carry your body in the
 swimming fashion, and den *allez Mademoiselle*, ha, ha, ha'
 So, *fort bon*, excellent, begar [*they dance*]

Luc Nay, a country dance, Scutilla, you are idle,
 You know we must be at the ball anon, come

Le Fris Where is the ball this night?

Luc At my Lord Rainebow's

Le Fris Oh, he dance finely, begar, he deserve the ball
 of de world fine, fine gentleman, your oder men dance,
 lop, lop with de lame leg, as they want crushes, begar,
 and look for argent in the ground, psha

[*they dance a new country dance*]

Ha' ha' *fort bon*

Ros Now, madam, we take our leave

Luc I'll recompense this kind visit does your coach
 stay?

Hon Yes, madam,

Your ladyship will be too much troubled

Luc I owe more service

Scu Monsieur, you'll begone too

Le Fris I have more lady, my scholars

Scu Is that the way of your instrument ?

Le Fris *À la mode de France* *fi' fi!* adieu

Madame *votre serviteur*

Adieu *dem! Monsieur* † [*to Scutilla* —*exeunt* all but
Scutilla

Enter *SOLO ION* and *COLONEL*

Scu Sir you are welcome

Col I thank you lady

Scu The time's too narrow to discourse at large
But I intend you a service
You have deserv'd it

In your own nobleness to one I call a kinsman
Whose life without your charity had been
Forfeit to his general's anger 'twas not
Without his cause you after quit your regiment

Col He was my friend forget it

Scu You were sent for
By the Lady Lucina

Col Whose command I wait

Scu 'Twas my desire to prepare you for
The entertainment be but pleas'd to obscure
Yourself behind these hangings a few minutes
I hear her you may trust me

Col Without dispute I obey you lady

F t f i t i th ginal ed ti wh h I hav alterd as abo e if th
emendati be t right thas t last som m an g

† Th whol f th ente ce i gi en to L Fri k wheth correctly t
I d bt.—If howe t be p perly as gned to him th last lin w mo t
lik ly tended to be addressed to Scutilla

Enter LADY LUCINA

Luc Now, Scutilla, we are ripe and ready
To entertain my gamesters, my man said
They promis'd all to come, I was afraid
These ladies in their kind departure would not
Bequeath me opportunity, and the mirth
Doth in the imagination so tickle me,
I would not willingly have lost it for a jewel
Of some value

Scu Then your purchase holds

Luc If they hold their affections, and keep touch,
We'll have some sport

Enter SOLOMON

Sol Sir Marmaduke Travers

Luc Away, Scutilla, and
Laugh not loud between our acts, we'll meet
Again like music, and make our selves merry

Scu I wait near you. *[exit Solomon]*

Enter SIR MARMADUKE

Luc Sir Marmaduke, I thought I should have had
Your visit without a summons

Mar Lady, you gave
One feather to the wings I had before,
Can there be at last a service to employ
Your creature?

Luc. Something hath pleaded for you in your absence

Mar. Oh let me dwell upon your hand, my stars
Have then remembered me again

Luc How do the fens ?

Goes the draining forward and your iron mills ?

Mar Draining and iron mills ? I know not madam

Luc Come you conceal your industry and care
To thrive you need not be so close to me.

Mar By this hand lady—have I any iron mills ?

Luc I am abus'd else nay I do love
One that has wind mills in his head

Mar How madam ?

Luc Projects and proclamations did not you
Travel to Yarmouth to learn how to cast
Brass buttons ? nay I like it it is an age
For men to look about them Shall I trust
My estate to one that has no thrift a fellow
But with one face ? my husband shall be a Janus
He cannot look too many ways and is
Your patent for making vinegar confirm'd ?
What a face you put upon't nay ne'er dissemble
Come I know all you'll thank that friend of yours
That satisfied my enquiry of your worth
With such a welcome character but why
Do I betray myself so fast ? beshrew
His commendations

Mar How is this ? some body
That meant me well and knew her appetite
To wealth hath told this of me I'll make use on't
Well madam I desir'd these things more private
Till something worth a mine which I am now
Promoving had been perfect to salute you
But I perceive you hold intelligence

In my affairs, which I interpret love,
And I'll requite it will you be content,
Be a Countess for the present

Luc I shall want

No honour in your love

Mar When shall we marry?

Luc Something must be prepar'd

Mar A licence, and say no more

How blest am I! do not blush,

I will not kiss your lip, till I have brought it [exit

Luc Ha, ha, Scutilla?

Scu Be secret still [to the Colonel

Luc Can'st thou not laugh?

Scu Yes, madam, you have kept your word,

The knight's transported, gone

To prepare things for the wedding

Luc How did'st thou like the iron mill?

Scu And the brass buttons—rarch, have you devices

To jeer the rest?

Luc All the regiment of them, or I'll break my bow-
strings

Scu Sir Ambrose Lamount

Luc Away, and let the swallow enter

Enter SIR AMBROSE and SOLOMON

Luc Why, sirrah, I did command you give access to none
But Sir Ambrose Lamount,
Whom you know I sent for
Audacious groom!

Sol It is Sir Ambrose, madam

[exit Solomon

Luc It is Sir Ambrose Coxcomb ' it is not
 Cry mercy noble sir I took you muffled
 For one that every day solicits me
 To bestow my little dog upon him but you re welcome
 I think I sent for you

Amb It is my happiness
 To wait your service lady

Luc I hear say you have vow'd to die a batchelor
 I hope it is not true sir

Amb I die a batchelor '

Luc And that you'll turn religious knight

Amb I turn religious knight ' who has abus'd me?

Luc I would only know the truth it were great pity
 For my own part I ever wish'd you well
 Although in modesty I have been silent
 Pray what's o'clock?

Amb How's this?

Luc I had a dream last night me thought I saw you
 Dance so exceedingly rarely that I fell
 In love

Amb In love with me?

Luc With your legs sir

Amb My leg is at your service to come over

Luc I wonder'd at my self but I consider'd
 That many have been caught with handsome faces
 So my love grew

Amb Upwards

Luc What followed in my dream
 I have forgot

Amb Leave that to finish waking

Luc Since the morning
 I find some alteration, you know
 I have told you twenty times, I would not love you,
 But whether 'twere your wisdom, or your fate,
 You would not be satisfied, now, I know not,
 If something were procur'd, what I should answer

Amb A licence? say no more

Luc Would my estate were doubled

Amb For my sake

Luc You have not purchas'd since you fell in love?

Amb Not much land

Luc Revels have been some charge to you, you were
 ever

A friend to ladies, pity, but he should rise
 By one, has fallen with so many, had you not
 A head once?

Amb A head? I have one still

Luc Of hair, I mean

Favours have glean'd too much, pray, pardon me,
 If it were mine, they should go look their bracelets,*
 Or stay till the next crop, but, I blush, sir,
 To hold you in this discourse, you will perhaps
 Construe me in a wrong sense, but, you may use
 Your own discretion till you know me better,
 Which is my soul's ambition

Amb I am blest

* *They should go look their bracelets*—that is, that they should thin, or, as is before expressed, glean their bracelets. *To look* is still used in the North of England, in the sense of 'to thin or weed young wheat,' &c

Col Cunning gipsy ! she ll use me thus too
When I come to t

Amb Lady I know your mind when I see you next [*exit*

Luc You'll see me again ha ha ha *Scutilla* ?

Scu Here madam almost dead with stifling my laughter
Why he s gone for a license you did enjoin him no
Silence

Luc I wou d have em all meet and brag o their several
Hopes they will not else be sensible and quit me o their
Tedious visitation —Who s next?

I would the Colonel were come

I long to have a bout with him

Enter SOLOMON

Sol Mr Bostock madam

Luc Retire and give the jay admittance [*exit Solomon*

Enter BOSTOCK

Bos Madam I kiss your fair hand

Luc Oh Mr Bostock

Bos 'The humblest of your servants

Luc 'Twill not become your birth and blood to stoop
To such a title

Bos I must confess dear lady
I carry in my veins more precious honour
Than other men blood of a deeper crimson
But you shall call me any thing

Luc Not I sir

It would not become me to change your title
Although I must confess I could desire

You were less honorable

Bos Why, I pr'y thee,

Is't a fault to spring from the nobility ?

There be some men have sold well favour'd lordships,

To be ill-favour'd noblemen, and though

I wear no title of the state, I can

Adorn a lady

Luc That is my misfortune,

I would you could not, sir

Bos Are you the worse

For that ? consider, lady

Luc I have considered,

And I could wish with all my heart you were

Not half so noble , nay, indeed, no gentleman

Bos How, lady ?

Luc Nay, if you give me leave to speak my thoughts,

I would you were a fellow of two degrees

Beneath a footman, one that had no kindred,

But knights o'the post, nay, worse , pardon me, sir,

In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,

You were a son o'the people rather than—

Bos Good madam, give me your reason

Luc Because I love you

Bos Few women wish so ill to whom they love

Luc They do not love like me then

Bos Say you so ?

Luc My wealth's a beggar, nay the title of

A lady which my husband left, is a shadow

Compar'd to what you bring to ennoble me,

And all the children you will get, but I,

Out of my love desire you such a one
That I might add to you that you might be
Created by my wealth made great by me
Then should my love appear but as you are
I must receive addition from you

Bos Nobody hears why hark you lady ! could
You love me if I were less honorable ?

Luc Honorable ! why you cannot be so base
As I would have you that the world might say
My marriage gave you somewhat

Bos Say you so ?
Under the roof that will do you a pleasure
The lords do call me cousin but I am

Luc What ?

Bos Suspected

Luc How ?

Bos Not to be lawful I came in at the wicket
Some call it the window

Luc Can you prove it ?

Bos Say no more

Luc Then I prefer you before all my suitors
Sir Ambrose Lamount and Sir Marmaduke
Travers are all mountebanks

Bos What say you to the Colonel ?

Luc A lancepresado !* how my joy transports me !

La epresado la ependo I priando,—a lance corporal to the est grad
f military officers. *La ep eado M t h i* on f th h racter d li ywood
Ryal M g d Loy l S hfect d lancepresado occurs i Mass ger' M l d
f Hon Of thi te m M Giff rd ha i hi ed t on f th t poet d m ti
w k g n the f ll wi g e planati from th *Sold er Acct* — Th

But shall I trust to this, do not you flatter?
Will not you fly from that, and be legitimate,
When we are married? you men are too cunning
With simple ladies

Bos Do but marry me,
I'll bring the midwife

Luc Say no more, provide
What you think necessary, and all shall be
Dispatch'd

Bos I guess your meaning, and thus seal
My best devotion *[salutes her and exit]*

Scu Away now, and present yourself
[aside to the Colonel]

Luc Oh Scutilla, hold me, I shall fall
In pieces else, ha, ha, ha!

Scu Beshrew me, madam, but I wonder
At you, you wound him rarely up

Luc Have not I choice of precious husbands? now an'
The Colonel were here, the task
Were over

Scu Then you might go play
Madam, the Colonel

Enter COLONEL

Luc Is he come once more? withdraw—bid him march
hither

Col Now is my turn —*[aside]* Madam!

lowest range and meanest officer in an army is called the *incepesado* or *prezado*, who is a leader or governor of half a file, and therefore is commonly called a middle man, or *עוזר* over four "

Luc You're welcome sir I thought you would have gone
And not grac'd me so much as with a poor
Salute at parting

Col Gone! whither?

Luc To the wars

Col She jeers me already no lady I'm already
Engag'd to a siege at home and till that service
Be over I enquire no new employments

Luc For honour's sake what siege?

Col A citadel

That several forces are set down before
And all is entrench'd

Luc What citadel?

Col A woman

Luc She cannot hold out long

Col O tend was sooner taken than her fort
Is like to be for any thing I perceive

Luc Is she so well provided?

Col Her provision

May fail her but she is devilish obstinate;
She fears nor fire nor famine

Luc What's her name?

Col Lucina

Luc Ha ha ha! alas poor colonel!
If you'll take my advice remove your siege
A province will be sooner won in the
Low Countries ha ha ha!

Col Lady you sent for me

Luc 'Twas but to tell you my opinion in this business
You'll sooner circumsise the Turk's dominions

Than take this toy you talk of, I do know it
 Farewell, good soldier, ha, ha, ha¹ and yet 'tis pity,
 Is there no stratagem, no trick, no undermine?
 If she be given so desperate, your body
 Had need to be well victuall'd there's a city
 And suburbs in your belly, and you must
 Lay in betimes to prevent mutiny
 Among the small guts, which with wind of 'venge else
 Will break your guard of buttons, ha, ha, ha¹
 Come, we'll laugh, and lie down in the next room, Scutilla
[exit

Col So, so, I did expect no good,
 Why did not I strike her? but I'll do something,
 And be with you to bring't before you think of't,
 Malice and Mercury assist me [exit

ACT III SCENE I

Enter LORD RAINBOW and BARKER

Bar So, so, you've a precious time on't

Lord R Who can help it, Frank, if ladies will
 Be wild, repentance tame 'em¹ for my part,
 I court not them, till they provoke me to't

Bar And do they both affect you?

Lord R So they say,
 And did justify it to my face

Bar And you did praise their modesty?

Lord R I confess I prais'd them
 Both, when I saw no remedy

Bar You did and they believ'd ?

Lord R Religiously

Bar Do not

Do not believe it my young lord they ll make
Fools of a thousand such they do not love you

Lord R Why an t shall please your wisdom ?

Bar They are women

That s a reason and may satisfy you

They cannot love a man

Lord R What then ?

Bar Themselves

And all little enough they have a trick
To conjure with their eyes and perhaps raise
A masculine spirit but lay none

Lord R Good Cato

Be not over wise now what s the reason
That women are not sainted in your calendar ?
You have no frosty constitution

Bar Would you were half so honest

Lord R Why a woman

May love thee one day

Bar Yes when I make legs

And faces like such fellows as you are

Enter MONSIEUR LE FRISKE

Lord R Monsieur Le Friske

Le Fris Serviteur

Lord R Nay Frank thou shalt not go

Bar I ll come again when you have done your jig

Le Fris Ah ! monsieur

Lord R Come, you shall sit down, this fellow will make thee laugh

Bar I shall laugh at you both, an' I stay

Lord R Hark you, monsieur, this gentleman has a great mind to learn to dance

Le Fris He command my service
Please your lordship begin, tat he may
See your profit, *allez*—ha!

Lord R How like you this, Frank?

Bar Well enough for the dog-days, but have
You no other dancing for the winter, a man
May freeze and walk thus

Le Fris It be all your grace, monsieur, your
Dance be horseplay, begar, for de stable, not
De chamber, your ground *passage*, ha!
Never hurt de back, monsieur, nor trouble
De leg mush, ha, *plait il*, you learn,
Monsieur?

Lord R For mirth's sake, an' thou lovest me

Le Fris Begar, I teach you, presently, dance with all de
grace of de body for your good and my profit

Bar Pardon me, my lord

Le Fris Oh not, *pardonnez moi*

Lord R Do but observe his method

Bar I shall never endure it, pox upon him

Le Fris 'Tis but dis in de beginning, one, two, tree, four,
five, the cinquepace, *allez*, monsieur, stand upright an
begar

Lord R Let him set you in t'other posture

Le Fris My broder, my lord, know well, for de htle bit de

fiddle and me for de posture of de body begar de king
has no too sush subjects ha' dere be one foote two foote
have you tree foote' begar you have more den I have den

Bar I shall break hi fiddle

Lord R Thou art so humorous

Le Fris One been two ha you go too fast you be at
Dover begar and me be at Greenwish de toder leg psha

Bar A pox upon your legs I'll no more

Le Fris *Pourquoi?*

Lord R Ha ha ha' I would some ladies were here to
laugh

At thee now you will not be so rude to meddle with
The monsieur in my lodging

Bar I'll kick him to death and bury him in a base viol—
Jackalent!

Le Fris Jackalent' begar you be Jackenape if I had
my weapon you durst no affront me I be as good gentle
man an for all my fiddle as you call me a Jack a de lent'

Lord R Rail upon him monsieur I'll secure thee ha
ha ha'

Le Fris Because your leg have de poc or someting dat
make em no vell and frisk you make a fool of a monsieur
My lord use me like gentleman an I care no rush for you
be desperate kill me and me complaine to de king and
teach new dance galliard to de gibbet you be hangd in
English fashion

Bar Go you're an unpertinent lord and I will be re
vened

[*exit*

Lord R Ha ha' good Diogenes Come monsieur
You and I will not part yet

Le Fris My lord, if you had not been here, me would have broken his head with my fiddle

Lord R You might sooner have broke your fiddle, but strike up

Le Fris *Allez, ah, bon* [exeunt dancing

SCENE II

Enter Bostock

Bos I spy Sir Marmaduke coming after me
This way I'll take to avoid his tedious questions,
He'll interrupt me, and I have not finish'd
Things fit for my design

Enter SIR AMBROSE

Amb 'Tis Mr Bostock, little does he think
What I am going upon, I fear I shall not
Contain my joys

Bos Good fortune to Sir Ambrose

Amb Sir, you must pardon me, I cannot wait
Upon you now, I have business of much consequence

Bos I thought to have made the same excuse to you,
For at this present I am so engag'd

Amb We shall meet shortly

Both Ha, ha, ha!

Bos Poor gentleman, how is he beguil'd

Amb Your nose is wip'd, hum, 'tis Sir Marmaduke,

Enter SIR MARMADUKE and COLONEL

I must salute him.

Bos The colonel? there's no going back

Mar What misfortune's this? but 'tis no matter
Noble sir how is it?

Amb As you see sir

Col As I could wish noble Mr Bostock

Bos Your humble servant colonel

Col Nay nay a word

Mar I shall not forbear jeering these poor things
They shall be mirth

Col What! all met so happily? and how my
Sparks of honour?

Amb Things so tickle me
I shall break out

Col When saw you our mistress lady Lucina?

Amb My suit is cold there Mr Bostock carries
The lady clean before him

Bos No no no it is Sir Marmaduke

Mar I glean my smiles after Sir Ambrose

Col None of you see her to-day?
I may as soon marry the moon and get
Children on her I see her not this three days
'Tis very strange I was to present my service
This morning

Mar You'll march away with all

Col I cannot tell but there's small sign of victory
And yet methinks you should not be neglected
If the fens go forward and your iron mills

Mar Has she betray'd me?

Col Some are industrious
And have the excellent skill to cast brass buttons

Mar Colonel ' softly

Col How will you sell your vinegar a pint?
The patent's something saucy

Amb The colonel jeers him

Bos Excellent ' ha, ha '

Col Had not you a head once,
Of hair I mean, favours have glean'd too much,
If ladies will have bracelets, let 'em stay
Till the next crop

Amb Hum, the very language she us'd to me

Bos Does he jeer him too, nay, nay, pr'ythee spare
him, ha! ha!

Col You may do much, and yet I could desire
You were less honorable, for though you have
Blood of a deeper crimson, the good lady
Out of her love could wish you were a thing
Beneath a footman, and that you had no kindred
But knights o'the post

Bos Good colonel '

Col Nay, pardon me,
In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,
You were a son o'the people

Bos Colonel '

How the devil came he by this?

Col Under the rose there was a gentleman
Came in at the wicket these are tales of which
The Greeks have store, fair hopes, gentlemen!

Mar How came you by this intelligence?

Col Nay, I'll no whispering, what I say to one
Will concern every man, she has made

You conceals

Amb It does appear

Col And more than does appear yet
I had my share

Bos That's some comfort I was afraid

Col But you shall pardon me I'll conceal
The particulars of her bountiful abuses
To me let it suffice I know we are all
Jeer'd most abominably I stood behind
The hangings when she sign'd your several passes
And had my own at last worse than the constables
That this is true you shall have more than oath;
I'll join you in revenge and if you will not
I will do it alone

Mar She is a devil

Amb Damn her then till we think on something else
Let's all go back and rail upon her

Bos Agreed a pox upon her!

Mar We cannot be too bitter she's a hell cat

Amb D ye hear? listen to me our shames are equal
Yet if we all discharge at once upon her
We shall but make confusion and perhaps
Give her more cause to laugh let us chuse one
To curse her for us all

Col 'Tis the best way and if you love me gentlemen
Engage me I deserve this favour for my
Discovery I'll swear her into hell

Mar Troth I have no good vein I'm content

Bos Gentlemen noble colour'd as you respect
A wounded branch of the nobility

Make it my office, she abus'd me most, and if
The devil do not furnish me with language,
I'll say he has no malice

Col If they consent

Mar Amb With all our hearts

Bos I thank you, gentlemen

Col But let us all together I'll not be barr'd
Now and then to interpose an oath,
As I shall find occasion

Bos You'll relieve me

When I take breath, then you may help, or you,
Or any to confound her

Col Let's away

Bos Never was witch so tortur'd [*exit*]

SCENE III

Enter FRESHWATER, GUDGEON, and SOLOMON

Sol Noble Mr Freshwater, welcome from travel

Fres Where be the ladies?

Sol In the next room, sir,
My lady Rosamond is sitting for her picture
I presume you will be welcome

Fres An English painter?

Sol Yes, sir

Fres Pr'ythee, let me see him [*he gives Freshwater
access to the chamber and returns*]

Sol This way, honest Gudgeon,
How are matters abroad? a touch of

Thy travel what news?

Gud First let me understand the state of things
At home

Sol We have little alteration since thou went st
The same news are in fashion
Only gentlemen are fain to ramble and stumble
For their flesh since the breach o the bankside

Gud Is my aunt defunct?

Sol Yet the viragos have not lost their spirit some of
Them have challen'd the field every day where
Gentlemen have met them oh the dog days but
Shrewdly twas a villainous dead vacation

Gud Is Pauls alive still?

Sol Yes yes a little sick o the stone she voids some
Every day but she is now in physic
And may in time recover

Gud The Exchange stands?

Sol Longer than a church
There is no fear while the merchants have but faith
A little of thy travels for the time is precious what
Things have you seen or done since you left England?

Gud I have not leisure to discourse of particulars but
first

My master and I have run France through and through

Sol Through and through? how is that man?

Gud Why once forward and once backward that's
through and through

Sol 'Twas but a cowardly part to run a kingdom through
backward

Gul Not with our horses, Solomon, not with our horses

Enter FRESHWATER and LADY ROSAMOND

Fres. Madam, I did not think your ladyship
Had so little judgment

Ros As how, signior ?

Fres As to let an Englishman draw
Your picture, and such rare monsieurs in town

Ros Why not English ?

Fres Oh, by no means, madam,
They have not active pencils

Ros Think you so ?

Fres You must encourage strangers while you live,
It is the character of our nation ,
We are famous for dejecting our own countrymen

Ros Is that a principle ?

Fres Who teaches you to dance ?

Ros A Frenchman, signior

Fres Why, so , 'tis necessary ,
Trust while you live the Frenchman with your legs,
Your faces with the Dutch , if you mislike
Your face, I mean if it be not sufficiently
Painted, let me commend upon my credit
A precious workman to your ladyship

Ros What is he ?

Fres Not an Englishman, I warrant you ,
One that can please the ladies every way ,
You shall not sit with him all day for shadows,
He has regalias, and can present you with

Suckets of fourteen pence a pound canary
 Prunellas Venice glasses Parmasan
 Sugars Bologna sausages all from Antwerp
 But he will make ollapodridos most incomparably

Ros I have heard of him a noble lady
 Told me the other day that sitting for
 Her picture she was stifled with a strange
 Perfume of horns

Fres A butcher told me of em—very likely

Ros When I have need
 Of this rare artist I will trouble you
 For my directions leaving this discourse
 How thrives your catalogue of debtors signior?

Fres All have paid me but—

Ros You shall not name me in the list of any
 That are behind be ide my debt a purse
 For clearing the account [*gives him a purse with money in it*]

Fres You are just madam
 And bountiful though I came hither with
 Simple intention to present my service
 It shall be crost Gudgeon remember too
 Her ladyship's name

Ros My cousin has the
 Same provision for you

Enter BARKER and LADY HONORIA

Gud [*to Freshwater*]—Sir! master Barker

Fres Madam I'll take my leave; I'll find another
 Time to attend my lady there's no light

I cannot abide this fellow *[exit with Gud]*

Hon Madam, master Barker hath some design
Which he pretends concerns us both

Ros He's welcome, what is it? £

Bar My lord commends him to ye

Ros Which lord, sir?

Bar The lord, the fine, the wanton, dancing lord,
The lord that plays upon the gittern, and sings,
Leaps upon tables, and does pretty things,
Would have himself commended

Ros So, sir

Bar He loves you both, he told me so,
And laughs behind a visard at your frailty
He cannot love that way you do imagine,
And ladies of the game are now no miracles

Hon Although he use to rail thus, yet we have
Some argument to suspect his lordship's tongue
Has been too liberal

Ros I find it too, and blush within to think
How much we are deceived, I may be even
With this May-lord *[exit]*

Hon But does his lordship think
We were taken with his person?

Bar You would not, an' you knew as much as I

Hon How, sir?

Bar I have been acquainted with his body,
Have known his baths and physick

Hon Is't possible? I am sorry now at heart
I had a good thought on him, he shall see't,
For I will love some other in revenge,

And presently if any gentleman
Have but the grace to smile and court me up to t
Bar Hum!

Hon A bubble of nobility! a giddy
Fantastic lord! I want none of his titles
Now in my imagination he appears
Ill favour'd and not any part about him
Worth half a commendation would he were here

Bar You d make more of him

Hon That I might examine
And do my judgment right between you two now!
How much he would come short! you have an eye
Worth forty of his nose of another making
I saw your teeth e en now compar'd to which
His are of the complexion of his comb
I mean his box and will in time be yellower
And ask more making clean you have a show
Of something on your upper lip a witch
Has a philosopher's beard to him his chin
Has just as many hounds as hairs that ever
My eyes distinguish d yet you have a body
And not unpromising in his slashes one
May see through him and for his legs they both
Would but make stuffing for one handsome stocking
They're a lord s I will be sworn I dote upon him!
I could wish somewhat but I m sorry sir
To trouble you so much all happy thoughts
Possess you

[exit

Bar How is this? if I have wit
To apprehend this lady does not hate me

I have profess'd a cynic openly,
This language melts, I'll visit her again

Re-enter HONORIA

Hon Sir, I have a small request to you

Bar Lady, command

Hon If you think I have power
Or will to deserve from you any courtesy,
Pray, learn to dance

Bar To dance?

Hon At my entreaty, sir, to dance
It was the first thing took me with his lordship
You know not what may follow, fare you well *[exit*

Bar What pretends* this, to dance? there's something
in't

I've reveng'd myself already upon my lord,
Yet deeper with my lady is the sweeter
Something must be resolv'd *[exit*

Enter LADY LUCINA and SCUTILLA

Luc Enough, enough, of conscience, let's reserve
Part of the mirth to another time, I shall
Meet some other hot worships at the ball,
Unless their apprehension prompt them
Earlier, to know their folly in pursuing me

Enter SOLOMON

Sol Madam, the gentlemen, that were here this morning

* *Intends, or means*

In single visits are come all together
And pray to speak with you

Luc They've met already give them access

Scu I wonder what they'll say [exit Solomon]

Enter BOSTOCK SIR AUBREY COLONEL and SIR MARMADUKE

Col Be confident she shall endure it

Luc So so

How do ye gentlemen? you're very welcome

Amb 'Tis no matter for that we do not come to be

Welcome neither will we be welcome; speak Mr Bostock

Bos We come to mortify you

Luc You will use no violence

Bos But of our tongues; and in the names of these

Abused gentlemen and myself I spit

Defiance Stand further off and be attentive

Weep or do worse repentance wet thy linen

And leave no vein for the doctor!

Luc They're mad

Scu There is no danger madam let us hear them

If they scold we two shall be hard enough for them

As they were twenty

Bos Thou basilisk!

Luc At first sight?

Bos Whose eyes shoot fire and poison

Malicious as a witch and much more cunning;

Thou that dost ride men

Luc I ride men!

Bos Worse than the night mare let thy tongue be
silent

And take our scourges patiently, thou hast
 In thy own self all the ingredients
 Of wickedness in thy sex, able to furnish
 Hell, if it were insufficiently provided
 With falsehood, a she fiend of thy own making;
 Circe, that charm'd men into swine, was not
 So much a Jew as thou art, thou hast made
 Us asses, dost thou hear?

Amb He speaks for us all

Bos But it is better we be all made such,
 Than any one of us be monster'd worse,
 To be an ox, thy husband

Scu Luc Ha, ha, ha!

Bos Dost thou laugh, crocodile?

Col That was well said

Bos Spirit of flesh and blood, I'll conjure thee,
 And let the devil lay thee on thy back,
 I care not

Mar Admirable Bostock!

Col That spirit of flesh and blood was well inforc'd

Bos You thought us animals, insensible
 Of all your jugglings, did you, Proserpine?

Amb Aye, come to that

Bos And that we lov'd, lov'd with a pox, your phisnomy,
 Know, we but tried thee, beldam, and thou art
 Thyself a son of the earth

Amb How! she a son?

Bos 'Twas a mistake, but she knows my meaning,
 I begin to be a weary, gentlemen,
 I'll breathe awhile

Col 'Tis time and that you may
Not want encouragement take that

[gives him a box on the ear]

Bos Gentlemen! colonel! what d'ye mean?

Col You shall know presently; dare but lift thy voice
To fright this lady or but ask thy pardon
My sword shall rip thy body for thy heart
And nail it on her threshold; or if you
The proudest offer but in looks to justify
The baseness of this wretch your souls shall answer it

Mar How's this?

Col O impudence unheard! Pardon madam
My tedious silence the affront grew up
So fast I durst not trust my understanding
That any gentleman could attempt so much
Dishonour to a lady of your goodness
Was this your project to make me appear
Guilty of that I hate beyond all sacrilege?
Was it for this you pray'd my company?
You tadpoles! 'tis your presence charms my sword
Or they should quickly pay their forfeit lives
No altar could protect them

Amb We are betray'd

Mar Was it not his plot to have us rail?

Col Say shall I yet be active?

Luc By no means

This is no place for blood nor shall any† cause
Engage to such a danger

† i. e. in the quarto.

† I probably my ca. 16

Col Live to be

Your own vexations then till you be mad,
 And then remove yourselves with your own garters!
 You shall not go before I know from whose
 Brain this proceeded, you are the mirth
 Was ever civil lady so abus'd
 In her own house b' ingrateful horse-leeches?
 Could your corrupted natures find no way
 But this to recompense her noble favours,
 Her courteous entertainments? would any
 Heathens done like to you? admit she was
 So just to say she could see nothing in you
 Worthy her dearest thoughts, as, to say truth,
 How could a creature of her wit and judgment
 Not see how poor and miserable things
 You are at best? must you [be] impudent?
 In such a loud, and peremptory manner,
 Disturb the quiet of her thoughts and dwelling?
 Gentlemen! rather hinds, scarce fit to mix,
 Unless you mend your manners, with her drudges

Luc This shews a nobleness, does't not, Scutilla?

Bos Why, sir, did not you tell us?

Col What did I tell you?

Bos Nothing

Col Begone, lest I forget myself

Bos I have a token to remember you

A palsy upon your fingers, noble colonel!

Man Was this his stratagem! we must begone

[*exunt Sir Marmaduke, Bostock, and Sir Ambrose*]

Luc Sir, I must thank ye, and desire your pardon

For what has past to your particular

Col You're more than satisfied my service in
Th' acknowledgment disdain cannot provoke
Me to be so insolent

Luc Again I thank you

Col I can forget your last neglect if you
Think me not too unworthy to expect
Some favour from you

Luc How d'ye mean?

Col Why

As a servant should that is ambitious
To call you mistress till the happier title
Of wife crown his desires

Luc I must confess

This has won much upon me but two words
To such a bargain you're a gentleman
I'm confident would adventure for me

Col As far as a poor life could speak my service

Luc That's fair and far enough I make not any
Exception to your person

Col Body enough

I hope to please a lady

Luc But—

Col To my fortune

Luc To that the least I have estate for both

Col Though it hold no comparison with yours
It keeps me like a gentleman

Luc I have a scruple

Col You honour me in this

There's hope if I can take away that care

You may be mine

Luc Sir, can you put me in security
That you have been honest ?

Col Honest, how d'ye mean ?

Luc Been honest of your body you gentlemen
Out of the wars, live lazy, and feed high,
Drink the rich grape, and, in canary, may
Do strange things, when the wine has wash'd away
Discretion

Col What is your meaning, lady ?

Luc. I do not urge you for the time to come,
Pray understand, have you been honest hitherto ?
And yet, because you shall not trouble friends
To be compurgators, I'll be satisfied,
If you will take your own oath that you are

Col Honest of my body ?

Luc Yes, sir, it will become me to be careful
Of my health, I'll take your own assurance,
If you can clear your body by an oath,
I'll marry none but you, before this gentlewoman

Col Your reason why you use me thus ?

Luc I wonder you will ask, do not I hear
How desperate some have been, what pain, what physic ?

Col This is a tale of a tub, lady

Luc You rid no match without a shirt, to shew
The complexion of your body, I have done, sir
When you resolve to swear you're honest, I
Vow to be yours, your wife, I am not hasty,
Think on't, and tell me, when we meet again
Anon, to-night, to-morrow, when you please,

So farewell noble colonel come Scutilla

[exeunt Lucina and Scutilla]

Col Is t come to this? I m jeer'd again is t possible
To be honest at these vears? a man of my
Complexion and acquaintance? was ever
Gentleman put to this oath before in this fashon?
If I have the grace now to forswear myself
Something may be done and yet tis doubtful
She ll have more tricks if widows be thus coltish
The devil will have a task that goes a wooing *[exit]*

ACT IV SCENE I

Enter LORD RAINEBOW and BOSTOCK

Bos Such an affront my lord! I was asham d on t
A mere conspiracy to betray our faines
But had you seen how poorly they behav d
Themselves such craven knights a pair of drone bees!
I the midst of my vexation if I could
Forbear to laugh I have no blood in me
They were so far from striking that they stood
Like images things without life and motion
Fear could not make so much as their tongue tremble
Left all to me

Lord R So so what then did you?

Bos The lady laugh d too and the colonel
Increas d his noise to see how she derided
The poor knights

Lord R Leave their character, and proceed
To what you did

Bos You shall pardon me, my lord,
I am not willing to report myself,
They and the lady, and the colonel
Can witness I came on

Lord R But how came you off, cousin? that must com-
mend you

Bos I have my limbs, my lord, no sign of loss
Of blood you see, but this was fortune, how
The colonel came off's uncertain

Lord R Do not you know?

Bos No, I left him, I think 'tis time

Lord R You did not kill him?

Bos Upon my faith, my lord, I meant it not,
But wounds fall out sometimes when the sword's in
These are poor things to brag of, I have sav'd
Myself, you see

Lord R If it be so, I'll call you cousin still, my satunist

Enter BARKER

Hark! You shall beat this fellow

Bos Shall I, my lord, without cause?

Lord R He shall give you cause presently, how now,
Gum'd taffeta!

Bar I pay for what I wear,
My satin lord, your wardrobe does not keep
Me warm, I do not run o'the ticket with
The mercer's wife, and lecher out my debts
At country houses

Lord R There s something else you do not

Bar I do not use to flatter such as you are
Whose bodies are so rotten they ll scarce keep
Their souls from breaking out I write no odes
Upon your mistress to commend her postures
And tumbling in a coach towards Paddington
Whither you hurry her to see the pheasants
And try what operation the eggs have
At your return I am not taken with
Your mighty nonsense glean d from heathenish plays
Which leave a curse upon the author for em
Though I have studied to redeem you from
The infection of such books which martyr sense
Worse than an almanack

Lord R Excellent satire !

But lash not on stop here or I shall kick
Your learned worship

Bar But do not I advise you do not

Lord R Why do not ?

Bar It will fall heavy on somebody if your lordship
kick me I shall not spare your cousin there

Lord R On that condition what do you think of that ?

Bar What do you think ? *[kicks him
to Bostock]*

Bos Excellently well followed by my troth la
He ll pitch the bar well I warrant he does
So follow his kick

Bar Let it go round *[kicks Bostock]*

Bos Good right as my leg again

Lord R Your leg ! 'twas he that kick'd you

Bos D'ye think I do not feel it ?

Lord R Why d'ye not use your toes then ?

Bos What, for a merry touch,

A trick, a turn upon the toe ? d'ye hear, sir,

You're good company, but, if thou lovest me ?—

Bar Love you ? why, d'ye hear, sir,

I, I,—

What a pox should any man see in you,

Once to think of you ! love a squirt !

Shall I tell thee what thou art good for ?

Bos Aye

Bar For nothing

Bos Good again, my lord, observe him, for nothing

Bar Yes, thou wilt stop a breach in a mud wall,

Or serve for a Priapus in the garden to

Fright away crows, and keep the corn, bean shatter,

Thou wilt

Bos Ha, ha, ha !

Bar Or thou wilt serve, at shrove-tide, to have thy legs

Broken with penny truncheons in the street,

'Tis pity any cock should stand the pelting,

And such a capon unprefer'd

Bos Ha, ha, ha !

Bar Cry mercy, you're a kinsman to the lord,

A gentleman of high and mighty blood

Lord R But cold enough, will not all this provoke him ?

Bar Dost hear ? for all this I will undertake

To thrash a better man out of a wench

That travels with her butter milk to market
 Between two dorsers * any day of the week
 My twice sod tail of green fish I will do t
 Or lose my inheritance Tell me, and do not stammer
 When wert thou cudgel d last? what woman beat thee?

Bos Excellent Barker!

Bar Thou art the town top

A boy will set thee up and make thee spin
 Home with an eel-skin do not marry do not
 Thy wife will coddle thee and serve thee up
 In plates with sugar and rose water to
 Him that hath the grace to cuckold thee
 And if Pythagoras transmigration
 Of souls were true thy spirit should be tenant
 To a horse

Bos Why to a horse?

Bar A switch and spur would do some good upon you
 Why dost thou interfere? get the grincomes † go
 And straddle like a gentleman that would
 Not shame his kindred but what do I
 Lose time with such a puppy?

Bos Well go thy ways I'll justify thy wit
 At my own peril

Bar I would speak with you [to Lord Rainebow
 Be not too busy with your lordship's legs
 I'll tell you somewhat

Lord R Speak to the purpose then

Bar I bestow'd

Dor er p rs

† G m th F h d se

A visit on the ladies which you wot of,
 They have their wits still, and resolve to keep them,
 They will not hang themselves for a young lord,
 Nor grow into consumption; other men
 Have eyes, and nose, and lips, and handsome legs too,
 So fare you well, my lord, I left your kick
 With your cousin to buy otto [exit

Lord R Very well

But hark you, cousin Bostock you have a mind
 And modest constitution, I expected
 You would have lifted up your leg

Bos To kick him?

Why, an' you would have given a thousand pound,
 I could not do't for laughing, beside,
 He was your friend, my lord

Lord R Did you spare him
 For that consideration?

Bos Howsoever,
 What honour had it been for me to quarrel,
 Or wit, indeed? If every man should take
 All the abuses that are meant, great men
 Would be laugh'd at, some fools must have their jests,
 Had he been any man of blood or valour,
 One that profess'd the sword, such as the Colonel,
 Less provocation would have made me active

Enter SIR AMBROSE and SIR MARMADUKE

Lord R The eagles take no flies, is that it? how now
 Sir Ambrose, and my honour'd friend Sir Marmaduke?
 You are strangers

Mar Your lordship's pardon Mr Bostock

Bos Now shall I be put to it this talking will undo me

Lord R Pr'ythee tell me is the Colonel alive still?

Amb Alive my lord! yes yes he's alive

Bos Did your lordship think absolutely he was dead?

Lord R But he is shrewdly wounded?

Amb No my lord

He is very well but 'twas your kinsman's fortune

Bos Pr'ythee ne'er speak on't

Lord R What?

Mar To have a blow a box on the ear

Lord R How?

Mar With his fist and an indifferent round one

Bos Yes yes he did strike me I could have told you
that;

But wherefore did he strike? ask them that

Mar If you would know my lord he was our orator

To rail upon the lady for abusing us

Which I confess he did with lung and spirit

When* in the conclusion the Colonel

Struck him to the ground

Bos He did so 'tis a truth

Lord R And did you take it?

Bos Take it! he gave it me my lord; I asked not
for it

But 'tis not yet reveng'd

Amb 'Tis truth we suffer'd

A little but the place protected him

Bos It was no place, indeed

Mar Now, since you had the greatest burthen in
The affront,

Bos The blow?

Mar Right, we would know whether your resolution
Be first to question him, for our cause appears
Subordinate, and may take breath till you
Have call'd him to account

Bos I proclaim nothing,
And make no doubt the Colonel will give me
Satisfaction like a gentleman

Amb We are answer'd, and take our leave, my lord

Lord R We shall meet at the ball anon, gentlemen

Man Your lordship's servants now to our design
[*exeunt*]

Bos My lord, I take my leave too

Lord R Not yet, cousin, you and I have not done

Bos What you please, cousin

Lord R You have cozen'd me too much

Bos I, my good lord?

Lord R Thou most unheard of coward!
How dare you boast relation to me?
Be so impudent as to name, or think upon me,
Thou stain to honour! Honour! thou 'rt beneath
All the degrees of baseness quit thy father,
Thy suppos'd one, and with sufficient testimony
Some serving-man leap'd thy mother or some juggler
That conjures with old bones, some woman's tailor,
When he brought home her petticoat, and took measure
Of her loose body, or I'll cullice thee

With a bottom

Bos Good my lord!

Lord R Be so baffl'd

In presence of your mistress! 'tis enough
To make the blood of all thou knowest suspected
And I'll have satisfaction

Bos My lord!

Lord R For using of my name in ordinaries
I th' list of others whom you make your privilege
To domineer and win applause sometimes
With tapsters and threadbare tobacco merchants
That worship your gold lace and ignorance
Stand bare and bend their hams when you belch out
My lord and t'other cousin in a bawdy house
Whom with a noise you curse by Jack and Tom
For failing you at Fish-street or the Steel yard

Bos My very good lord

Lord R Will you not draw?

Bos Not against your honour but you shall see

Lord R And vex my eyes to look on such a land rat;
Were all these shames forgotten how shall I
Be safe in honour with that noble lady
To whom I sinfully commended thee;
Though 'twere not much, enough to make her think
I am as base as thou art and the Colonel
And all that have but heard thee call me cousin

I'll eulie th' with bott m that is I'll pou'd thee with a bottom
ball f th end. *C illis r eullice* is a gravy made f om meat po nded i
morta

What cure for this, you malt-worm! oh, my soul,
 How it does blush to know thee, bragging puppy!
 D'ye hear me thunder and lightning what
 Nobility my predecessors boasted,
 Or any man from honour's stock descended?
 How many marquesses and earls are number'd
 In their great family? what coats they quarter?
 How many battles our forefathers fought?
 'Tis poor, and not becoming perfect gentry
 To build their glories at their fathers' cost,
 But at their own expense of blood or virtue,
 To raise them living monuments, our birth
 Is not our own act, honour upon trust
 Our ill deeds forfeit, and the wealthy sums
 Purchas'd by others' fame or sweat, will be
 Our stain, for we inherit nothing truly
 But what our actions make us worthy of,
 And are you not a precious gentleman?
 Thou art not worth my steel—redeem this love
 Some generous way of undertaking, or
 Thou shalt be given up to boys, and ballads,
 The scorn of footmen, a disgrace more black
 Than bastard, go to the Colonel

Bos I will, my lord

Lord R But now, I think of't, 'twill be necessary
 That first you right my honour with the lady
 You shall carry a letter, you will do't?

Bos I'll carry any thing

Lord R Expect it presently

Bos Such another conjuring will make me

[*Exit*]

Believe I am illegitimate indeed
 This came from keeping company with the blades
 From whom I learnt to roar and run away
 I know 'tis a base thing to be a coward
 But ev'ry man's not born to be a Hercules
 Some must be beat that others may be valiant [exit

SCENE II

*Enter ROSAMOND and HONORIA whispering SIR MARVADUAC
 and SIR AMBROSIO follow in*

Ros Let it be so they will else be troublesome

Mar This cannot I hope displease you lady 'tis
 No new affection I protest although
 This be the first occasion I took
 To express it [to Rosamond

Ros You did ill in the expression
 Although your bashfulness would not permit you
 To speak in your own cause you might have sent
 Your meaning I can make a shift to read
 A scurvy hand but I shall tell you sir

Mar Pr'ythee do

Hon Is't possible your heart hath been tormented
 In love's flame and I the cause? [to Sir Ambrose

Amb Your beauty hath the power
 To melt a Scythian's bo'om those divine
 Beams would make soft the earth when rugged winter
 Hath seal'd the crannies up with frost your eye
 Will make the frigid region temperate
 Should you but smile upon't account it then

No wonder if it turn my breast to ash -

Ros I see you are in love by your mention,*
And, 'cause I pity a gentleman should lose
His passion, I'll acquaint you with a secret

[*she whispers to Sir Marmaduke*]

Mar The lady Honoria ?

Ros What misfortune 'twas
You did not first apply yourself to her
That in reward your love, and hath a heart
Spacious to entertain you, she does love you
Upon my knowledge, strangely, and so
Commends you in your absence

Mar Say you so, lady ?

Pardon, I beseech you, the affliction
I profess to your ladyship, 'twas but
A compliment, I am sorry, I protest

Ros Oh, 'tis excus'd, sir, but I must tell you,
Perhaps you will not find her now so tractable,
Upon the apprehension she was slighted,
But to prescribe you confidence were to
Suspect your art, and bold discretion

Hon 'Tis as I tell you, sir - no lady in
The world can speak more praises of your body
She knows not yet your mind [to *Sir Ambrose*]

Amb Is't possible ?

Hon And yet because she saw your compliments
Directed so unhappily to me,
I know not how you'll find her on the sudden,

* A line seems to be wanting here

But tis not half an hour since you possest
The first place in her thoughts

Amb Shall I presume

You will excuse the love I did present
Your ladyship? it was not from my heart
I hope you will conceive so

Hon A slight error

Amb I am ashamed of't

Hon 'Tis sufficient

That you recant no more neglect

[*Sir Ambrose addresses Rosamond*]

Ros You are pleasant

Amb Be you so too I'll justify thou shalt
Have cause

Ros To wonder at you what's your meaning sir?

Amb Sweet lady

What thoughts make sad your brow? I have observ'd
Your eyes shoot clearer light

Ros You are deceiv'd
I am not melancholy

Amb Be for ever banish'd
The imagination of what can happen
To cloud so rare a beauty! you're in love

Ros In love! who told you so?

Amb But that's no wonder
We all may love but you have only power
To conquer where you place affection
And triumph o'er your wishes

Hon [*To Sir Marmaduke*] I love you! you're strangely
sir mistaken

Put your devices on some other lady

I've been so far from any affection to you
That I have laboured, I confess, t'unsettle
The opinion of my lady Rosamond,

Who, I confess, loves you, and that extremely

Man How! she love me? then I have made fine work

Hon What cunning she is mistress of, to hide
Her strange affections, or what power she has,
She does [not] fly into your arms, I know not

Ros [*To Sir Ambrose*] Are you so dull?
Why, this was but to try your constancy,
I've heard her swear you are the prop'rest knight,
The very Adonis, why, she has got your picture,
And made it the only saint within her closet
I blush at your credulity

Amb Is't e'en so?

I have undone myself with her already,
Pardon me, gentle madam, I must leave you

Ros With all my heart

Hon We are reliev'd, [*aside to Rosamond*]

Enter MONSIEUR LE FRISKE

Monsieur Le Friske

Le Fris *Tres humble serviteur, madame,* me sweat with
de hast to wait upon your ladyships, I pray, give me de
leve dispatch presently, for I must figaries to be done

Ros Gentlemen, let your passions breathe awhile,
A little music may correct the error,
And you may find yourselves

Le Fris *Allez*

Amb With all my heart, Sir Maimaduke, let's help

To exercise the ladies

Mar A good motion

Le Fris And begar noting in the world mor profet
your body den de motion *à la mode de France*

Mar I am for any frisk

Le Fris Ha! de frisk you jump upon my name and
begar you have my nature to de right hey and all de world
is but frisk

Hon A country dance then

Le Fris Ah *monsieur madame! alle.* [they dance
Fort bon tres excellent begar! so I crave your patience
madame gentlemen you be at de ball *ma foi* you see dat
was never in dis world

Ros What *monsieur?*

Le Fris What do you think dat is? me tell you begar
you see me play de part of de Cupid

Hon A French Cupid?

Le Fris Begar French Cupid why? dere is no love like
de French love dat is Cupid love is hot and de French
is hot

Ros How comes it to pass that you are to play Cupid
monsieur?

Le Fris My lord give me cominand me have device and
de masque for de ladies and me no trust little jacknape to
play young Cupid but myself

Hon Cupid is a child you have a beard *monsieur*

Le Fris Me care not de haire for dat begar de little
god may have de little beard Venus his moder have de
mole and Cupid her shuld may have de black mussell

Hon But *monsieur* we read Cupid was fair and

You are black, how will that agree ?

Le Fris Cupid is fair, and *monsieur* is black, why, *monsieur* is black den, and Cupid is fair, what is dat ? a fair lady love de servant of de black complexion de *bon air*, the colour is not de mush, Vulcan was de blacksmith, and Cupid may be de black gentleman, his son legitimate

Amb 'Tis the way to make Cupid, the boy, no bastard

Le Fris But do you no publish this invention, me meet you at de ball, arm'd with quiver and de bow

Hon You will not shoot us, I hope you'll spare our hearts

Le Fris Begar, me shit you if me can, and your arts shall bleed one, two, tree gallon, *adieu, madame, serviteur, gentlemen, tres humble [serviteu]*

Amb Adieu, *monsieur* ! Now, madam, with your favour, I must renew my suit

Hon You'd better buy a new one,
Nay, then we shall be troubled [*exit*]

Amb You'll withdraw,
I'll follow you [*exit*]

Mar Come, come, I know you love me

Ros You may enlarge your folly, my dear knight,
But I have pardoned you for love already [*exit*]

Mar This shall not serve your turn, I came hither
Not to be jeer'd, and one of you shall love me [*exit*]

SCENE III

Enter BOSTOCK, LADY LUCINA, and SCUTILLA

Luc O impudence ! dares he return ?

Scu It seems so

Bos Most gracious madam my cousin your lord
Rainebow *

Commends himself in black and white [*gives her a letter*

Luc To me?

Bos D ye think tis from myself?

Scu You might have done t in black and blue

Bos Scutilla how does thy poor soul? thou
Hast no husband nor children to commend me to

Scu The poor soul s well I hope your body is
Recover'd does not your left cheek burn still?
We have so talk d of you

Luc reads — I am sorry any gentleman that has
relation to me hould be so forgetful of your honour and
his own but though he have forfeited opinion let me
continue innocent in your thoughts I have sent you a
small jewel to expiate my offence for commending him
I expect your ladyship at the ball whert you shall make
many happy to kiss your hand and in their number the
true admirer of your virtues

RAINEBOW

My lord is honorable

Bos A slight jewel madam

[*he presents a set of diamonds*

O th prese t d the tw f ll wing occas in wh h th am f th
l d occurs h i called Lord Lo eall. H i ge rally t od ced as th
Lo d b t twice in th preceeding ce es h i called Lord Rai bow Th
d tity f h double-named lordship u q esti nabl Th sam sort f
m tak mad i th first sce f ct V wher Sur Ambros d S
At mnd k re called S L nel and S Steph

Luc I am his servant

Bos Nay, faith! my lord is right, I have not met
The Colonel since you know when

Scu You have more reason to remember

Bos I would be so bold to ask you a question

Luc In the mean time give me leave, we are none
But friends I know you're valiant

Bos No, no, you do not know't, but I know myself

Scu That's more

Luc But will you answer me? why did not you strike
him again?

Scu That might have caus'd blood

Bos You're r'the right

Luc You did not fear him?

Bos But blood is not alike, terms were not even,
If I had killed him there had been an end

Luc Of him

Bos Right, madam, but, if he had wounded me,
He might have kill'd, heaven knows, how many

Scu Strange!

Bos D'ye not conceive it? so many drops of mine,
So many gentlemen, nay, more, who knows
Which of these might have been a knight, a lord

Luc Perhaps a prince

Bos Princes came from the blood,
And should I hazard such a severation
Against a single life? 'tis not I fear
To fight with him by these hilts, but what wise gamester
Will venture a hundred pounds to a flaw'd sixpence?

Scu Madam the Colonel

Bos An he were ten Colonels I ll not endure his company

Sweet lady you and I ll retire

Scu An you were less honorable

Bos He should not seek me then

Scu He should rather hardly find you I m your servant

[*exeunt Scutilla and Bostock*]

Enter COLONEL

Luc I was wishing for you sir —

Your judgment of the e diamonds

Col The stones are pretty

Luc They were a lord s sent me for a token

You cannot chuse but know him the lord Rainbow

Col So so so I am like to speed

Luc Is not he a pretty gentleman?

Col And are you sure he s honest?

Luc As lords go now a days that are in fashion

But cry you mercy you have put me in mind

I did propound a business to you sir

Col And I came prepar'd to answer you

Luc Tis very well I ll call one to be a witness

Col That was not I remember in our covenant

You shall not need

Luc I ll fetch you a book to swear by

Col Let it be *Venus and Adonis* then

Or Ovid s wanton Elegies Aristotle s

Problems Guy of Warwick or Sir Bevis

Or if there be a play book you love better

I'll take my oath upon your epilogue

Luc You're very merry, well, swear how you please

Col In good time,

You do expect now I should swear I'm honest?

Luc Yes, sir, and 'tis no hard condition,

If you reflect upon my promise

Col What?

Luc To marry you, which act must make you lord
Of me and my estate, a round possession,
Some men have gone to hell for a less matter

Col But I will not be damn'd for twenty thousand
Such as you are, had every one a million,
And I the authority of a parliament
To marry with ye all, I would not buy
This flesh, now I have sworn

Luc I think so, Colonel
Bless me! twenty thousand wives! 'twould ne'er
Come to my turn, and you'd not live to give
The tithe benevolence

Col They would find pages, fools, or gentlemen ushers

Luc Then, upon the matter,
You being not willing, sir, to take your oath,
I may be confident you are not honest

Col Why, look upon me, lady, and consider
With some discretion, what part about me
Does look so tame you should suspect me honest,
How old d'ye think I am?

Luc I guess at thirty

Col Some in the world doubted me not so much,
At thirteen I was ever plump and forward,

My dry nurse swore at seven I kiss'd like one
Of five and twenty setting that aside
What's my profession?

Luc A soldier

Col So —examine a whole army and find
One soldier that hates a handsome woman!
We cannot march without our law and baggage
And it's possible when we come where women's pride
And all temptation to wantonness abounds
We should lose our activity? *

Luc You soldiers are brave fellows

Col When we have our pay
We vow no chastity till we marry lady
'Tis out of fashion indeed with gentlemen
To be honest and of age together 'tis sufficient
We can provide to take our pleasures to
Without infection a sound body is
A treasure I can tell you yet if that
Would satisfy you I should make no scruple
To swear but otherwise you must pardon us
As we must pardon you

Luc Us sir!

Col Yes you; as if you ladies had not your vagaries
And martial discipline as well as we
Your outworks and redoubts your court of guard
Your sentries and perdues sallies retreats

* The present arrangement of this speech differs from the quarto, in which
I conceive it is incorrectly printed

Parties, and stratagems , women are all honest,
Yes, yes, exceeding honest , let me ask you
One question , I'll not put you to your oath ,
I do allow you Hyde Park and Spring Garden
You have a recreation called the ball,
A device transported hither by some ladies
That affect tennis , what d'ye play a set ?
There's a foul racket kept under the line,
Strange words are bandied, and strange revels, madam

Luc The world imagines so

Col Nay, you're all talk'd of

Luc But if men had more wit and honesty,
They would let fall their stings on something else ,
This is discours'd, but when corantos* fail,
Or news at ordinaries, when the phlegmatic Dutch
Have ta'en no fisher boats, or our coal ships land
Safe at Newcastle, you're fine gentlemen
But, to conclude of that we met for , your honesty,
Not justified by an oath, as I expected,
Is now suspended , will you swear yet ?

Col Why, I thought you had been a Christian widow ,
Have I not told you enough , you may meet one
Will forfeit his conscience, and please you better,
Some silk-worm of the city, or the court ,
There be enough will swear away their soul
For your estate, but I have no such purpose
The wars will last, I hope

* A coranto is a quick dance

Iuc So o Scutilla!

Enter SCUTILLA

You were present when I promised the Colonel
To be his wife upon condition
He could secure my opinion by his oath
That he was honest I am bound in honour
Not to go back you've done it I am yours sir
Be you a witness to this solemn contract

Col Are you in earnest lady? I have not sworn

Iuc You have given better truth

He that can make this conscience of an oath
Assures his honesty

Col In mind

Iuc What's past

I question not if for the time to come
Your love be virtuous to me

Col Most religious

Or let me live the soldiers dishonour
And die the scorn of gentlemen I have not
Space enough in my heart to entertain thee

Iuc Is not this better than swearing?

Col I confess it

Iuc Now I may call you husband

Col No title can more honour me

Iuc If't please you I'll shew you then my children

Col How! your children?

Iuc I have six that call me mother

Col Hast faith?

Iuc The elder may want softness to acknowledge you

But some are young enough, and may be counsell'd
To ask your blessing, does this trouble you?

Col Trouble me? no, but it is the first news, lady,
Of any children

Luc Nay, they are not like
To be a burthen to us, they must trust
To their own portions left them by their father

Col Where?

Luc But of my estate I cannot keep
Any thing from them, and I know you are
So honest, you'd not wish me wrong the orphans,
'Tis but six thousand pound in money, Colonel,
Among them all, beside some trifling plate
And jewels worth a thousand more

Col No more?

Luc My jointure will be firm to us, two hundred
Per annum

Col Is it so? and that will keep
A country house, some half-a-dozen cows,
We shall have cheese and butter-milk, one horse
Will serve me and your man to ride to markets

Luc Can'st be content to live i'the country, Colonel?

Col And watch the pease, look to the hay, and talk
Of oats and stubble, I have been brought up to't,
And, for a need, can thrash

Luc That will save somewhat

Col I'the year, beside my skill in farrowing pigs
O 'tis a wholesome thing to hold the plough,
And wade up to the calf i'the dirty furrows
Worse than sleeping in a trench or quagmire,

You have not heard me whistle yet

Luc No indeed

Col Why there's it she does counterfeit Well lady
Be you in jest or earnest this is my
Resolution I'll marry you and you'd forty children
And not a foot of land to your jointure heaven
Will provide for us and we do our endeavours
Where be the children? come how many boys?

Luc As many as you can get sir

Col How?

Luc No more

Since you're so noble know I tried your patience
And now I am confirm'd my estate is yours
Without the weight of children or of debts
Love me and I repent not

Col Say'st thou so?

I would we had a priest here

Luc There remains to take away one scruple

Col Another gimcrack?

Luc I have none 'tis your doubt sir
And ere we marry you shall be convinc'd
Some malice has corrupted your opinion
Of that we call the ball

Col Your dancing business

Luc I will entreat your company to-night
Where your own eyes shall lead you to accuse
Or vindicate our fames

Col With all my heart

Sen Madam Mr Bostock

Expects within

Luc You shall be reconcil'd to him

Col With Bostock? willingly, then to the ball,
Which, for your sake, I dare not now suspect,
Where union of hearts such empire brings,
Subjects, methinks, are crown'd as well as kings [*exunt*

ACT V SCENE I

Enter LI IRISK, and SERVANTS with perfumes

Le Fris Bon, fort bon, here a little, dere a little more
My lord hire dis house of the city merchant, begar, it
smell musty, and he will have all sweet for de ladies per-
fume, perfume every corner presently, for dere is purpose
to make all smoke anon, begar

Enter LADY ROSAMOND, HONORIA, and IRLSHWATER

Tres humble serviteur, madame!

Hon Where is my lord?

Le Fris He wait on you presently, —Monsieur de Fresh-
water

Fris Monsieur Le Friske, these ladies were pleas'd
To command my attendance hither

Le Fris Welcome to de ball, *par ma foi*, you pardon,
monsieur, I have much trouble in my little head, I can no
stay to complement, *a votre service!* [*exit*

Fris In all my travels, I have not seen a more

Convenient structure

Ros Now you talk of your travels signior till my lord

Come you shall do us a special favour to
Discourse what passages you have seen abroad

Hon Were you ever abroad before signior?

Fres I hardly ever was at home and yet
All countries to the wise man are his own
Did you never travel ladies?

Ros We are no ladies errant tis enough
For such as you that look for state employment

Fres Yet there be ladies have your languages
And married to great men prove the better statesmen

Ros We have heard talk of many countries

Fres And you may hear talk but give me the man
That has measur'd them talk's but talk

Hon Have you seen a fairer city than London?

Fres London is nothing—

Ros How nothing?

Fres To what it will be a hundred years hence

Ros I have heard much talk of Paris

Hon You have been there I'm sure

Enter LORD RAINBOW

Fres I tell you madam I took shipping at
Gravesend and had no sooner past
The Cantons and Grisons making some stay
In the Valteline but I came to Paris a pretty
Hamlet and much in the situation like Dunstable
Tis in the province of Alcontara some three leagues

Distant from Seville, from whence we have our oranges

Lord R Is the fellow mad?

Ros I have heard Seville is in Spain

Fies You may hear many things,

The people are civil that live in Spain, or there

May be one town like another, but if Seville

Be not in France, I was never at Seville in my life

Hon Proceed, sir

Fres Do not I know Paris? it was built by the youngest
son

Of king Priam, and was call'd by his name, yet some

Call it Lutetia, because the gentlewomen there

Play so well upon the lute

Lord R What a rascal is this!

Fres Here I observ'd many remarkable buildings, as the
University, which some call the Louvre, where the
Students made very much of me, and carried me
To the Bear-garden, where I saw a play on the
Bank-side, a very pretty comedy, call'd Match me
In London

Ros Is't possible?

Fies But there be no such comedians as we have here,
Yet the women are the best actors, they play
Their own parts, a thing much desir'd in England
By some ladies, inns o'court gentlemen, and others,
But that, by the way

Hon See, sir

Fies I had staid longer there, but I was offended with a
Villainous scent of onions, which the wind brought from
St Omers

Ros Onions would make you sleep well

Fres But the scent is not to be endur'd I smelt
Of em when I came to Rome and hardly scap'd the
Inquisition for't

Hon Were you at Rome too signior?

Fres 'Tis in my way to Venice I'll tell you madam I
was very

Loth to leave their country

Ros Which country?

Fres Where was I last?

Hon In France

Fres Right for I had a very good inn where mine
ho t

Was a notable good fellow and a cardinal

Ros How a cardinal? O impudence!

Fres Oh the catches we sang! and his wife a pretty
woman

And one that warms a bed one o the best in Europe

Hon Did you ever hear the like?

Ros I did before suspect him

Fres But mine host —

Hon The cardinal?

Fres Right — had a shrewd pate and his ears were
omething

Of the longest for one upon the oath of a w——

Walloon that —— from Spain to the Low

Countries and the other from Lapland into Germany

Ros Say you so?

Fres A parlous head and yet loving to his guest
As mine host Bankes as red in the gills and as merry

A , but anger him, and he sets all Christendom
 Together by the ears Well, shortly after I left
 France, and sailing along the Alps, I came to
 Lombardy, where I left my cloak, for it was very
 Hot travelling, and went a pilgrimage to Rome,
 Where I saw the tombs, and a play in Pompey's
 Theatre, here I was kindly entertain'd by an anchorite,
 In whose chamber I lay, and drank cider

Lord R Nav, now he is desperate

Hon Do not interrupt him

Fies What should I trouble you with many stories?
 From hence

I went to Naples, a soft kind of people, and cloth'd
 In silk, from thence I went to Florence, from whence we
 Have the art of working custards, which we call
 Florentines, Milan, a rich state of
 Haberdashers, Piedmont, where I had excellent venison.
 And Padua, famous for the pads, or easy saddles,
 Which our physicians ride upon, and first brought from
 Thence when they commenc'd doctor

Ros Very good

Fies I saw little in Mantua beside dancing upon the
 ropes,

Only their strong beer, better than any I .
 Ever drank at the Trumpet, but Venice, of all
 The Champaign countries, do not mistake, they are the
 Valiantest gentlemen under the sun

Ros Is that it?

Fies O the Catanzers* we turn'd there!

* Probably a mis print for *Corte-anas*

Hon Who was with you?

Fres Two or three magnificos grandees of the state
We tickled them in the very R alto by the same
Token two or three English spies told us they had lain
Lieger three months to steal away the Piatzo and ship
It for Covent Garden a pretty fabric and building
Upon the — but I was compell'd to make
Short stay here by reason of the Duke's concubine
Fell in love with me gave me a ring of his out of
A solid diamond which afterwards I lost washing my
Hands in the salt water

Hon You should have fish'd for't and had as good
luck as
She that found her wedding ring in the
Haddock's belly

Fres No there was no staying I took post horse
presently
For Genoa and from thence to Madrid and so to
The Netherlands

Ros And how sped you among the Dutch?

Fres Why we were drunk every day together they get
their
Living by it

Hon By drinking?

Fres And making bargains in their tippling
The Jews are innocent nay the devil himself
Is but a dunce to them of whose trade they are

Hon What's that?

Fres They fish they fish still who can help it? they
Have nets enough and may catch the Province

In time, then let the kingdoms look about them,
 They can't be idle, and they have one advantage
 Of all the world, they'll have no conscience to trouble
 Them I heard it whisper'd they want butter, they have
 A design to charm the Indies, and remove their
 Dairy, but that, as a secret, shall go no further
 I caught a surfeit of boar in Holland, upon my
 Recovery I went to Flushing, where I met with a handsome
 Frow, with whom I went to Middleborough, by the
 And left her drunk at Rotterdam, there I took
 Shipping again for France, from thence to Dover,
 From Dover to Gravesend, from Gravesend to Queen-
 Hithe, and from thence to what I am come to

Lord R And, noble signior, you are very welcome

Fres I hope he did not over-hear me

Lord R I am much honour'd, ladies, in your presence

Fres Absence had been a sin, my lord, where you
 Were pleas'd to invite

Enter MONSIEUR LE FRISKE

Le Fris Fie, fie, my lord, give me one care

[he whispers with Lord Rameboir]

Lord R Interrupt me no more, good monsieur

Fres Monsieur Le Friske, a word, a word, I beseech
 you,

No *excusez moi* *[exit Freshwater and Le Friske]*

Lord R Have you thought, ladies, of your absent ser-
 vant?

Within whose heart the civil war of love—

Ros May end in a soft peace

Lord R Excellent lady!

Hon We had armies too my lord of wounded thoughts

Lord R And are you agreed to which I must devote
My loving service? and which is wisest fairest?
Is it concluded yet?

Hon You did propound
A hard province and we could not
Determine as you expected but if
Your flame be not extinct we have devis'd
Another way

Lord R You make my ambition happy
And indeed I was thinking twas impossible
That two such beauties should give place to either
And I am still that humble votary
To both your loves

Ros Then this we have made lots
That what we cannot fate may soon divide
And we are fix'd to obey our destiny
There are but two one and your wishes guide you

Lord R And will you satisfy my chance?

Hon We should
Be else unjust

Lord R What method shall we use?

Ros Your hat my lord
If you vouchsafe the favour

Hon Dare you expose your head to the air so long?

Lord R Most willingly put in

Ros There is fortune

Hon That draw which quickly tells how much I love
you

Lord R So, so, now let me see, I commend your device,
Since I am incapable of both,
This is a way indeed, but your favour

Ros Let's have fair play, my lord

Lord R What fool is he,
That, having the choice of mistresses, will be
Confin'd to one, and rob himself? I am yet
The favorite of both, this is no policy,
I could make shift with both a-bed

Ros You are merry

Lord R In troth, and so I am, and in the mind
I am in, will give myself no cause to the contrary
D'ye see? I'll draw you both

Hon How ' both?

Lord R You cannot otherwise be reconcil'd,
I'll be content to marry one, and do
Service to the other's petticoat, I must tell you,
I am not without precedent

Hon There you triumph

Lord R Within the name of Venus ha! a blank
By this light ' nothing, neither name nor mark

Both Ha, ha, ha!

Lord R This is a riddle yet

Ros 'Tis quickly solv'd
Your lordship was too confident,
We never were at such a loss, my lord,
As, with the hazard of our wit or honour,
To court you with so desperate affection

Hon By our example know, some ladies may
Commend, nay, love a gentleman, and yet

Be safe in their own thoughts and see as far
 A modesty and honour will allow us
 We are still servants to your lordship

Lord R Say so? why look you ladies that you may
 perceive

How I can be temperate too first I thank you
 Heartily and to recompense your wit
 Present another lottery you shall not
 Suspect I have a thought that will betray
 Your innocence to scandal let me entreat
 You take your chance too this for you madam
 And this is left your fortune do me honour
 To wear these pair of jewels for my sake
 So with a confidence of your happy pardon
 To what is past hereafter I shall pay
 To your true virtues better service than
 So unnecessary trials

Ros And to shew

We are not coy my lord we'll wear your jewels

Lord R And be their ornament

Enter LUCINA COLONEL BOSTOCK and FRESHWATER

Col All happiness to your lordship!

Your crewels are not full set noble ladies

Lord R Your presence will soon make us active madam
 I was bold

Bos She has your diamond my lord

Lord R And can you pardon?

Bos Nay nay we are friends are
 We not madam?

Luc I were else unmerciful

Bos The Colonel too has given me satisfaction

Col I think you had enough

Bos As much as I desir'd, and here's my hand,
While I can draw a sword, command me—

Col What?

Bos To put it up again, all friends, all friends!
A pox of quarrelling!

Col I kiss your hand, sir

Bos Kiss my hand, kiss my noble ladies here

Col Why is music silent all this while?

Has it no voice to bid these ladies welcome?

[a golden ball descends]

Enter VENUS, CUPID, and DIANA

Ven Come, boy, now draw thy powerful bow,

Here are ladies' hearts enow

To be transfix'd, this meeting is

To ruffle ladies, and to kiss

These are my orgies, from each eye

A thousand wanton glances fly,

Lords and ladies of the game,

Each breast be full of my own flame

Why shoots not Cupid? these are all

Met in honour of my ball,

Which Paris gave to Ida hill,

I'll maintain these revels still

Why stays Cupid all this while?

Dia Venus doth herself beguile

Ven Diana here? go back again

Break, or rebound in my own face,
 Mother, fly hence, or you will be,
 If you'll stay, made as chaste as she

Pen Can her magick charm them so?

Then 'tis time that Venus go,
 To seek her own more choice delight
 Against my will, enjoy this night

Dia Cupid, if you mean to stay,
 Throw your licentious shafts away,
 Then you are Love, then be embrac'd,
 Love is welcome while he's chaste
 Now some other strain, to show
 What pleasures to this night we owe

[*a dance*]

Enter BARKER, like a Satyr, dancing

Fres My lord, my ladies, will you see a monster?
 I have not met such another in all my travels

Luc What have we here, a satyr?

Bos No, 'tis a dancing bear

Lord R What is the device?

Bar Wonder that a satyr can
 Put off wildness, and turn man,
 Love such miracles can do
 But this owes itself to you,
 Bright lady

Ros Keep the goblin from me, gentlemen

Bar You'll know me

All Barker

Bar No more the cynick, I protest,
 You have converted me

Ros Your meaning sir?

Bar I am the man you did encourage madam
To learn to dance I shall do better shortly
Your love will perfect me and make me soft
And smooth as any reveller

Ros Ha ha ha! my love! I am not mad to love a satyr
For that's thy best condition Judge men all
How scurrily this civility shews in him!

Faith! rail and keep your humour still it shews excellent;

Does he not become the beast?
The lords allow you pension

All Ha ha ha!

Bar You are a witch I'll justify it and there is not
One honest thought among the whole sex of you
Dye laugh loose witted ladies? there are not
In hell such furies that's a comfort yet
To him that shall go thither; he shall have
Less torment after death than he finds here

Lord R Why Barker?

Bar Your wit has got the squirt too I'll traduce
Your ball for this and if there be a poet
That dares write mischief look to be worse
Than executed

[*exit*

Lord R He will come to himself again when he hath
purg'd

Freshwater!

[*takes him aside*

Enter SIR MARMADUKE and SIR AMBROSE.

Mar Madam your servants beg this favour from you

Ros What is't ?

Man That, since your resolutions will admit
No change of hearts, you will not publish how
We have been jeer'd

Ros Not jeer'd, but you came on so desperate

Hon We love our own, when we preserve
Gentlemen's honour

Col Then let's toss the ball

Lord R Signior Freshwater

Fres Mercy and silence, as you are honorable !

Lord R May it concern these gentlemen :

Fres Why, if I must—gentlemen, you imagine I have
been

At Venice, but I stand at Grave-end
All this summer, expecting a wind, and finding it
So uncertain, will defer the voyage till the spring,
I am not the first whom the winds and seas have cross'd

Mar Then you have cross'd no sea ?

Fres If you please, I'll require
But my principal, and, for your good company,
I'll stay at home for good, and all to be merry

Lord R Nay, nay, you shall go your voyage
We would not have you lose the benefit
Of travel when you come home, you may summon
Your debtors by a drum, and, shewing your bag
Of certificates—

Bos Receive your money when you can get it, and be
Knighted

Fres I thank you, gentlemen, I am in a way, now,
I have sold my land, and put out my money,

To live I see my heart will not dance to night
I may to Grave end in the morning
I can be but pickl d in salt water and I'll
Venture one drowning to be reveng d
Again again set set

[a dince

Luc What think you of all this?

Col To my wishes an innocent and generous recreation

Lord R Ladies and gentlemen now a banquet waits you
Be pleas d to accept twill give you breath and then
Renew our revels and to the ball again

Exeunt

THE END

LONDON

Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch Street

THE
RAPE OF LUCRECE

A TRAGEDY

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HEYWOOD

LONDON

PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWIN NEWGATE STREET

MDCCCXIV

LONDON

Printed by D S Maurice, Fenchurch street.

TO THE READER

It hath been no custom in me of all other men courteous reader to commit my Plays to the press the reason though some may attribute to my own insufficiency—I had rather subscribe in that to their severe censure than by seeking to avoid the imputation of weakness to incur greater suspicion of honesty for though some have used a double sale of their labours first to the stage and after to the press for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first and never guilty of the last yet since some of my Plays have unknown to me and without any of my direction accidentally come into the printer's hands and therefore so corrupt and mangled copied only by the ear that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them this therefore I was the willinger to furnish out in his native habit first being by consent next because the rest have been so wronged in being published in such savage and ragged ornaments Accept it courteous gentlemen and prove as favorable readers as we have found you gracious auditors

Your's

T H

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Is a sort of dramatic monster in the construction of which every rule of propriety is violated and all grace and symmetry are set at defiance. The author one would suppose must have produced it when in a state of inebriety in which a man of genius may frequently amidst strange and foolish things give birth to poetical and impassioned conceptions. The diminished characters of Roman story are in this play really infected with the madness which Brutus only assumes. But with an exuberance of buffoonery and conceits are mingled a considerable portion of poetry and some powerful scenes. Upon the whole this singular composition with all its absurdities contains so much that is really excellent that it is well worthy of forming a part of this collection.

Of *The Rape of Lucrece* five editions have been published viz —first edition in 1603 —second in 1609 —third date unknown —fourth in 1630 —and fifth in 1638. Copies of the first and second editions are exceedingly scarce and no copy of the third is we believe known to exist. In the present reprint the fifth edition which contains several additional songs omitted in the others has been chiefly followed but from the first which we have had the opportunity of consulting we have been enabled to supply two lines which are wanting in the two last editions and to make one or two other emendations. To the fourth and fifth editions are appended two songs which were ‘ added by the

stranger that lately acted Valerius his part!" but they are so utterly contemptible, that they are now omitted

The text is not so corrupt as in some of the old quartos, but there is scarcely a page in which the metre did not require a re-arrangement of some of the lines

ADDENDA

In consequence of the Editor not being able to obtain a sight of the first edition, until great part of the present one had been printed, a few emendations and various readings, which would have been noticed in their proper place, are, on that account, added here

- | | | | |
|------|---------|----------------------|--|
| p 1 | line 7 | In the first edition | And I am Tullia |
| p 2 | line 8 | ib. | Sworn <i>fervor</i> |
| p 92 | line 7 | ib. | Is <i>hanked</i> the nest, &c |
| p 99 | line 10 | ib | Balance our cause, and let the innocent blood
Of ripe stung Lucrece, crown with death and horror
The heads, &c |

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

A TRUE ROMAN TRAGEDY

WITH THE SEVERAL SONGS IN THEIR APPT PLACES, BY
VALERIUS THE MERRY LORD AMONG THE ROMAN PEERS

THE COPY REVISED

A DRY DRY SONGS BEFORE OMITTED NOW INSERTED IN
THEIR RIGHT PLACES

CTED BY H. M. J. TY' BY NTS AT THE R. P. L.

The Fifth Impression

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HEYWOOD

LONDON

PRINTED BY JOHN RAWORTH FOR NATHANIEL BUTLER

1638

PERSONS REPRESENTED

SERVIUS KING of Rome

TARQUIN THE PROUD.

ARUNS } Sons of Tarquin
SEXTUS }

JUNIUS BRUTUS

COLLATINE

HORATIUS COCLES

MUTIUS SCÆVOLA

PUBLIUS VALERIUS

LUCRETIUS

PORSENNA King of the Tuscans

PORSENNA'S SECRETARY

THE PRIEST OF APOLLO

THE CLOWN

TULLIA Wife of Tarquin

LUCRETIA Wife of Collatine

MIRABELL Lucretia's Maid

Senators Sentinels Servants &c

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

ACT I SCENE I

Enter TARQUIN THE PROUD TULLIA and ATTENDANTS

Jul WITHDRAW we must have private conference
With our dear husband *[Attendants withdraw]*

Tar What wouldst thou wife?

Tul Be what I am not make thee greater far
Than thou canst aim to be

Tar Why I am Tarquin

Tul And I Tullia what of that?

What diaspsons more in Tarquin's name
Than in a subject's? or what's Tullia
More in the sound than to become the name
Of a poor maid or waiting gentlewoman?
I am a princess both by birth and thoughts
Yet all's but Tullia there's no resonance

In a bare style my title bears no breadth,
 Nor hath it any state oh me, I'm sick !

Tar Sick, lady ?

Tul Sick at heart

Tar Why, my sweet Tullia ?

Tul To be a queen I long , long, and am sick
 With ardency my hot appetite's a fire,
 'Till my swoln fever be delivered
 Of that great title—queen , my heart's all royal ,
 Not to be circumscrib'd in servile bounds -
 While there's a king that rules the peers of Rome,
 Tarquin makes legs, and Tullia curtsies low,
 Bows at each nod, and must not near the state
 Without obeisance , oh ! I hate this awe ,
 My proud heart cannot brook it

Tar Hear me, wife !

Tul I am no wife of Tarquin's, if not king
 Oh ! had Jove made me man, I would have mounted
 Above the base tribunals of the earth,
 Up to the clouds, for pompous sovereignty
 Thou art a man , O bear my royal mind,
 Mount heaven, and see if Tullia lag behind !
 There is no earth in me , I am all fire
 Were Tarquin so, then should we both aspire

Tar Oh, Tullia, though my body taste of dulness,
 My soul is wing'd to soar as high as thine ,
 But note what flags our wings forty-five years
 The king, thy father, hath protected Rome

Tul That makes for us the people covet change ,
 E'en the best things in time grow tedious

Lar 'Twould seem unnatural in thee my Tullia
The reverend king thy father to depose

Tul A kingdom's quest makes sons and fathers foes

Tar And but by *Servius* fall we cannot climb
The helm that must anoint us is his blood

Tul Let us lave our brows then in that crimson flood;
We must be bold and dreadful who aspire
Mount by the lives of fathers sons and sires

Tar And so must I; since for a kingdom's love
Thou canst despise a father for a crown
Thy ruin shall mount *Servius* be tumbled down
For he usurps my state and first depos'd
My father in my swathed infancy

For which he shall be countant to this end
I've sounded all the peers and senators;
And though unknown to thee my Tullia
They all embrace my faction; and so they
Love change of state a new king to obey

Tul Now is my Tarquin worthy Tullia's race
Since in my arms I thus a king embrace

Lar The king should meet this day in *Arrian* not
With all the senate and estate of Rome;
His place will I assume and there proclaim
All our decrees in royal Tarquin's name

[*flourish*]

Enter *SEXTUS* *ARLUS* *LUCRETIA* *VALERIUS* *COLLATINUS*
and *SERVATORES*

Luc May it please thee noble Tarquin to attend
The king this day in the high Capitol?

Tul Attend?

Tar We intend this day to see the Capitol
You knew our father, good Lucietius ?

Luc I did, my lord

Tar Was not I his son ?
The queen, my mother, was of royal thoughts
And pure heart, as unblemish'd innocence

Luc What asks my lord ?

Tar Sons should succeed their fathers, but anon
You shall hear more, high time that we were gone

[flourish, exeunt all but Collatine and Valerius]

Col There's moral sure in this, Valerius
Here's model, yea, and matter too to breed
Strange meditations in the provident brains
Of our grave fathers, some strange project lives
This day in cradle that's but newly born

Val No doubt, Collatine, no doubt, here's a giddy
and drunken world it reels, it hath got the staggers,
the commonwealth is sick of an ague, of which nothing
can cure her but some violent and sudden affrightment

Col The wife of Tarquin would be a queen, nay, of my
life, she is with child till she be so

Val And longs to be brought to bed of a kingdom, I
divine, we shall see some scuffling to-day in the Capitol

Col If there be any difference among the princes, and
senate, whose faction will Valerius follow ?

Val Oh, Collatine, I am a true citizen, and in this I will
best shew myself to be one, to take part with the strongest
If Servius o'ercome, I am liegeman to Servius, and if Tar-
quin subdue, I am for *vivat Tarquinus* !

Col Valerius, no more, this talk does but keep us from

the sight of this solemnity by this the princes are entering the Capitol come ' we must attend [exunt

SCENE II

Enter TARQUIN JULIA SEXTUS ARUNS and LUCRETIVS one way
BRUTUS meeting them the other way very humorously

Tar This place is not for fools this parliament
Assembles not the strains of idiotism
Only the grave and wisest of the land
Important are the affairs we have in hand
Hence with that mome

Luc Brutus forbear the presence

Bru Forbear the presence ' why pray ?

Sex None are admitted to this grave concourse
But wise men nay good Brutus

Bru You ll have an empty parliament then

Aru Here is no room for fools

Bru Then what mak'st thou here or he or he ? oh Jupiter ! if this command be kept strictly we shall have empty benches get you home you that are here for here will be nothing to do this day a general concourse of wise men ! twas never seen since the first chaos Tarquin if the general rule have no exceptions thou wilt have an empty consistory

Jul Brutus you trouble us

Bru How powerful am I you Roman deities that are able to trouble her that troubles a whole empire ? fools exempted and women admitted ! laugh Democritus ! but have you nothing to say to mad men ?

Tar Madmen have here no place

Bru Then out of doors with Tarquin ' what's he that may sit in a calm valley, and will chuse to repose on a tempestuous mountain, but a madman? that may live in tranquillous pleasures, and will seek out a kingdom's cares, but a madman? who would seek innovation in a commonwealth in public, or be over-rul'd by a curs'd wife in private, but a fool or a madman? Give me thy hand, Tarquin, shall we two be dismiss'd together from the Capitol?

Tar Restrain his folly!

Tul Drive the frantic hence!

Aru Nay, Brutus

Sex Good Brutus

Bru Nay, soft, soft, good blood of the Tarquins, let's have a few cold words first, and I am gone in an instant I claim the privilege of the nobility of Rome, and, by that privilege, my seat in the Capitol I am a Lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitol as, Horatius, thine, or thine, Lucretius, thine Sextus, Aruns thine, or any here I am a Lord, an' you banish all the Lord fools from the presence, you'll have few to wait upon the king but gentlemen [*they lay hands upon him*] Nay, I am easily persuaded, then, hands off! since you will not have my company, you shall have my room

[*aside*] My room, indeed, for what I seem to be, Brutus is not, but born great Rome to free
The state is full of dropsy, and swollen big
With windy vapours, which my sword must pierce,
To purge th' infected blood, bred by the pride
Of these infected bloods [*aloud*] Nay, now I go,

Behold I vanish since tis Tarquin's mind
 One small fool goes but great fools leaves behind [Exit

Iuc 'Tis pity one so generously deriv'd
 Should be depriv'd his best enduements thus
 And want the true directions of the soul

Iar To leave these dilatory trifles lords
 Now to the public business of the land
 Lords take your several places

Luc Not great Tarquin before the king assume his
 regal throne

Whose coming we attend

Tul He's come already

Iuc The king?

Iar The king

Col Servius?

Tar Tarquinius

Iuc Servius is king

Tar He was by power divine

The throne that long since he usurp'd is mine

Here we enthrone ourselves! cathedral state

Long since detain'd us justly we resume

Then let our friends and such as love us cry

Live Tarquin! and enjoy this sovereignty!

Omnes Live Tarquin! and enjoy this sovereignty!

[flourish

Enter VALERIUS

Val The king himself with such confederate peers
 As stoutly embrace his faction being inform'd
 Of Tarquin's usurpation armed comes

Near to the entrance of the Capitol

Tar No man give place, he that dares to rise
And do him reverence, we his love despise

Enter SERVIVS, HORATIUS, SCÆVOLA, and SOLDIERS

Ser Traitor !

Tar Usurper !

Ser Descend

Tul Sit still

Ser In Servius' name, Rome's great imperial monarch,
I charge thee, Tarquin, disenthroned thyself,
And throw thee at our feet, prostrate for mercy

Hor Spoke like a king

Tar In Tarquin's name, now Rome's imperial monarch,
We charge thee, Servius, make free resignation
Of that arch'd wreath thou hast usurp'd so long

Tul Words worth an empire

Hor Shall this be brook'd, my sovereign ?
Dismount the traitor

Scæ Touch him he that dares

Hor Dares !

Tul Dares !

Ser Strumpet ! no child of mine

Tul Dotard ! and not my father

Ser Kneel to thy king

Tul Submit thou to thy queen

Ser Insufferable treason ! with bright steel
Lop down these interponents that withstand
The passage to our throne

Hor That Cocles dares

Sex We with our steel guard Tarquin and his chair

Scæ A Servius! *[they fight—Servius is slain]*

Aru A Tarquin!

Tar Now are we king indeed! our awe is builded
Upon this royal base the slaughtered body
Of a dead king we by his ruin rise
To a monarchal throne

Iul We have our longing
My father's death gives me a second life
Much better than the first my birth was evil
But this new breath of reason is large and free
Welcome my second life of sovereignty!

Luc I have a daughter but I hope of metal
Subject to better temperature should my Lucrece
Be of this pride the hands should sacrifice
Her blood unto the gods that dwell below
The abortive brat should not out live my spleen
But Lucrece is my daughter this my queen *[aside]*

Iul Tear off the crown that yet empales the temples
Of our usurping father quickly lords
And in the face of his yet bleeding wound
Let us receive our honours

Tar The same breath
Gives our state life that was th' usurper's death

Iul Here then by heaven's hand we invest ourselves
Music whose softest tones grace princes crown'd
Unto our noble coronation sound *[flourish]*

VALERIUS advances with HORATIUS and SCÆVOLA

Tar Whom doth Valerius to our state present?

Val Two valiant Romans, this, Horatius Coclès,
 This gentleman call'd Mutius Scævola,
 Who, whilst King Servius wore the diadem,
 Upheld his sway and princedom by their loves
 But he being fall'n, since all the peers of Rome
 Applaud King Tarquin in his sovereignty,
 They with like suffrage greet your coronation

Hor This hand, allied unto the Roman crown,
 Whom never fear dejected, or cast low,
 Lays his victorious sword at Tarquin's feet,
 And prostrates with that sword, allegiance
 King Servius' life we lov'd, but, he expir'd,
 Great Tarquin's life is in our hearts desir'd

Scæ Who, whilst he rules with justice and integrity,
 Shall with our dreadless hands our hearts command,
 Even with the best employments of our lives,
 Since fortune lifts thee, we submit to fate,
 Ourselves are vassals to the Roman state

Tar Your rooms were empty in our train of friends,
 Which we rejoice to see so well supplied
 Receive our grace, live in our clement favours,
 In whose submission our young glory grows
 To his ripe height fall in our friendly train,
 And strengthen with your loves our infant reign

Hor We live for Tarquin

Scæ And to thee alone, whilst justice keeps thy sword
 and thou thy throne

Tar Then are you ours, and now conduct us straight
 In triumph through the populous streets of Rome,
 To the king's palace our majestic seat,

Your hearts though freely proffer'd we entreat

[*Sennet As they march Tullia treads on her father's
body and stays*

Iul What block is that we tread on?

Luc 'Tis the body

Of your deceas'd father madam! queen!

Your shoe is crimson'd with his vital blood [aside

Iul No matter let his mangled body lie

And with his base confederates strew the streets

That in disgrace of his u'rped pride

We o'er his trunk may in our chariot ride

For mounted like a queen 'twould do me good

To wash my coach naves in my father's blood

Luc Here's a good child [aside

Tar Remove it we command

And bear his carcase to the funeral pile

Where after this dejection let it have

His solemn and due obsequies Fair Tullia

Thy hate to him grows from thy love to us

Thou showest thyself in this unnatural strife

An unkind daughter but a loving wife

But on unto our palace this blest day

A king's encrease grows by a king's decay

[*exunt all but Brutus*

Bru Murder the king! a high and capital treason

Those giants that waged war against the gods

For which th' overwhelm'd mountains hurl'd by Jove

To scatter them and give them timeless graves

Was not more cruel than this butchery

This slaughter made by Tarquin but the queen'

A woman, fie ! fie ! did not this she-parricide
 Add to her father's wounds ? and when his body
 Lay all besmear'd and stain'd in the blood royal,
 Did not this monster, this infernal hag,
 Make her unwilling charioteer drive on,
 And with his shod wheels crush her father's bones ?
 Break his craz'd skull, and dash his sparkled brains
 Upon the pavements, whilst she held the reins ?
 The affrighted sun at this abhorred object,
 Put on a mask of blood, and yet she blush'd not
 Jove, art thou just ? hast thou reward for piety,
 And for offence no vengeance ? or can'st punish
 Felons, and pardon traitors ? chastise murderers,
 And wink at parricides ? if thou be worthy,
 As well we know thou art, to fill the throne
 Of all eternity, then with that hand
 That flings the trifulk thunder, let the pride
 Of these our irreligious monarchisers
 Be crown'd in blood This makes poor Brutus mad,
 To see sin frolic, and the virtuous sad

Enter SEXTUS and ARUNS

Aru Soft ! here's Brutus, let us acquaint him with the
 news

Sev Content —now, cousin Brutus

Bru Who, I, your kinsman ? though I be of the blood of
 the Tarquins, yet no cousin, gentle prince.

Aru And why so, Brutus, scorn you our alliance ?

Bru No, I was cousin to the Tarquins, when they were
 subjects, but dare claim no kindred as they are sovereigns

Brutus is not so mad though he be merry but he hath wit enough to keep his head on his shoulders

Aru Why do you lord thus lose your hours and neither profess war nor domestic profit? The first might begot you love the other riches

Bru Because I would live have I not answered you — cause I would live fools and mad men are no rubs in the way of usurpers; the firmament can brook but one sun and for my part I must not shine I had rather live an obscure black than appear a fair white to be shot at the end of all is I would live Had Servius been a shrub the wind had not shook him or a mad man he'd not perished I covet no more wit nor employment than as much as will keep life and soul together I would but live

Aru You are satirical cousin Brutus but to the purpose the king dreamt a strange and ominous dream last night and to be resolv'd of the event my brother Sextus and I must to the Oracle

Sex And because we would be well accompanied we have got leave of the king that you Brutus shall associate us for our purpose is to make a merry journey on't

Bru So you'd carry me along with you to be your fool and make you merry

Sex Not our fool but—

Bru To make you merry I shall nay I will make you merry or tickle you till you laugh! The Oracle! I'll go to be resolv'd of some doubts private to myself nay Princes I am so much endear'd both to your loves and companies that you shall not have the power to be rid of me What limits have we for our journey?

Sex Five days, no more

Bru I shall fit me to your preparations but one thing more, goes Collatine along ?

Sex Collatine is troubl'd with the common disease of all new married men, he's sick of the wife his excuse is, forsooth, that Lucrece will not let him go, but you, having neither wife nor wit to hold you, I hope will not disappoint us

Bru Had I both, yet should you prevail with me above either

Aru We shall expect you

Bru Horatius Cocles and Mutius Scævola are not engag'd in this expedition ?

Aru No, they attend the King's farewell

Bru Lucietius stays at home too, and Valerius ?

Sex The palace cannot spare them

Bru None but we three ?

Sex We three

Bru We three, well, five days' hence

Sex You have the time, farewell

[*exunt Sextus and Aruns*]

Bru The time, I hope, cannot be circumscrib'd
Within so short a limit, Rome and I
Are not so happy, what's the reason, then,
Heaven spares his rod so long ? Mercury, tell me !
I hav't, the fruit of pride is yet but green,
Not mellow, though it grows apace, it comes not
To his full height Jove oft delays his vengeance,
That when it haps't may prove more terrible
Despair not, Brutus, then, but let thy country

And thee take this last comfort after all
 Pride when thy fruit is ripe must rot and fall !
 But to the Oracle

[*exit*]

SCENE III

Enter HORATIUS and SCÆVOLA

Hor I would I were no Roman

Scæ Cocles why ?

Hor I am discontented and dare not speak my thoughts

Scæ What ! shall I speak them for you ?

Hor Mutius do

Scæ Tarquin is proud

Hor Thou hast them

Scæ Tyrannous

Hor True

Scæ Insufferably lofty

Hor Thou hast hit me

Scæ And shall I tell thee what I prophesy
 Of his succeeding rule ?

Hor No I'll do't for thee ; Tarquin's ability will in the
 weal

Beget a weak unable impotence ;

His strength make Rome and our dominions weak ;

His soaring high make us to flag our wings

And fly close by the earth ; his golden feathers

Are of such vastness that they spread like sails

And so becalm us that we have not air

Able to raise our plumes to taste the pleasures of our own
 elements

Scæ We are one heart, our thoughts and our desires are
suitable

Hor Since he was king he bears him like a god
His wife, like Pallas, or the wife of Jove,
Will not be spoke to without sacrifice,
And homage sole due to the deities

Enter LUCRETIUS

Scæ What haste with good Iucretius

Luc Haste, but small speed
I had an earnest suit unto the king,
About some business that concerns the weal
Of Rome and us, 'twill not be listen'd to
He has took upon him such ambitious state,
That he abandons conference with his peers,
Or if he chance to endure our tongues so much,
As but to hear their sonance, he despises
The intent of all our speeches, our advices,
And counsel, thinking his own judgment only
To be approv'd in matters military,
And in affairs domestic we are but mutes,
And fellows of no parts, viols unstrung,
Our notes too harsh to strike in princes' ears
Great Jove amend it!

Hor Whither will you, my lord?

Luc No matter where, if from the court I'll home to
Collatine

And to my daughter, Lucrece home breeds safety,
Danger's begot in court, a life retain'd
Must please me now perforce then, noble Scævola,

And you my dear Horatius farewell both
Where industry is scorn'd let a welcome sloth

Enter COLLATINE

Hor Nay good Lucretius do not leave us thus
See here comes Collatine but where's Valerius?
How does he taste these times?

Col Not giddily like Brutus nor passionately
Like old Lucretius with his tear-swoln eyes;
Not laughingly like Mutius Scævola
Nor bluntly like Horatius Cocles here
He has usurp'd a stranger garb of humour
Distinct from the e in nature every way

Luc How is he relish'd? can his eyes forlorn
In this strange state to shed a passionate tear?

Scæv Can he forbear to laugh with Scævola
At that which passionate weeping cannot mend?

Hor Nay can his thought shape ought but melancholy
To see the dangerous passages of state
How is he temper'd noble Collatine?

Col Strangely he is all song he's ditty all;
Note that Valerius hath given up the court
And wend himself from the king's consistory
In which his sweet harmonious tongue grew harsh;
Whether it be that he is discontent
Yet would not so appear before the king
Or whether in applause of these new edicts
Which so distaste the people or what cause
I know not but now he's all musical
Unto the council-chamber he goes singing

And whilst the king his wilful edicts makes,
 In which none's tongue is powerful save the king's,
 He's in a corner relishing strange airs
 Conclusively, he's from a toward hopeful gentleman,
 Transhap'd to a mere ballader, none knowing
 Whence should proceed this transmutation

Enter VALERIUS

Hon See, where he comes Morrow, Valerius'

Luc Morrow, my lord'

Song—VALERIUS

When Tarquin first in court began,
 And was approved king,
 Some men for sudden joy 'gan weep,
 But I for sorrow sing

Scæ Ha, ha' how long has my Valerius
 Put on this strain of mirth, or what's the cause?

Song—VALERIUS

Let humour change and spare not,
 Since Tarquin's proud, I care not,
 His fair words so bewitch'd my delight,
 That I doted on his sight
 Now he is chang'd, cruel thoughts embracing.
 And my deserts disgracing

Hon Upon my life, he's either mad or love-sick
 Oh, can Valerius, but so late a statesman,
 Of whom the public weal deserv'd so well,
 Tunc out his age in songs and canzonets,

Whose voice should thunder counsel in the ears
 Of Tarquin and proud Tullia? Think Valerius
 What that proud woman Tullia is twill put thee
 Quite out of tune

Song—VALERIUS

Now what is love I will thee tell
 It is the fountain and the well
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell
 It is perhaps the sousing bell
 That rings all in to heaven or hell
 And this is love and this is love as I hear tell

Now what is love I will you show
 A thing that creeps and cannot go
 A prize that passeth to and fro
 A thing for me a thing for mo
 And he that proves shall find it so
 And this is love and this is love sweet friend I trow

Luc Valerius I shall quickly change thy cheer
 And make thy passionate eyes lament with mine
 Think how that worthy prince our kinsman king
 Was butcher'd in the marble Capitol!
 Shall Servius Tullius unregarded die
 Alone of thee whom all the Roman ladies
 Even yet with tear swollen eyes and sorrowful souls
 Compassionate as well he merited?
 To these lamenting dames what canst thou sing
 Whose griefs through all the Roman temples ring?

Song—Singing bell the singing bell small bell which I called to
 pray re doth hereby flee.

Song—VALERIUS

Lament, ladies, lament,
 Lament the Roman land,
 The king is fra thee hent,
 Was doughty on his hand
 We'll gang into the kirk,
 His dead corpse we'll embrace,
 And when we see him dead,
 We aye will cry, al is 't a la, lero la
 Tar rari roun t a le, &c

Hor This music mads me, I all mirth despise

Luc To hear him sing draws rivers from mine eyes

Scæ It pleaseth me, for since the court is harsh,
 And looks askance on soldiers, let's be merry,
 Court ladies, sing, drink, dance, and every man
 Get him a mistress, coach it in the country,
 And taste the sweets of it, what thinks Valerius
 Of Scævola's last counsel?

Song—VALERIUS

Why since we soldiers cannot prove,
 And grief it is to us therefore,
 Let every man get him a love,
 To trim her well, and fight no more
 That we may taste of lovers' bliss,
 Be merry and blithe, embrace and kiss,
 That ladies may say, some more of this
 That ladies may say, some more of this

Since court and city both grow proud,
 And safety you delight to hear,

We in the country will us shroud
 Where lives to please both eye and ear
 The nightingale sings jug jug jug
 The little lamb leaps after his dog
 And the pretty milk maids they look so smug
 And the pretty milk maids &c

Come Scævola shall we go and be idle?

Luc I'll in to weep

Hor But I my gall to grate

Scæv I'll laugh at time till it will change our fate

[Exeunt all but Collatine]

Col Thou art not what thou seem'st Lord Scævola
 Thy heart mourns in thee though thy visage smile
 And so does thy soul weep Valerius
 Although thy habit sing for these new humours
 Are but put on for safety and to arm them
 Against the pride of Tarquin from whose danger
 None great in love in counsel or opinion
 Can be kept safe this makes me lose my hour
 At home with Lucrece and abandon court

Enter Clown

Clown Fortune I embrace thee that thou hast assisted me in finding my master! The gods of good Rome keep my lord and master out of all bad company!

Col Sirrah the news with you

Clown Would you ha court news camp news city news or country news? or would you know what's the news at home?

Col Let me know all the news

Clown The news at court is, that a small leg and a silk stocking is in the fashion for your lord, and the water that god Mercury makes is in request with your lady. The heaviness of the king's wine makes many a light head, and the emptiness of his dishes many full bellies, eating and drinking was never more in use. You shall find the baddest legs in boots, and the worst faces in masks. They keep their old stomachs still, the king's good cook had the most wrong, for that which was wont to be private only to him, is now usurp'd among all the other officers. For now every man in his place, to the prejudice of the master cook, makes bold to lick his own fingers.

Col The news in the camp?

Clown The greatest news in the camp is, that there is no news at all, for being no camp at all, how can there be any tidings from it?

Col Then, for the city?

Clown The senators are rich, their wives fair, credit grows cheap, and traffic dear, for you have many that are broke, the poorest man that is may take up what he will, so he will be but bound to a post till he pay the debt. There was one courtier lay with twelve men's wives in the suburbs, and pressing farther to make one more cuckold within the walls, and being taken with the manner, had nothing to say for himself, but this, he that made twelve made thirteen.

Col Now, sir, for the country?

Clown There is no news there but at the ale-house, there's the most receipt, and is it not strange, my lord, that so many men love ale that know not what ale is?

Col Why what is ale?

Cloten Why ale is a kind of juice made of the precious grain called malt and what is malt? malt s M A I T and what is M A L T? M much A ale L little T thrift that is much ale little thrift

Col Only the news at home and I have done

Cloten My lady must needs speak with you about earnest business that concerns her nearly and I was sent in all haste to entreat your lordship to come away

Col And couldst thou not have told me? Lucrece stay And I stand trifling here! Follow away!

Cloten Aye marry sir the way into her were a way worth following and that's the reason that so many serving men that are familiar with their mistresses have lost the name of servitors and are now called their masters followers Rest you merry! [exunt

ACT II SCENE I

*Enter APOLO'S PRIESTS with tapers after them ARUNS
SEXTUS and BRUTUS with their oblations all kneeling before
the Oracle Music*

Priest O thou Delphian god inspire
Thy priests and I with celestial fire
Shot from thy beams crown our desire
That we may follow
In these thy true and lallod measures
The utmost of thy heavenly treasures
According to the thought and pleasures
Of great Apollo

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Thy priests and with celestial fire
Sit ot from thy beams crown our desire
That we may follow
In these thy true and hallowed measures
The utmost of thy heavenly treasures
According to thy thoughts and pleasures
Of great \ all

Our hearts with inflammations burn,
Great Tarquin and his people mourn,
'Till from thy temple we return

With some glad tidings

Then tell us, shall great Rome be blest,
And royal Tarquin live in rest,
That gives his high-ennobled breast

'To thy safe guiding ?

Orc Then Rome her ancient honours wins,
When she is purg'd from Tullia's sins

Brut Giamercies, Phœbus, for these spells,
Phœbus alone, alone excels

Sea Tullia, perhaps, sinn'd in our grandsire's death,
And hath not yet by reconcilment made
Atone with Phœbus, at whose shrine we kneel
Yet, gentle priest, let us thus far prevail,
To know if Tarquin's seed shall govern Rome,
And, by succession, claim the royal wreath ?
Behold me, younger of the Tarquin's race,
This elder, Aruns, both the sons of Tullia,
This, Junius Brutus, though a mad-man, yet
Of the high blood of the Tarquins

Priest Sextus, peace !

Tell us, O thou that shin'st so bright,
From whom the world receives his light,
Whose absence is perpetual night,

Whose praises ring

Is it with heaven's applause decreed,
When Tarquin's soul from earth is freed,

That noble Sextus shall succeed

In Rome as King

Bru Aye Oracle hast thou lost thy tongue?

Aru Tempt him again fair priest

Sex If not as king let Delphian Phœbus yet
Thus much resolve us who shall govern Rome
Or of us three bear great st pre-eminence?

Priest Sextus I will

Yet sacred Phœbus we entreat

Which of these three shall be great

With large t power and state replete

By the heavens doom

Phœbus thy thoughts no longer smother

Orac He that first shall kiss his mother

Shall be powerful and no other

Of you three in Rome

Sex Shall kiss his mother!

[*Brutus fills*

Bru Mother Earth to thee an humble kiss I tender

[*aside*

Aru What means Brutus?

Bru The blood of the slaughter'd sacrifice made this
floor as slippery as the place where Tarquin treads
tis glassy and as smooth as ice I was proud to hear
the Oracle so gracious to the blood of the Tarquins and
so I fell

Sex Nothing but so then to the Oracle

I charge thee Aruns Junius Brutus thee

To keep the sacred doom of th Oracle

From all our train lest when the younger lad

Our brother, now at home, sits dandled
 Upon fair Tullia's lap, this understanding,
 May kiss our beauteous mother, and succeed

Aru Let the charge go round,—

It shall go hard but I'll prevent you, Sextus [aside

Ser I fear not the madman, Brutus, and for Aruns, let
 me alone to buckle with him I'll be the first at my mo-
 ther's lips for a kingdom

Bru If the madman have not been before you, Sextus
 If oracles be oracles, their phrases are mystical, they
 speak still in clouds had he meant a natural mother, he
 would not have spoke it by circumstance [aside

Ser Tullia, if ever thy lips were pleasing to me, let it
 be at my return from the Oracle

Aru If a kiss will make me a king, Tullia, I will spring
 to thee, though through the blood of Sextus [aside

Bru Earth, I acknowledge no mother but thee, accept
 me as thy son, and I shall shine as bright in Rome as
 Apollo himself in his temple at Delphos

Ser Our superstition's ended, sacred priest,
 Since we have had free answer from the gods,
 To whose fair altars we have done due right,
 And hallowed them with presents acceptable
 Let's now return, treading these holy measures,
 With which we enter'd great Apollo's temple
 Now, Phoebus, let thy sweet tun'd organs sound,
 Whose sphere—like music, must direct our feet
 Upon the marble pavement after this,
 We'll gain a kingdom by a mother's kiss

[exeunt

SCENE II

*A table and chairs prepared: TARQUIN TULLIA COLLATINE
SCEVOLA HORATIUS LUCRETIVS VALERIUS LORDS*

Tar Attend us with your persons but your ears
Be deaf unto our counsels

[The Lords fall off on either side and attend]

Tul Farther yet

Tar Now Tullia what must be concluded next?

Tul The kingdom you have got by policy
You must maintain by pride

Tar Good

Tul Those that were late of the king's faction
Cut off for fear they prove rebellious

Tar Better

Tul Since you gain nothing by the popular love
Maintain by fear your principedom

Tar Excellent thou art our oracle and save from thee
We will admit no counsel we obtain'd
Our state by cunning it must be kept by strength
And such as cannot love we'll teach to fear
To encourage which upon our better judgment
And to strike greater terror to the world
I have forbid thy father's funeral

Tul No matter

Tar All capital causes are by us discuss'd
Travers'd and executed without counsel
We challenge too by our prerogative

The goods of such as strive against our state ,
 The freest citizens, without attaint,
 Airaign, or judgment, we to exile doom
 The poore are our drudges, rich our prey,
 And such as dare not strive our rule obey

Tul Kings are as gods, and divine sceptres bear,
 The gods command, for mortal tribute, fear,
 But, royal lord, we that despise their love,
 Must seek some means how to maintain this awe

Tim By foreign leagues, and by our strength abroad
 Shall we that are decreed above our people,
 Whom heaven hath made our vassals, reign with them ?
 No , kings, above the rest tribunal'd high,
 Should with no meaner than with kings ally
 For this, we to Mamilus Tusculan,
 The Latin king, have given in marriage
 Our royal daughter , now his people's ours,
 The neighbour princes are subdu'd by arms
 And whom we could not conquer by constraint,
 Them we have sought to win by courtesie ,
 Kings that are proud, yet would secure their own,
 By love abroad shall purchase fear at home

Tul We are secure , and yet our greatest strength
 Is in our children , how dare treason look
 Us in the face having issue ? Barren princes
 Breed danger in their singularity ,
 Having none to succeed, their claim dies in them

Tim Tullia's wise and apprehensive , were our princely
 sons,
 Sextus and Aruns, back returned safe,

With an applausive answer of the gods
 From th' Oracle our state were able then
 Being gods ourselves to scorn the hate of men

Enter SEXTUS ARUNS and BRUTUS

Sex Where's Tullia?

Aru Where's our mother?

Hor Yonder princes at council with the king

Tul Our sons return'd!

Sex Royal mother!

Aru Renowned queen!

Sex I love her best therefore will Sextus do his duty
 first

Aru Being eldest in my birth I'll not be youngest
 In zeal to Tullia

Bru To t' lads

Aru Mother a kiss

Sex Though last in birth let me be first in love

A kiss fair mother

Aru Shall I lose my right?

Sex Aruns shall down were Aruns twice my brother
 If he presumes fore me to kiss my mother

Aru Aye Sextus think this kiss to be a crown thus
 would we tug for't *[they struggle]*

Sex Aruns thou must down

Tar Restrain them lords

Bru Nay to t' boys O tis brave! they tug for shadows
 I the substance have *[aside]*

Aru Through armed gates and thousand swords I'll
 break

To shew my duty, let my valour speak

[breaks from the Lords, and kisses her]

Sec O, heavens! you have dissolv'd me

Arr Here I stand,

What I have done to answer with this hand

Sec O, all ye Delphian gods, look down and see

How for these wrongs I will revenged be

Tar Curb in the proud boy's fury, let us know

From whence this discord riseth

Tul From our love, how happy are we in our issue
now!

When as our sons, even with their bloods, contend

T' exceed in duty, we accept your zeal

This, your superlative degree of kindness,

So much prevails with us, that to the king

We engage our own dear love 'twixt his incensement

And your presumption, you are pardoned both

And, Sextus, though you fail'd in your first proffer,

We do not yet esteem you least in love, ascend, and touch
our lips

Sec Thank you, no

Tul Then to thy knee we will descend thus low

Sec Nay, now it shall not need how great's my heart!

Arr In Tarquin's crown thou now hast lost thy part

Sec No kissing now, Tarquin, great queen, adieu!

Aruns, on earth we have no foe but you

Tar What means this their unnatural enmity?

Tul Hate, born from love

Tar Resolve us then, how did the gods accept
Our sacrifice? how are they pleas'd with us?

How long will they applaud our sovereignty?

Bru Shall I tell the king?

Tar Do cousin with the process of your journey

Bru I will — We went from hither when we went from
hence arrived thither when we landed there made an end of
our prayers when we had done our orisons when thus quoth
Phœbus — Tarquin shall be happy whilst he is blest
govern while he reigns wake when he sleeps not sleep
when he wakes not quaff when he drinks feed when he eats
gape when his mouth opens live till he die and die when he
can live no longer — So Phœbus commends him to you

Tar Mad Brutus still! Son Aruns what say you?

Aru That the great gods to whom the potent king
Of this large empire sacrific'd by us
Applaud your reign commend your sovereignty
And by a general synod grant to Tarquin
Long days fair hopes majestic government

Bru Adding withal that to depose the late king which
in others had been high treason in Tarquin was honour
what in Brutus had been usurpation in Tarquin was law
ful succession and for Tullia though it be parricide for a
child to kill her father in Tullia it was charity by death
to rid him of all his calamities Phœbus himself said she
was a good child and shall not I say as he says to tread
upon her father's skull

Sparkle his brains upon her chariot wheel
And wear the sacred tincture of his blood
Upon her servile shoe? but more than this
After his death deny him the due claim
Of all mortality a funeral

An earthen sepulchre, this, this, quoth the oracle,
Save Tullia, none would do

Tul Brutus, no more, least with the eyes of wrath and
incens'd fury,

We look into thy humour were not madness
And folly to thy words a privilege,
Even in thy last reproof of our proceedings
'Thou had'st pronounc'd thy death

Bru If Tullia will send Brutus abroad for news, and after,
at his return, not endure the telling of it, let Tullia
either get closer ears, or get for Brutus a stricter tongue

Tul How, sir?

Bru God be wi' ye! [*exit*]

Tar Alas! 'tis madness, pardon him, not spleen,
Nor is it hate, but frenzy We are pleas'd
To hear the gods propitious to our prayers
But whither 's Sextus gone? resolve us, Cocles,
We saw thee in his parting follow him

Hor I heard him say, he would straight take his
horse,

And to the warlike Gabines, enemies to Rome, and you

Tar. Save them we have no opposites
Daes the proud boy confederate with our foes?
Attend us, lords; we must new battles wage,
And with bright arms confront the proud boy's rage

[*exeunt all but Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, and Scævola*]

Hor Had I as many souls as drops of blood
In these branch'd veins, as many livè's as stars
Stuck in yon azure roof, and weie to die

More deaths than I have wasted weary minutes
 To grow to this I'd hazard all and more
 To purchase freedom to thus bondaged Rome
 I'm vex'd to see this virgin conqueress
 Wear shackles in my sight

Luc Oh! would my tears
 Would rid great Rome of these prodigious fears!

Enter BRUTUS

Bru What weeping ripe Lucretius? possible? now
 lords lads friends fellows young madcaps gallants and
 old courtly ruffians all subjects under one tyranny and
 therefore should be partners of one and the same unanimity!
 Shall we go single ourselves by two and two and go
 talk treason? then 'tis but his yea and my nay if we be
 call'd to question or shall's go use some violent bustling
 to break through this thorny servitude or shall we every
 man go sit like a man in desperation and with Lucretius
 weep at Rome's misery? now am I for all things any thing
 or nothing I can laugh with Scævola weep with this good
 old man sing *of hone hone* with Valerius fret with
 Horatius Cocles be mad like myself or neuterize with
 Collatine Say what shall's do?

Hor Fret

Val Sing

Luc Weep

Scæ Laugh

Bru Rather let's all be mad

That Tarquin he still reigneth Rome's still sad

Col You are madmen all that yield so much to passion

You lay yourselves too open to your enemies,
 That would be glad to pry into your deeds,
 And catch advantage to ensnare our lives
 The king's fear, like a shadow, dogs you still,
 Nor can you walk without it I commend
 Valerius most, and noble Scævola,
 That what they cannot mend, seem not to mind
 By my consent let's all wear out our hours
 In harmless sports hawk, hunt, game, sing, drink, dance,
 So shall we seem offenceless, and live safe
 In danger's bloody jaws; where, being humorous,
 Cloudy and curiously inquisitive
 Into the king's proceedings, there arm'd fear
 May search into us, call our deeds to question,
 And so prevent all future expectation
 Of wish'd amendment, let us stay the time
 Till heaven have made them ripe for just revenge,
 When opportunity is offer'd us,
 And then strike home, till then, do what you please
 No discontented thought my mind shall seize

Bru I am of Collatine's mind now Valerius, sing us a
 bawdy song, and make us merry nay it shall be so

Val Brutus shall pardon me

Scæ The time that should have been seriously spent in
 the State-house, I have learnt securely to spend in a
 wenching house, and now I profess myself any thing but a
 statesman

Hon The more thy vanity

Luc The less thy honour

Val The more his safety, and the less his fear

Song —VALERIUS

She that denies me I would have
 Who craves me I despise
 Venus hath power to rule mine heart
 But not to please mine eyes
 Temptatious offer'd I still scorn
 Deny'd I cling them still
 I'll neither glut mine appetite
 Nor seek to starve my will
 Diana double-cloth'd offends
 So Venus naked quite
 The last begets a surfeit and
 The other no delight
 That crafty girl shall please me best
 That no for ye can say
 And every wanton willing kiss
 Can season with a nay

Bru We have been mad lords long now let us be merry
 lords Horatius maugre thy melancholy and Lucretius
 in spite of thy sorrow I'll have a song a subject for the
 ditty

Hor Great Tarquin's pride and Tullia's cruelty

Bru Dangerous no

Luc The tyrannies of the court and vassalage of the
 city

Scæ Neither shall I give the subject?

Bru Do and let it be of all the pretty wenches in Rome

Scæ It shall it shall —shall it Valerius?

Val Any thing according to my poor acquaintance and
 little conversance

But her cheeks bring like a satchel
 Therefore I'll have none of Rachel No no &c
 In a corner I met Biddy
 Her heels were light her head was giddy
 She fell down and somewhat did I
 Therefore I'll have none of Biddy No no &c

Bru The rest we'll hear within What offence is there
 in this Lucretius? what hurt's in this Horatius? Is it not
 better to sing with our heads on than to bleed with our
 heads off? I never took Collatine for a politician till now
 Come Valerius we'll run over all the wenches of Rome
 from the community of lascivious Flora to the chastity of
 divine Lucrece come good Horatius [exeunt

ACT III SCENE I

Enter LUCRECE MAID and CLOWN

Luc A chair!

Clown A chair for my lady Mistress Mirable do you
 not hear my lady call

Luc Come near sir; be less officious
 In duty and use more attention
 Nay gentlewoman we exempt not you
 From our discourse you must afford an ear
 As well as he to what we have to say

Maid I still remain your hand maid

Luc Sirrah I have seen you oft familiar
 With this my maid and waiting gentlewoman

As casting amorous glances, wanton looks,
And privy becks savouring incontinence,
I let you know you are not for my service
Unless you grow more civil

Clown Indeed, madam, for my own part I wish Mistress Mirable well, as one fellow servant ought to wish to another, but to say as that ever I flung any sheeps' eyes in her face,—how say you, Mistress Mirable, did I ever offer it?

Luc Nay, mistress, I have seen you answer him
With gracious looks, and some uncivil smiles,
Retorting eyes, and giving his demeanor
Such welcome as becomes not modesty
Know henceforth there shall no lascivious phrase,
Suspicious look, or shadow of incontinence,
Be entertain'd by any that attend on Roman Lucrece

Maid Madam, I?

Luc Excuse it not, for my premeditate thought
Speaks nothing out of rashness, nor vain hearsay,
But what my own experience testifies
Against you both, let then this mild reproof
Forewarn you of the like, my reputation,
Which is held precious in the eyes of Rome,
Shall be no shelter to the least intent
Of looseness, leave all familiarity,
And quite renounce acquaintance,
Or I here discharge you both my service

Clown For my own part, madam, as I am a true Roman by nature, though no Roman by my nose, I never spent the least lip labour on Mistress Mirable, never so much as glanced, never used any winking or pinking, never nodded

at her no not so much as when I was asleep never asked her the question so much as what's her name if you bring any man woman or child that can say so much behind my back as for he did but kiss her for I did but kiss her and so let her go let my Lord Collatine instead of plucking my coat pluck my skin over my ears and turn me away naked that wheresoever I shall come I may be held a raw serving man hereafter

Luc Sirrah you know our mind

Clown If ever I knew what belongs to these cases or yet know what they mean if ever I us'd any plain dealing or were ever worth such a jewel would I might die like a beggar if ever I were so far read in my grammar as to know what an interjection is or a conjunction copulative would I might never have good of my *qui quæ quod* why do you think madam I have no more care of myself being but a stripling than to go to it at these years' flesh and blood cannot endure it I shall even spoil one of the best faces in Rome with crying at your unkindness

Luc I have done see if you can spy your lord returning from the court and give me notice what strangers he brings home with him

Enter COLLATINE VALERIUS HORATIUS and SCEVOLA

Clown Yes I'll go but see kind man he saves me a labour

Hor Come Valerius let hear in our way to the house of Collatine that saying you went late hammering of concerning the taverns in Rome

Val Only this Horatius

Song — VALERIUS

The gentry to the king's Head,
 The nobles to the Crown,
 The knights unto the Golden Fleece,
 And to the Plough the clown
 The church-man to the Mitre,
 The shepherd to the Star,
 The gardener hies him to the Rose,
 To the Drum the man of war,
 To the Feathers, ladies, you, the Globe
 The sea-man doth not scorn
 The usurer to the Devil, and
 The townsman to the Horn
 The huntsman to the White Hart,
 To the Ship the merchants go,
 But you that do the muses love,
 The Sign called River Po
 The banquerout to the World's End,
 The fool to the Fortune hie,
 Unto the Mouth the oyster wife,
 The fiddler to the Pie
 The punk unto the Cockatrice,
 The drunkard to the Vine,
 The beggar to the Bush, then meet,
 And with Duke Humphrey dine

Col Fair Lucrece, I have brought these lords from court, to feast with thee sirrah, prepare us dinner

Luc My lord is welcome, so are all his friends,
 The news at court, lords

Hor Madam, strange news,
 Prince Sextus by the enemies of Rome

Was nobly us'd and made their general
 Twice hath he met his father in the field
 And foil'd him by the warlike Gabines aid
 But how hath he rewarded that brave nation
 That in his great disgrace supported him
 I'll tell you Madam he since the late battle
 Sent to his father a close messenger
 To be receiv'd to grace withal demanding
 What he should do with those his enemies?
 Great Tarquin from his son receives this news
 Being walking in his garden when the messenger
 Importun'd him for answer the proud king
 Lops with his wand the heads of poppies off
 And says no more with this uncertain answer
 The messenger to Sextus back returns
 Who questions of his father's words looks gesture
 He tells him what the haughty speechless king
 Did to the heads of poppies which bold Sextus
 Straight apprehends cuts off the great men's heads
 And having left the Gabines without govern
 Flies to his father and this day is welcom'd
 For this his traiterous service by the king
 With all due solemn honors to the court

Seæ Courtesy strangely requited¹ thus none but the son
 of Tarquin would have enterpris'd

Val I like it I applaud it this will come to somewhat
 in the end when heaven has cast up his account some of
 them will be call'd to a hard reckoning For my part I
 dreamt last night I went a fishing

Song — VALERIUS

'T'houg' the weather jangles
 With our hooks and our angles,
 Our nets be shaken and no fish taken ,
 Though fresh cod and whiting,
 Are not this day biting,
 Gurnet, nor conger, to satisfy hunger,
 Yet look to our draught
 Hale the main bowling,
 The seas have left their rolling,
 The waves their huffing, the winds then puffing ,
 Up to the top-mast, boy,
 And bring us news of joy ,
 Here's no demurring, no fish is stirring,
 Yet something we have caught

Col Leave all to heaven

Enter CLOWN

Clown My lords, the best plumporredge in all Rome cools for your honors , dinner is piping hot upon the table , and if you make not the more haste, you are like to have but cold cheer the cook hath done his part, and there's not a dish on the dresser but he has made it smoke for you if you have good stomachs, and come not in while the meat is hot, you'll make hunger and cold meet together

Col My man's a rhetorician I can tell you,
 And his conceit is fluent Enter, lords ,
 You must be Lucrece' guests, and she is scant
 In nothing, for such princes must not want

[exeunt all but Valerius and Clown]

Clown My Lord Valerius I have even a suit to your honour I ha not the power to part from you without a relish a note a tone we must get an air betwixt us

Val Thy meaning?

Clown Nothing but this —

John for the king I a been in many ballads

John for the king down dino

John for the king has eaten many sallads

John for the king, sings hey ho

Val Thou would st have a song would st thou not?

Clown And be everlastingly bound to your honour I am now forsaking the world and the devil and somewhat leaning towards the flesh if you could but teach me how to choose a wench fit for my stature and complexion I should rest yours in all good offices

Val I ll do that for thee —what s thy name?

Clown My name sir is Pompey

Val Well then attend

Song —VALERIUS

Pompey I will shew thee the way to know
A dainty drapper wench

First see her all bare let her skin be rare
And be touch d with no part of the French
Let her looks be clear and her brows severe
Her eye brows thin and fine

But if she be a punk and love to be drunk
Then keep her st ll from the wine

Let her stature be mean and her body clean
Thou can st not choose but like her

But see she have good clothes with a fur Roman nose
For tl at s the sign of a striker

Let her leg be small, but not us'd to sprawl,
 Her tongue not too loud nor cool'd,*
 Let her arms be strong, and her fingers long,
 But not us'd to dote in a poet's net
 Let her body be long, and her back be strong,
 With a soft hip that cut in legs,
 With an ivory breast, and her hair well dress'd
 Without gold lace or sparkle
 Let her foot be small, clean, and with'd,
 Her apparel not too costly
 And one that hath not been in my house of sin,
 Nor place that hath been brady

Clown But God's me, I am trifling here with you, and
 dinner cools o' the table, and I am call'd to my attendance
 Oh, my sweet Lord Valerius! [*exit*]

SCENE II

Enter TARQUIN, PORCENNA, TULLIA, SEXTUS, and ALBUS

Tar Next King Porcenna, whom we tender dearly,
 Welcome, young Sextus, thou hast to our yoke
 Suppress'd the neck of a proud nation,
 The warlike Gabines, enemies to Rome

Sez It was my duty, royal Emperor,
 The duty of a subject and a son,
 We, at our mother's intercession likewise,
 Are now aton'd with Aruns,
 Whom we here receive into our bosom

Tul This is done like a kind brother and a natural son

Aru We interchange a royal heart with Sextus and graft us in your love

Tar Now King Porsenna welcome once more to Tarquin and to Rome

Por We are proud of your alliance Rome is ours
And we are Rome's this our religious league
Shall be carv'd firm in characters of brass
And live for ever to succeeding times

Tar It shall Porsenna now this league's establish'd
We will proceed in our determin'd wars
To bring the neighbour nations under us
Our purpose is to make young Sextus general
Of all our army who hath proved his fortune
And found them full of favour we'll begin
With strong Ardea have you given in charge
To assemble all our captains and take muster of our
strong army?

Aru That business is dispatch'd

Sex We have likewise sent for all our best commanders
To take charge according to their merit Lord Valerius
Lord Brutus Cocles Mutius Scævola
And Collatine to make due preparation for such a gallant
siege

Tar This day you shall set forward Sextus too
And let us see your army march along
Before this king and us that we may view
The puissance of our host prepar'd already
To lay high rear'd Ardea waste and low

Sex I shall my liege

Tul Aruns associate him

Aru A rival with my brother in his honors

[*exeunt Aruns and Seitus*]

Tar Porsenna shall behold the strength of Rome,
And body of the camp, under the charge
Of two brave princes, to lay hostile siege
Against the strongest city that withstands
The all-commanding Tarquin

Por 'Tis an object to please Porsenna's eye [*soft march*]

Tul The host is now upon their march
You from this place may see
The pride of all the Roman chivalry

STATUS, ARUNS, BRUTUS, COLLATINI, VALERIUS, SCÆVOIA,
HORATIUS, with SOLDIERS, drums and colours, march over the
stage, and congee to the King and Queen

Por This sight's more pleasing to Porsenna's eye,
Than all our rich Attalia's* pompous feasts,
Or sumptuous revels we are born a soldier,
And in our nonage suck'd the milk of war
Should any strange fate lower upon this army,
Or that the merciless gulf of confusion
Should swallow them, we at our proper charge,
And from our native confines now supply
Of men and arms to make these numbers full

Tar You are our royal brother, and in you
Tarquin is powerful and maintains his awe

Tul The like Porsenna may command of Rome

Por But we have, in your fresh varieties,
Feasted too much, and kept ourself too long
From our own seat, our prosperous return

* Porsenna was king of Etruria

Hath been expected by our lords and peers

Tar The business of our wars thus forwarded
We have best leisure for your entertainment
Which now shall want no due solemnity

Por It hath been beyond both expectation
And merit but in sight of heaven I swear
If ever royal Tarquin shall demand
Use of our love tis ready stor'd for you
Even in our kingly breast

Tar The like we vow to king Porsenna we will yet
a little

Enlarge your royal welcome with varieties
Such as Rome yields that done before we part
Of two remote dominions make one heart
Set forward then our sons wage war abroad
To make us peace at home we are of ourself
Without supportance we all fate defy
Aidless and of ourself we stand thus high

[*exeunt*]

SCENE III

Two SOLDIERS meet as on the watch

1st Sol Stand who goes there?

2nd Sol A friend

1st Sol Stir not for if thou dost I'll broach thee straight
upon this pike The word?

2nd Sol Porsenna

1st Sol Pass stay who walks the round to night
The general or any of his captains?

2nd Sol Horatius hath the charge the other chieftains
Rest in the General's tent there's no commander

Of any note, but revels with the prince ,
 And I amongst the rest am charg'd t' attend
 Upon their rouse

1st Sol Pass freely , I this night must stand
 'Twixt them and danger the time of night ?

2nd Sol The clock last told eleven

1st Sol The powers celestial,
 That have took Rome in charge, protect it still !
 Again, good night , thus must poor soldiers do,
 Whil'st their commanders are with dainties fed
 And sleep on down, the earth must be our bed [*recount*

SCENE IV

A Banquet prepared

Enter SIXTUS, ARUNS, BRUTUS, VALERIUS, HOPATHUS, SCASOIA,
and COLLATINE

Sex Sit round the enemy is pounded fast
 In their own folds, the walls, made to oppugn
 Hostile incursions, become a prison,
 To keep them fast for execution
 There's no eruption to be fear'd

Bru What shall's do ? Come, a health to the general's
 health, and Valerius, that sits the most civilly, shall begin
 it, I cannot talk 'till my blood be mingled with this blood
 of grapes Fill for Valerius, thou should'st drink well, for
 thou hast been in the German wars, if thou lov'st me,
 drink *upse freeza* *

Sex Nay, since Brutus has spoke the word, the first

* A cant phrase, borrowed from the Dutch, of frequent occurrence in our dramatic writers, and used to signify being intoxicated. Its derivation is doubtful, but the most probable interpretation is "in the Dutch fashion

health shall be imposed on you Valerius and if ever you have been Germaniz'd let it be after the Dutch fashion

Val The general may command

Bru He may why else is he call'd the commander?

Ser We will intreat Valerius

Val Since you will needs enforce a high German health look well to your heads for I come upon you with the Dutch tassar * if you were of a more noble science than you are it will go near to break your heads round

A Dutch Song †

O morke giff men ein man

Skerry merry vip

O morke giff men e n man

Skerry merry vap

O morke giff men ein man

That tik die ten long o lrievan ean

Skerry merry vip and kerry merry vap

And skerry merry runke ede bunk

† de hoore was a hai dedle downe

Dedle drunke a

Skerry merry runke ede bunk ede loore was lruik a

O daughter yeis in alto kleene

Skerry merry vip

O daughter yeis in alto kleene

Skerry merry vap

O daughter yeis in alto kleene

Ye molten lop ein yert a leene

Tassar I pe h p ed h to gnify cup g bl t f m th w i

t

† This Anglo-Dutch j g w ld t be w rth t anslation f it w l s s
t ll gbl tha t i

Skerry merry up, and skerry merry up,
 And skerry merry runk ede bunk,
 Ede hoore was a hev dedle downe
 Dedle drunk a
 Skerry merry, runke ede bunk ede hoore was drunk a

Sen Grammercies ! Valerius, came this high German
 health as double as his double ruff, I'd pledge it

Bru Were it Lubeck, or double double beer, their
 own natural liquor, I'd pledge it, were it as deep as his
 ruff let the health go round about the board, as his band
 goes round about his neck I am no more afraid of this
 Dutch fashion, than I should be of the heathemish inven-
 tion

Col I must entreat you spare me, for my brain brooks
 not the fumes of wine, then vaporous strength offends me
 much

Hor I would have none spare me, for I'll spare none
 Collatine will pledge no health unless it be to his Lucrece

Sen What's Lucrece but a woman? and what are women
 But tortures and disturbance unto men?

If they be foul they're odious, and if fair,
 They're like rich vessels full of poisonous drugs,
 Or like black serpents arm'd with golden scales
 For my own part they shall not trouble me

Bru Sextus, sit fast, for I proclaim myself a woman's
 champion, and shall unhorse thee else

Val For my own part I'm a married man, and I'll speak
 to my wife to thank thee, Brutus

Anu I have a wife too, and I think the most virtuous
 lady in the world

Sex I cannot say but that I have a good wife too and I love her but if she were in heaven beshrew me if I would wish her so much hurt as to desire her company upon earth again yet upon my honour though she be not very fair she is exceeding honest

Bru Nay the less beauty the less temptation to despoil her honesty

Scæ I should be angry with him that should make question of her honour

Bru And I angry with thee if thou shouldst not maintain her honour

Aru If you compare the virtues of your wives let me step in for mine

Col I should wrong my Lucrece not to stand for her

Sex Ha ha all captains

And stand upon the honesty of your wives

Is't possible think you that women of young spirit

And full age of fluent wit that can both sing and dance

Read write such as feed well and taste choice cates

That straight dissolve to purity of blood

That keep the veins full and inflame the appetite

Making the spirit able strong and prone

Can such as these their husbands being away

Employ'd in foreign sieges or elsewhere

Deny such as importune them at home?

Tell me that flax will not be touch'd with fire

Nor they be won to what they most desire?

Bru Shall I end this controversy in a word?

Scæ Do good Brutus

Bru I hold some holy but some apt to sin

Some tractable, but some that none can win ,
 Such as are virtuous, gold nor wealth can move ,
 Some vicious of themselves are prone to love
 Some grapes are sweet, and in the garden grow,
 Others, unprun'd, turn wild, neglected so
 The purest ore contains both gold and dross,
 The one all gain, the other nought but loss
 The one disgrace, reproach, and scandal taints,
 The others angels and sweet featur'd saints

Col Such is my virtuous Lucrece

Ar Yet she for virtue not comparable to the wife of
 Aruns ?

Scæ And why may not mine be rank'd with the most
 virtuous ?

Hor I would put in for a lot, but a thousand to one I
 shall draw but a blank

Val I should not shew I lov'd my wife, not to take her
 part in her absence I hold her inferior to none

Ar Save mine

Val No, not to her

Br Oh, this were a brave controversy for a jury of wo-
 men to arbitrate !

Col I'll hazard all my fortunes on the virtues
 Of divine Lucrece shall we try them thus ?

It is now dead of night, let's mount our steeds ,
 Within this two hours we may reach to Rome,
 And to our houses , all come unprepar'd,
 And unexpected by our high prais'd wives ,
 She of them all that we find best employ'd,
 Devoted, and most housewife-exercis'd,

Let her be held most virtuous and her husband
Win by the wager a rich horse and armour

Aru A hand on that

Val Here is a helping hand to that bargain

Hor But shall we to horse without circumstance?

Scæ Scævola will be mounted with the first

Sen Then mount cheval Brutus this night take you
the charge of the army I'll see the trial of this wager
twould do me good to see some of them find their wives in
the arms of their lovers they are so confident in their vir-
tues Brutus we'll interchange good night! be thou but
as provident over the army as we if our horses fail not
expeditious in our journey to horse to horse

All Farewell good Brutus

[*exiunt*]

SCENE V

Enter LUCRECE and her two MAIDS

Luc But one hour more and you shall all to rest
Now that your lord is absent from this house
And that the master's eye is from his charge
We must be careful and with providence
Guide his domestic business we have now
Given o'er all feasting and left revelling
Which ill becomes the house whose lord is absent
We banish all excess till his return
In fear of whom my soul doth daily mourn

1st Maid Madam so please you to repose yourself
Within your chamber leave us to our tasks
We will not loiter though you take your rest

Luc Not so, you shall not overwatch yourselves
 Longer than I wake with you, for it fits
 Good housewives, when their husbands are from home,
 To eye their servants' labours, and in care
 And the true manage of his household state,
 Earliest to rise, and to be up most late
 Since all his business he commits to me,
 I'll be his faithful steward till the camp
 Dissolve, and he return thus wives should do,
 In absence of their lords be husbands too

2nd Maid Madam, the lord Turnus his man was thrice
 for you here, to have entreated you home to supper he
 says, his lord takes it unkindly he could not have your
 company

Luc To please a loving husband, I'll offend
 The love and patience of my dearest friend
 Methinks his purpose was unreasonable,
 To draw me in my husband's absence forth
 To feast and banquet 'twould have ill become me,
 To have left the charge of such a spacious house
 Without both lord and mistress
 I am opinion'd thus wives should not stray
 Out of their doors, their husbands being away
 Lord Turnus, excuse me

1st Maid Pray, madam, set me right into my work

Luc Being abroad, I may forget the charge
 Impos'd me by my lord, or be compell'd
 To stay out late, which, were my husband here,
 Might be without distaste, but he from hence,
 With late abroad, there can no excuse dispense

ere take your work again a while proceed
 and then to bed for whilst you sew I'll read

Enter SEXTUS TRUUS VALERIUS COLLATINE HORATIUS
and SCEVOLA

Aru I would have hazarded all my hopes my wife had
 not been so late a revelling

Ial Nor mine at this time of night a gambling

Hor They wear so much cork under their heels they
 cannot chuse but love to caper

Sce Nothing does me good but that if my wife were
 catching all theirs were wantoning and if I have lost
 one can brag of their winnings

Ser Now Collatine to yours either Lucrece must be
 better employ'd than the rest or you content to have her
 virtues rank'd with the rest

Col I am pleas'd

Hor Soft soft let's steal upon her as upon the rest lest
 having some watch word at our arrival we may give her
 notice to be better prepar'd nay, by your leave Collatine
 we'll limit you no advantage

Col See lords thus Lucrece revels with her maids; in
 stead of riot quaffing and the practice of high lavoltoes
 to the ravishing sound of chambering music she like a
 good housewife is teaching of her servants sundry charges
 Lucrece?

Iuc My lord and husband welcome ten times welcome
 'tis to see your Lucrece you thus late
 have with your person's hazard left the camp

And trusted to the danger of a night so dark, and full of
horror?

Aru Lords, all's lost

Hor By Jove I'll buy my wife a wheel, and make her
spin for this trick

Sec If I make not mine learn to live by the prick of her
needle for this, I'm no Roman

Col Sweet wife, salute these lords, thy continence hath
won thy husband a Barbary horse and a rich coat of
arms

Luc O pardon me, the joy to see my lord,
Took from me all respect of their degrees
The richest entertainment lives with us,
According to the hour and the provision
Of a poor wife in the absence of her husband,
We prostrate to you, howsoever mean,
We thus excuse't, Lord Collatine's away,
We neither feast, dance, quaff, riot, nor play

Sec If one woman, among so many bad, may be found
good, if a white wench may prove a black swan, it is
Lucrece, her beauty hath relation to her virtue, and her
virtue correspondent to her beauty, and in both she is
matchless

Col Lords, will you yield the wager?

Aru Stay, the wager was as well which of our wives was
fairest too, it stretch'd as well to their beauty as to their
continence, who shall judge that?

Hor That can none of us, because we are all parties, let
Prince Sextus determine it who hath been with us, and
been an eye witness of their beauties

I ul Agreed

Sec I am pleas'd with the censure of Prince Sextus

Aru So are we all

Col I commit my Lucrece wholly to the dispose of
Sextus

Sex And Sextus commits him wholly to the dispose of
Lucrece

I love the lady and her grace desire

Nor can my love wrong what my thoughts admire

Aruns no question but your wife is chaste

And thrifty but this lady knows no waste

Valerius yours is modest something fair

Her grace and beauty are without compare

Thine Mutius well dispos'd and of good feature

But the world yields not so divine a creature

Horatius thine a smug lass and grac'd well

But amongst all fair Lucrece doth excel

Then our impartial heart and judging eyes

This verdict gives fair Lucrece wins the prize

Col Then lords you are indebted to me a horse and ar
mour

All We yield it

Luc Will you taste such welcome lords as a poor un
provided house can yield?

Sex Grammercy Lucrece no we must this night sleep
by Ardea's walls

Luc But my lords I hope my Collatine will not so
leave his Lucrece

Sex He must we have but idled from the camp to try
a merry wager about their wives and this at the hazard of

the king's displeasure, should any man be missing from his charge the powers that govern Rome make divine Lucrece for ever happy Good night

Scæ But, Valerius, what thinkest thou of the country girls from whence we came, compar'd with our city wives whom we this night have try'd ?

Val Scævola, thou shalt hear

Song —VALERIUS

O yes, room for the cryer,
Who never yet was found a liar

O ye fine smug country lasses,
That would for brooks change crystal glasses,
And be transhap'd from foot to crown,
And straw beds change for beds of down,
Your partlets* turn into rebatoes,†
And 'stead of carrots eat potatoes,
Your frontlets lay by, and your rails,‡
And fringe with gold your daggl'd tails
Now your hawk-noses shall have hoods
And billements§ with golden studs
Straw hats shall be no more bongraces||
From the bright sun to hide your faces,
For hempen smocks to help the itch,
Have linen sewed with silver stitch,
And wheresoc'er they chance to stride,
One bare before to be their guide
O yes, room for the cryer,
Who never yet was found a liar

* Ruffs † Falling collars ‡ Cloaks, or loose gowns § Habillments

|| Projecting bonnets to defend the complexion

Luc Will not my husband repose this night with me?

Hor Lucrece shall pardon him we have took our leaves
of our wives nor shall Collatine be before us though our
ladies in other things come behind you

Col I must be sway'd the joys and the delights of
many thousand nights meet all in one to make my Lucrece
happy

Luc I am bound to your strict will to each good night!

Sex To horse to horse! Lucrece we cannot rest
Till our hot lust embosom in thy breast [aside
[*exeunt all but Lucrece*

Luc With no unkindness we should our lords upbraid
Husbands and kings must always be obey'd
Nothing save the high business of the state
And the charge given him at Ardea's siege
Could have made Collatine so much digress
From the affection that he bears his wife
But subjects must excuse when kings claim power
But leaving this before the charm of sleep
Seize with his downy wings upon my eyes
I must go take account among my servants
Of their day's task we must not cherish sloth
No covetous thought makes me thus provident
But to shun idleness which wise men say
Begets rank lust and virtue beats away [exit

ACT IV SCENE I

Enter SEXTUS, ARUNS, HORATIUS, BRUTUS, SCAVOIA,
COLLATINE, and VALERIUS

Hor Return to Rome now we are in the midway to the camp?

Sex My lord, 'tis bus'ness that concerns my life
To-morrow, if we live, we'll visit thee

Val Will Sextus enjoin me to accompany him?

Sex Or me?

Sex Nor you, nor any, 'tis important business
And serious occurrences that call me
Perhaps, lords, I'll commend you to your wives
Collatine, shall I do you any service to your Lucrece?

Col Only commend me

Sex What! no private token to purchase our kind
welcome?

Col 'Would royal Sextus would but honour me to bear
her a slight token

Sex What?

Col This ring

Sex As I am royal I will see't delivered
This ring to Lucrece shall my love convey, [aside
And in this gift thou dost thy bed betray
To-morrow we shall meet, this night, sweet fate,
May I prove welcome though a guest ingrate! [exit

Aru He's for the city, we for the camp, the night
makes the way tedious and melancholy, pr'ythee a merry
song to beguile it

Song — VALFRIUS

There was a young man and a maid fell in love
 Terry dery ding terry dery ding terry terry lino
 To get her good will he often did
 Terry dery ding terry dery ding lanctido dille,
 There s many will say and most will allow terry dery &c
 There s nothing so good as a terry dery dery &c
 I would wish all maids before they be sick terry dery &c
 To enquire for a young man that is a good terry dery &c

Scæ Nay my Lord I heard them all have a conceit of
 an Englishman a strange people in the western islands
 one that for his variety in habit humour and gesture puts
 down all other nations whatsoever a little of that if you
 love me

Pal Well *Scævola* you shall

Song — VALFRIUS

The Spaniard loves his ancient slop
 The Lombard his Venetian
 And some like breechless women go
 The Russ Turk Jew and Grecian
 The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist
 The Dutch his belly boasteth
 The Englishman is for them all
 And for each fashion coasteth

The Turk in linen wraps his head
 The Persian his in lawn too
 The Russ with sables furs his cap
 And change will not be drawn to

The Spaniard's constant to his block,
 The French inconstant ever,
 But of all felts that can be felt,
 Give me your English beaver

The German loves his coney-wool,
 The Irishman his shag too,
 The Welch his Monmouth loves to wear,
 And of the same will brag too
 Some love the rough, and some the smooth,
 Some great, and others small things,
 But, oh, your lecherous Englishman,
 He loves to deal in all things

The Russ drinks quass, Dutch, Lubeck beer,
 And that is strong, and mighty,
 The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
 The Irish aqua vite,
 The French affects the Orleans' grape,
 The Spaniard tastes his sherry,
 The English none of these can 'scape,
 But he with all makes merrily

The Italian in her high chopine,
 Scotch lass, and lovely Frow too,
 The Spanish Donna, French Madam,
 He will not fear to go to,
 Nothing so full of hazard dread,
 Nought lives above the centre,
 No fashion, health, no wine, nor wench,
 On which he dare not venture

Hor. Good Valerius, this has brought us even to the
 skirts of the camp enter, lords [*exceunt*

SCENE II

Enter SEXTUS LUCRECE and ATTENDANTS

Luc This ring my lord hath op'd the gates to you
 For though I know you for a royal prince
 My sovereign's son and friend to Collatine
 Without that key you had not enter'd here
 More lights! and see a banquet straight provided
 My love to my dear husband shall appear
 In the kind welcome that I give his friend

Sex Not love sick but love lunatic love mad
 I am all fire impatience and my blood
 Boils in my heart with loose and sensual thoughts [*aside*

Luc A chair for the prince! may't please your highness
 sit?

Sex Madam with you

Luc It will become the wife of Collatine to wait upon
 your trencher

Sex You shall sit behind us at the camp we left our
 state

We're but your guest indeed you shall not wait —
 Her modesty hath such strong power o'er me
 And such a reverence hath fate given her brow
 That it appears a kind of blasphemy
 To have any wanton word harsh in her ears
 I cannot woo and yet I love beyond measure
 'Tis force not suit must purchase this rich treasure

[*aside*]

Luc Your highness cannot taste such homely cates

Sex Indeed I cannot feed but on thy face

Thou art the banquet that my thoughts embrace [*aside*
Luc Knew you, my lord, what free and zealous welcome
 We tender you, your highness would presume
 Upon your entertainment oft, and many times,
 I have heard my husband speak of Sextus' valour,
 Extol your worth, praise your perfection,
 Aye, dote upon your valour, and your friendship prize
 Next his Lucrece

Sex Oh impious lust, in all things base, respectless, and
 unjust !

Thy virtue, grace, and fame I must enjoy,
 Though in the purchase I all Rome destroy [*aside*
 Madam, if I be welcome,
 As your virtue bids me presume I am,
 Carouse to me a health unto your husband

Luc A woman's draught, my lord, to Collatine

Sex Nay, you must drink off all

Luc Your grace must pardon the tender weakness
 Of a woman's brain

Sex It is to Collatine

Luc Methinks 'twould ill become the modesty
 Of any Roman lady to carouse,
 And drown her virtues in the juice of grapes
 How can I shew my love unto my husband
 To do his wife such wrong ? by too much wine
 I might neglect the charge of this great house,
 Left solely to my keep, else my example
 Might in my servants breed encouragement
 So to offend, both which were pardonless,
 Else to your grace I might neglect my duty,

And slack obeisance to so great a guest
 All which being accidental unto wine
 O let me not so wrong my Collatine

Sex We excuse you —her perfections like a torrent
 With violence breaks upon me and at once
 Inverts and swallows all that a good in me
 Preposterous fates ! what mischiefs you involve
 Upon a cattiff prince left to the fury
 Of all grand mischief? hath the grandame world
 Yet mother'd* such a strange abortive wonder
 That from her virtues should arise my sin?
 I am worse than what s most ill depriv'd all reason
 My heart all fiery lust my soul all treason *[aside]*

Luc My lord I fear your health your changing brow
 Hath shewn so much disturbance noble Sextus
 Hath not your vent rous travel from the camp
 Nor the moist rawness of this humorous night
 Impair'd your health?

Sex Divinest Lucrece no I cannot eat

Luc To rest then

A rank of torches there attend the prince !

Sex Madam I doubt I am a guest this night
 Too troublesome and I offend your rest

Luc This ring speaks for me that next Collatine
 You are to me most welcome yet my lord
 Thus much presume without this from his hand
 Sextus this night could not have enter'd here
 No not the king himself
 My doors the day time to my friends are free

But in the night the obdure gates are less kind,
 Without this ring they can no entrance find
 Lights for the prince !

Sea A kiss, and so good night, nay, for your ring's
 sake, deny not that

Luc Jove give your highness soft and sweet repose !

Sea And thee the like, with soft and sweet content !
 My vows are fix'd, my thoughts on mischief bent [*aside*
[*exit with torches*

Luc 'Tis late, so many stars shine in this room,
 By reason of this great and princely guest,
 The world might call our modesty in question,
 To revel thus, our husband at the camp,
 Haste, and to rest, save in the prince's chamber,
 Let not a light appear my heart's all sadness
 Jove ! unto thy protection I commit
 My chastity and honour, to thy keep
 My waking soul I give, whilst my thoughts sleep
[*exit, with attendants*

SCENE III.

Enter CLOWN and a SERVING MAN

Clown Soft, soft, not too loud, imagine we were now
 going on the ropes with eggs on our heels, he that hath
 but a creaking shoe I would he had a creak in his neck
 tread not too hard for disturbing Prince Sextus

Ser I wonder the prince would have none of us stay in
 his chamber and help him to bed

Clown What an ass art thou to wonder ! there may be
 many causes thou know'st the prince is a soldier, and sol-

diers many time want shift who can say whether he have a clean shirt on or no? for any thing that we know he hath us d staves acre * or hath ta en a medicine to kill the itch what s that to us? we did our duty to proffer ourselves

Ser And what should we enter farther into his thoughts? come shall s to bed? I m as drowsy as a dormouse and my head is as heavy as though I had a night-cap of lead on

Clown And my eyes begin to glue themselves together I was till supper was done altogether for your repast and now after supper I am only for your repose I think for the two virtues of eating and sleeping there s never a Roman spirit under the cope of heaven can put me down

Enter MIRABLE

Mir For shame! what a conjuring and catter wawling keep you here that my lady cannot sleep you shall have her call by and by and send you all to bed with a witness

Clown Sweet Mistress Mirable we are going

Mir You are too loud come every man dispose him to his rest and I ll to mine

Ser Out with your torches

Clown Come then and every man sneak into his kennel

[exeunt]

SCENE IV

Enter SEXTUS with his sword drawn, and a taper lighted

Sex Night be as secret as thou art close as close
As thou art black and dark! thou ominous queen
Of tenebrous silence make this fatal hour
As true to ripe as thou hast made it kind

Th h b lark p

To murder, and haish mischief ! Cynthia, mask thy cheek,
 And all you sparkling elemental fires,
 Choak up your beauties in prodigious fogs,
 Or be extinct in some thick vaporious clouds,
 Lest ye behold my practice ! I am bound
 Upon a black adventure, on a deed
 That must wound virtue, and make beauty bleed
 Pause, Sextus, and before thou run'st thyself
 Into this violent danger, weigh thy sin
 Thou art yet free, belov'd, grac'd in the camp,
 Of great opinion and undoubted hope,
 Rome's darling in the universal grace,
 Both of the field, and senate, where these fortunes
 Do make thee great in both * back ! yet thy fame
 Is free from hazard, and thy style from shame
 O fate ! thou hast usurp'd such power o'er man,
 That where thou plead'st thy will, no mortal can
 On then black mischief, hurry me the way !
 Myself I must destroy, her life betray
 The hate† of king and subject, the displeasure
 Of prince and people, the revenge of noble,
 And contempt of base, the incurr'd vengeance
 Of my wrong'd kinsman Collatine, the treason
 Against divin'st Lucrece, all these total curses
 Foreseen, not fear'd, upon one Sextus meet,
 To make my days harsh, so this night be sweet

* In the quartos, this and the preceding line stand thus

“ Both of the field and senate, were these fortunes
 To make thee great in both,” &c

† *Ib* —State

No jar of clock no ominous hateful howl
Of any starting hound no horse-cough breath'd from the
entrails

Of any drowsy groom wakes this charm'd silence
And starts this general slumber forward still

[Lucrece discovered in her bed]

To make thy lust live all thy virtues kill
Here here behold ! beneath these curtains lies
That bright enchantress that hath dazzl'd my eyes
Oh who but Sextus could commit such waste
On one so fair so kind so truly chaste ?
Or like a ravisher thus rudely stand
To offend this face this brow this lip this hand ?
Or at such fatal hours these revels keep
With thought once to defile thy innocent sleep ?
Save in this breast such thoughts could find no place
Or pay with trea on her hospitable grace
But I am lust burnt all bent on what's bad
That which should calm good thought makes Tarquin
mad

Madam ! Lucrece !

Luc Whose that ? oh me ! beshrew you

Sex Sweet tis I

Luc What I ?

Sex Make room

Luc My husband Collatine ?

Sex Thy husband's at the camp

Luc Here is no place for any man save him

Sex Crant me that grace

Luc What are you ?

Sex Tarquin and thy friend, and must enjoy thee

Luc Heaven such sins defend !

Sex Why do you tremble, lady ? cease this fear,
I am alone, there's no suspicious ear

That can betray this deed nay, start not, sweet

Luc Dream I, or am I full awake ? oh no !

I know I dream to see Prince Sextus so

Sweet lord, awake me, rid me from this terror

I know you for a prince, a gentleman,

Royal and honest, one that loves my lord,

And would not wrack a woman's chastity

For Rome's imperial diadem oh then

Pardon this dream ! for being awake, I know

Prince Sextus, Rome's great hope, would not for shame

Havock his own worth, or despoil my fame

Sex I'm bent on both, my thoughts are all on fire,

Choose thee, thou must embrace death, or desire

Yet do I love thee, wilt thou accept it ?

Luc No

Sex If not thy love, thou must enjoy thy foe

Where fair means cannot, force shall make my way

By Jove, I must enjoy thee

Luc Sweet lord, stay

Sex I'm all impatience, violence, and rage,

And save thy bed, nought can this fire assuage

Wilt love me ?

Luc No, I cannot

Sex Tell me why ?

Luc Hate me, and in that hate first let me die

Sex By Jove, I'll force thee

Luc By a god you swear
 To do a devil deed sweet lord forbear
 By the same Jove I swear that made this soul
 Never to yield unto an act so foul
 Help ! help !

Sex These pillows first shall stop thy breath
 If thou but shriek'st hark ! how I'll frame thy death

Luc For death I care not so I keep unstain'd
 The uncraz'd honour I have yet maintain'd

Sex Thou canst keep neither for if thou but squeak'st
 Or let'st the least harsh noise jar in my ear
 I'll broach thee on my steel that done straight murder
 One of thy basest grooms and lay you both
 Grasp'd arm in arm on thy adulterate bed
 Then call in witness of that mechall* sin
 So shalt thou die thy death be scandalous
 Thy name be odious thy suspected body
 Deny'd all funeral rites and loving Collatine
 Shall hate thee even in death then save all this
 And to thy fortunes add another friend
 Give thy fears comfort and these torments end

Luc I'll die first and yet hear me as you're noble
 If all your goodness and best generous thoughts
 Be not exil'd your heart pity oh pity
 The virtues of a woman ! mar not that
 Cannot be made again this once defil'd
 Not all the ocean waves can purify
 Or wash my stain away you seek to soil

That which the radiant splendor of the sun
 Cannot make bright again, behold my tears,
 Oh think them pearl'd drops, distilled from the heart
 Of soul-chaste Lucrece, think them orators,
 To plead the cause of absent Collatine, your friend and
 kinsman

Sex Tush, I am obdure

Luc Then make my name foul, keep my body pure
 Oh, prince of princes, do but weigh your sin
 Think how much I shall lose, how small you win
 I lose the honour of my name and blood,
 Loss Rome's imperial crown cannot make good
 You win the world's shame and all good men's hate,
 Oh! would you pleasure buy at such dear rate?
 Nor can you term it pleasure, for what is sweet,
 Where force and hate, jar and contention meet?
 Weigh but for what 'tis that you urge me still,
 To gain a woman's love against her will?
 You'll but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,
 And think that labour's not worth all your strife,
 Curse your hot lust, and say you've wrong'd your friends,
 But all the world cannot make me amends
 I took you for a friend, wrong not my trust,
 But let these chaste tears quench your fiery lust

Sex No, those moist tears contending with my fire,
 Quench not my heat but make it climb much higher,
 I'll drag thee hence

Luc Oh!

Sex If thou raise these cries, lodg'd in thy slaughter'd
 Aims some base groom dies

And Rome that hath admir'd thy name so long
 Shall blot thy death with scandal from my tongue

Luc Jove guard my innocence !

Ser Lucrece thou art mine

In spite of Jove and all the powers divine

[he bears her out]

SCENE V

Enter a SERVING MAN

Ser What s o clock trow ? my lord bad me be early ready with my gelding for he would ride betimes in the morning now had I rather be up an hour before my time than a minute after for my lord will be so infinite angry if I but oversleep myself a moment that I had better be out of my life than in his displeasure but soft some of my lord Collatine s men lie in the next chamber I care not if I call them up for it grows towards day what ! Pompey Pompey ?

Clown *[within]* Who is that call ?

Enter CLOWN

Ser Tis I

Clown Who s that ? my lord Sextus his man ? wh t a pox make you up before day ?

Ser I would have the key of the gate to come at my lord s horse in the stable

Clown I would my lord Sextus and you were both in the hay loft for Pompey can take none of his natural rest among you here s een ostler rise and give my horse another peck of hay

Ser Nay good Pompey help me to the key of the stable

Clown Well, Pompey was born to do Rome good in being so kind to the young prince's gelding, but if for my kindness in giving him peas and oats he should kick me, I should scarce say, God a mercy horse! but come, I'll go with thee to the stable [*exeunt*]

SCENE VI

Enter SEXTUS and LUCRECE uneasy

Sex Nay, weep not, sweet, what's done is past recall
 Call not thy name in question by this sorrow,
 Which is yet without blemish, what hath past
 Is hid from the world's eye, and only private
 'Twixt us, fair Lucrece! pull not on my head
 The wrath of Rome, if I have done thee wrong,
 Love was the cause, thy fame is without blot,
 And thou in Sextus hast a true friend got
 Nay, sweet, look up, thou only hast my heart
 I must be gone, Lucrece, a kiss, and part

Luc Oh! [*she flings from him and exit*]

Sex No^d peevish dame, farewell, then! be the bruter
 Of thy own shame, which Tarquin would conceal,
 I am arm'd 'gainst all can come, let mischief frown,
 With all his terror, arm'd with ominous fate,
 To all their spleens a welcome I'll afford,
 With this bold heart, strong hand, and my good sword [*exit*]

SCENE VII

*Enter BRUTUS, VALERIUS, HORATIUS, ARUNS, SÆVOLA, and
 COLLATINE*

Bru What, so early, Valerius, and your voice not up

yet? thou wast wont to be my lark and raise me with thy early notes

Val I was never so hard set yet my lord but I had ever a fit of mirth for my friend

Bru Pr ythee let s hear it then while we may for I divine thy music and my madness are both hort liv d we shall have somewhat else to do ere long we hope Valerius

Hor Jove send it!

Song — VALERIUS

Pack clouds away and welcome day
With n^o ht we banish sorrow
Sweet air blow soft mount lark aloft
To give my love good morrow
Win^gs from the wind to please her mind
Notes from the lark I ll borrow
Bird prune thy wing nightingale sing
To give my love good morrow
To give my love good morrow
Notes from them all I ll borrow

Wake from thy nest robin red breast
Sing birds in every furrow
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow
Blackbird and thrush in every bush
Stare linnet and cock sparrow
You pretty elves amongst yourselves
Sing my fair love good morrow
To give my love good morrow
Sing birds in every furrow

Bru Methinks, our wars go not well forwards, Horatius, we have greater enemies to bustle with than the Ardeans, if we durst but front them.

Hor Would it were come to fronting!

Bru Then we married men should have the advantage of the bachelors, Horatius, especially such as have reveling wives, those that can caper in the city, while their husbands are in the camp Collatine, why are you so sad? the thought of this should not trouble you, having a Lucrece to your bedfellow

Col My lord, I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry

Secæ Come, come, make him merry, let's have a song in praise of his Lucrece

Val Content

Song—VALERIUS

On two white columns arch'd she stands,
Some snow would think them sure,
Some chrystal, others lillies stript,
But none of those so pure

This beauty when I contemplate,
What riches I behold,
'Tis roof'd within with virtuous thoughts,
Without 'tis thatch'd with gold

Two doors there are to enter at,
The one I'll not enquire,
Because conceal'd, the other seen,
Whose sight inflames desire

Whether the lorch be coral clear
 Or with rich crimson lin'd
 Or rose leaves lasting all the year
 It is not yet divin'd

Her eyes not made of purest glass
 Or chrystal but transpareth
 The life of diamonds they surpass
 Their very sight ensnareth

That which without we rough cast call
 To stand gainst wind and weather
 For its rare beauty equals all
 That I have nam'd together

For were it not by modest art
 Kept from the sight of skies
 It would strike dim the sun itself
 And daze the gazers eyes

The case so rich how may we praise
 The jewel lodg'd within
 To draw their praise I were unwise
 To wrong them, it were sin

Aru I should be frolick if my brother were but
 return'd to the camp

Hor And in good time behold prince Sextus

Enter SEXTUS

All Health to our general !

Sex Thank you

Bru Will you survey your forces and give order for a
 present assault? your soldiers long to be tugging with the
 Ardeans

Scæ No

Col Have you seen Lucretia, my lord, how fares she?

Scæ Well, I'll to my tent

Arū Why, how now, what's the matter, brother?

[*exunt Scævus and Aruns*]

Bru Thank you, no Well, I'll to my tent get thee to thy tent, and coward go with thee, if thou hast no more spirit to a speedy encounter

Val Shall I go after him, and know the cause of his discontent?

Scæ Or I, my lord?

Bru Neither, to pursue a fool in his humour is the next way to make him more humorous, I'll not be guilty of his folly, thank you, no, before I wish him health again, when he is sick of the sullens, may I die, not like a Roman, but like a runagate

Scæ Perhaps he's not well

Bru Well then let him be ill

Val Nay if he be dying as I could wish he were, I'll ring out his funeral peal, and thus it is

Song —VALERIUS

Come, list and hark,
The bell doth toll
For some but new
Departing soul
And was not that
Some ominous fowl,
The bat, the night-
Crow or screech-owl?

To these I hear
 The wild wolf howl
 In this black night
 That seems to scowl
 All these my black
 Book shall enroll
 For hark still still
 The bell doth toll
 For some but now
 Departing soul

Scæ Excellent Valerius but is not that Collatine's man?

Enter CLOWN

Val The news with this hasty post

Clown Did nobody see my lord Collatine? oh! my lady commends her to you here's a letter

Col Give it me

Clown Fie upon't never was poor Pompey so over labour'd as I have been I think I have spurrd my horse such a question that he is scarce able to wig or wag his tail for an answer but my lady bad me spare for no horseflesh and I think I have made him run his race

Bru Cousin Collatine the news at Rome?

Col Nothing but what you all may well partake read here my lord

Brutus reads the letter

Dear lord if ever thou wilt see thy Lucrece
 Choose of the friends which thou affectest best
 And all important business set apart
 Repair to Rome commend me to lord Brutus

Valerius, Mutius, and Horatius

Say I entreat their presence, where my father
 Lucretius shall attend them, farewell, sweet,
 Th' affairs are great, then do not fail to meet

Brut I'll thither as I live

[*exit*]

Col I, though I die

[*exit*]

Scæ To Rome with expeditious wings we'll fly

[*exit*]

Hor The news, the news, if it have any shape
 Of sadness, if some prodigy have chanc'd,
 That may beget revenge, I'll cease to chafe,
 Vex, martyr, grieve, torture, torment myself,
 And tune my humour to strange strains of mirth,
 My soul divines some happiness, speak, speak
 I know thou hast some news that will create me
 Merry and musical, for I would laugh,
 Be new trans-shap'd, I pr'ythee sing, Valerius,
 That I may war with thee

Song—VALERIUS

I'd think myself as proud in shackles,
 As doth the ship in all her tackles
 The wise man boasts no more his brains,
 Than I'd exult in gyves and chains
 As creditors would use their debtors,
 So could I toss and shake my fetters,
 But not confess, my thoughts should be
 In duance fast as those kept me
 And could, when spite their hearts envious,
 Then dance to th' music of my nuns

Val Now tell us what's the project of thy message?

Clown My lords, the princely Sextus has been at home,

but what he hath done there I may partly mistrust but cannot altogether resolve you besides my lady swore me that whatsoever I suspected I should say nothing

Val If thou wilt not say thy mind I prythee sing thy mind and then thou may st save thine oath

Clown Indeed I was not sworn to that I may either laugh out my news or sing em and so I may save mine oath to my lady

Hor How s all at Rome that with such sad presage
Disturbed Collatine and noble Brutus
Are hurry d from the camp with Scævola?
And we with expedition mongst the rest
Are charg d to Rome? speak what did Sextus there
With thy fair mistress?

I al Second me my lord and we ll urge him to disclose it

VALERIUS HORATIUS and the CLOWN —their Catch

I al Did he take fair Lucrece by the toe man?

Ho Toe man?

I al Aye man

Clown Ha ha ha ha ha man

Hor And further did he strive to go man?

Clown Go man?

Hor Aye man

Clown Ha ha ha ha man fa derry derry down ha fa
derry dino

Val Did he take fair Lucrece by the heel man?

Clown Heel man?

Val Aye man

Clown Ha ha ha ha man

Hor And did he further true to feel man?

Clown Feel, man ?

Hor Aye, man

Clown Ha ha ha ha, man, ha fa derry, &c

Val Did he take the lady by the shin, man ?

Clown Shin, man ?

Val Aye, man

Clown Ha ha ha ha, man

Hor Further too would he have been, man

Clown Been, man ?

Hor Aye, man

Clown Ha ha ha ha, man, ha fa dery, &c

Val Did he take the lady by the knee, man ?

Clown Knee, man ?

Val Aye, man

Clown Ha ha ha ha, man

Hor Farther than that would he be, man ?

Clown Be, man ?

Hor Aye, man

Clown Ha ha ha ha, man, hey fa dery, &c

Val Did he take the lady by the thigh, man ?

Clown Thigh, man ?

Val Aye, man

Clown Ha ha ha ha, man

Hor And now he came it somewhat nigh, man ?

Clown Nigh, man ?

Hor Aye, man

Clown Ha ha ha ha, man, hey fa derry, &c

Val But did he do the t'other thing, man ?

Clown Thing, man ?

Val Aye, man

Clown Ha ha ha ha, man

Hor And at the same hed he a fling, man ?

Clown Fling man ?

Hor Aye man

Clown Ha ha ha man hey fa derry &c [exeunt

ACT V SCENE I

A table and a chair covered with black

LUCRECE and her MAID

Luc Mirable

Maid Madam

Luc Is not my father old Lucretius come yet ?

Maid Not yet

Luc Nor any from the camp ?

Maid Neither madam

Luc Go begone and leave me to the truest grief of heart
That ever enter'd any matron's breast Oh !

Maid Why weep you lady ? alas ! why do you stain
Your modest cheeks with these offensive tears ?

Luc Nothing nay nothing oh you powerful gods
That should have angels guardants on your throne
To protect innocence and chastity ! oh why
Suffer you such inhuman masacre
Of harmless virtue ? wherefore take you charge
Of sinless souls to see them wounded thus
With rape and violence ? or give white innocence
Armour of proof gainst sin or by oppression
Kill virtue quite and guerdon base transgression
Is it my fate above all other women ?
Or is my sin more heinous than the rest
That amon st thousands millions infinites

I, only I, should to this shame be born,
To be a stain to women, nature's scorn? oh!

Maid What ails you, madam? truth, you make me weep
To see you shed salt tears what hath oppress'd you?
Why is your chamber hung with mourning black?
Your habit sable, and your eyes thus swoln
With ominous tears, alas! what troubles you?

Luc I am not sad, thou didst deceive thyself,
I did not weep, there's nothing troubles me
But wherefore dost thou blush?

Maid Madam, not I

Luc Indeed thou didst,
And in that blush my guilt thou did'st betray,
How can'st thou by the notice of my sin?

Maid What sin?

Luc My blot, my scandal, and my shame
O Tarquin! thou my honour did'st betray,
Disgrace, no time, no age, can wipe away, oh!

Maid Sweet lady, cheer yourself, I'll fetch my viol,
And see if I can sing you fast asleep
A little rest would wear away this passion

Luc Do what thou wilt, I can command no more,
Being no more a woman, I am now
Devote to death and an inhabitant
Of th' other world these eyes must ever weep
Till fate hath clos'd them with eternal sleep

Enter BRUTUS, COLLATINE, HORATIUS, SCAEVOLE, VALERIUS,
one way, and OLD LUCRETIA another way

O *Luc* Brutus!

Br Lucretia!

Luc Father !

Col Lucrece !

Iuc Collatine !

Bru How cheer you madam ? how is t with you cousin ?
Why is your eye deject and drown d in sorrow ?

Why is this funeral black and ornaments
Of widow hood ? resolve me cousin Lucrece

Hor How fare you lady ?

O Luc What the matter girl ?

Col Why how is t with you Lucrece ? tell me sweet
Why dost thou hide thy face and with thy hand
Darken those eyes that were my suns of joy
To make my pleasures flourish in the spring ?

Luc Oh me !

Ial Whence are these sighs and tears ?

Scæ How grows this passion ?

Bru Speak lady you are hemm d in with your friends
Girt in a pale of safety and environ d
And circl d in a fortress of your kindred
Let not those drops fall fruitless to the ground
Nor let your sighs add to the senseless wind
Speak ! who hath wrong d you ?

Luc Ere I speak my woe

Swear you ll revenge poor Lucrece on her foe

Bru Be his head arch d with gold !

Hor Be his hand arm d with an imperial sceptre !

O Luc Be he great as Tarquin thron d in an imperial
seat !

Bru Be he no more than mortal he shall feel
The vengeful edge of this victorious steel

Luc Then seat you, lords, whilst I express my wrong '
 Father, dear husband, and my kinsmen lords,
 Hear me, I am dishonour'd and disgrac'd ,
 My reputation mangled, my renown
 Disparag'd, but my body, oh my body '

Col What, Lucrece ?

Luc Stain'd, polluted, and defil'd
 Strange steps are found in my adulterate bed ,
 And though my thoughts be white as innocence,
 Yet is my body soil'd with lust-burn'd sin,
 And by a stranger I am stumpteted,
 Ravish'd, enforc'd, and am no more to rank
 Among the Roman matrons

Bru Yet cheer you, lady, and restrain these tears ,
 If you were forc'd, the sin concerns not you ,
 A woman's born but with a woman's strength
 Who was the ravisher '

Hor Aye, name him, lady '
 Our love to you shall only thus appear
 In the revenge that we will take on him

Luc I hope so, lords, 'twas Sextus, the king's son

All How ? Sextus Tarquin '

Luc That unprincely prince,
 Who, guest-wise, enter'd with my husband's ring
 This ring, O Collatine ' this ring you sent,
 Is cause of all my woe, your discontent
 I feasted him, then lodg'd him, and bestow'd
 My choicest welcome, but in the dead of night
 My traitorous guest came aim'd unto my bed,
 Frighted my silent sleep, threaten'd, and pray'd

For entertainment I despised both
 Which hearing his sharp pointed scimitar
 The tyrant bent against my naked breast
 Ala ! I begg'd my death but note his tyranny
 He brought with him a torment worse than death
 For having murder'd me he swore to kill
 One of my basest grooms and lodge him dead
 In my dead arms then call in testimony
 Of my adultery to make me hated
 Even in my death of husband father friends
 Of Rome and all the world
 This this O princes ! ravish'd and kill'd me at once

Col Yet comfort lady

I quit thy guilt for what could Lucrece do
 More than a woman ? had st thou dy'd polluted
 By this base scandal thou had st wrong'd thy fame
 And hinder'd us of a most just revenge

All What shall we do lords ?

Bru Lay your resolute hands

Upon the sword of Brutus vow and swear
 As you hope meed for merit from the gods
 Or fear reward for sin from devils below
 As you are Romans and esteem your fame
 More than your lives all humorous toys set off
 Of madding singing smiling and what else
 Revive your native valours be yourselves
 And join with Brutus in the just revenge
 Of this chaste ravish'd lady swear !

All We do

Iuc Then with your humours here my grief ends too

My stain I thus wipe off, call in my sighs,
 And in the hope of this revenge, forbear
 Even to my death to fall one passionate tear,
 Yet, lords, that you may crown my innocence
 With your best thoughts, that you may henceforth know
 We are the same in heart, we seem in show
 And though I quit my soul of all such sin,
[the lords whisper]

I'll not debar my body punishment
 Let all the world learn of a Roman dame,
 To prize her life less than her honor'd fame *[stabs herself]*

O Luc Lucrece!

Col Wife!

Bru Lady!

Scæ She hath slain herself!

Val Oh see yet, lords, if there be hope of life

Bru She's dead! then turn your funeral tears to fire
 And indignation, let us now redeem
 Our mis-spent time, and overtake our sloth
 With hostile expedition, this, great lords,
 This bloody knife, on which her chaste blood flow'd,
 Shall not from Brutus, till some strange revenge
 Fall on the heads of Tarquins

Hor Now's the time to call their pride to count
 Brutus, lead on, we'll follow thee to their confusion

Val By Jove, we will, the sprightful youth of Rome,
 Trick'd up in plumed harness, shall attend
 The march of Brutus, whom we here create
 Our general against the Tarquins

Scæ Be it so

Bru We embrace it now to stir the wrath of Rome
 You Collatine and good Lucretius
 With eyes yet drown'd in tears bear that chaste body
 Into the market place that horrid object
 Shall kindle them with a most just revenge

Hor To see the father and the husband mourn
 O'er this chaste dame that have so well deserv'd
 Of Rome and them then to infer the pride
 The wrongs and the perpetual tyranny
 Of all the Tarquins Servius Tullius death
 And his unnatural usage by that monster
 Tullia the queen all these shall well concur
 In a combin'd revenge

Bru Lucrece thy death we'll mourn in glittering arms
 And plumed casques bear that reverend load
 Unto the Forum where our force shall meet
 To set upon the palace and expel
 This vicious brood from Rome I know the people
 Will gladly embrace our fortunes Scævola
 Go you and muster powers in Brutus name
 Valerius you assist him instantly
 And to the mazed people freely speak
 The cause of this concourse

Val We go [exunt Valerius and Scævola]

Bru And you dear lords [to Collatine and Lucretius]
 whose speechless grief is boundless

Turn all your tears with ours to wrath and rage
 The hearts of all the Tarquins shall weep blood
 Upon the funeral hearse with whose chaste body
 Honour your arms and to th' assembled people

Disclose her innocent wounds Gramercies, lords,

[*a great shout, and a flourish with drums and trumpets.*]

That universal shout tells me their words

Are gracious with the people, and their troops

Are ready embattl'd and expect but us

To lead them on, Jove give our fortunes speed!

We'll murder murder, and base rape shall bleed [*count*]

SCENE II

Alarm—Enter in the night TARQUIN and LUCIUS flying, pursued by BRUTUS, the ROMANS march with drum and colours PORSENNA, ARUNS, SEXTUS, TARQUIN, and LUCIUS, meet and join with them to them, BRUTUS and the ROMANS, with drum and soldiers they make a stand

Bru Even thus far, tyrant, have we dogg'd thy steps,
Frighting thy queen and thee with horrid steel

Tar Lodg'd in the safety of Porsenna's arms,
Now, traitor Brutus, we dare front thy pride

Hor Porsenna, thou'rt unworthy of a sceptre,
To shelter pride, lust, rape, and tyranny,
In that proud prince and his confederate peers

Sex Traitors to heaven, to Tarquin, Rome, and us!
Treason to kings doth stretch even to the gods,
And those high gods that take great Rome in charge,
Shall punish your rebellion

Col O devil, Sextus! speak not thou of gods,
Nor cast those false and feigned eyes to heaven,
Whose rape the furies must torment in hell,
Of Lucrece, Lucrece!

Sec Her chaste blood still cries

For vengeance to the etherial deities

O Luc Oh twas a foul deed Sextus !

I al And thy shame

Shall be eternal and outlive her fame

Aru Say Sextus lov'd her was she not a woman ?

Aye and perhaps was willing to be forc'd

Must you being private subjects dare to ring

War's loud alarum gainst your potent king ?

Por Brutus therein thou dost forget thyself

And wrong'st the glory of thine ancestors

Staining thy blood with treason

Bru Tuscan know

The consul Brutus is their powerful foe

All the Tarquins Consul !

Hor Aye consul and the powerful hand of Rome

Grasps his imperial sword the name of king

The tyrant Tarquins have made odious

Unto this nation and the general knee

Of this our warlike people now low bends

To royal Brutus where the king's name ends

Bru Now Sextus where's the oracle ? when I kiss'd

My mother Earth it plainly did foretell

My noble virtues did thy sin exceed

Brutus should sway and lust burn'd Tarquinn bleed

Val Now shall the blood of Servius fall as heavy

As a huge mountain on your tyrant heads

O erwhelming all your glory

Hor Tullia's guilt shall be by us reveng'd that in her
pride

In blood paternal her rough coach wheels dy'd

Luc Your tyrannies,—

Scæ Pride,

Col And my Lucrece' fate,

Shall all be swallow'd in this hostile hate

Scæ Oh ! Romulus, thou, that first rear'd yon walls,
In sight of which we stand, in thy soft bosom

Is hugg'd the nest in which the Tarquins build,

Within the branches of thy lofty spires

Tarquun shall perch, or where he once hath stood,

His high built acry shall be drown'd in blood,

Alarum then, Brutus ! by heaven I vow,

My sword shall prove thou ne'er wast mad till now

Br Sextus, my madness with your lives expires,
Thy sensual eyes are fix'd upon that wall

Thou ne'er shalt enter, Rome confines you all

Por A charge then !

Tu Jove and Tarquin !

Ho But we cry a Brutus !

Br Lucrece, fame, and victory ! [*ex eunt*]

SCENE III

Alarum, the Romans are beaten off

*Enter BRUTUS, HORATIUS, VALERIUS, SÆVOLA, LUCRITIUS, and
COLLATINE*

Br Thou Jovial hand, hold up thy sceptre high,
And let not justice be oppress'd with pride,

O you, Penates, leave not Rome and us,

Grasp'd in the purple hands of death and ruin,

The Tarquins have the best

Ho Yet stand, my foot is fix'd upon this bridge,

Tiber thy arched streams shall be chang'd crimson
With Roman blood before I budge from hence

Scæ Brutus retire for if thou enter Rome
We are all lost stand not on valour now
But save thy people let's survive this day
To try the fortunes of another field

Ial Break down the bridge lest the pursuing enemy
Enter with us and take the spoil of Rome

Hor Then break behind me for by heaven I'll grow
And root my foot as deep as to the centre
Before I leave this passage

Luc Come you're mad

Col The foe comes on and we in trisling here
Hazard ourselves and people

Hor Save them all
To make Rome stand Horatius here will fall

Bru We would not lose thee do not breast thyself
Gainst thousands if thou front'st them thou art ring'd
With million swords and darts and we behind
Must break the bridge of Tiber to save Rome
Before thee infinite gaze on thy face
And menace death the raging streams of Tiber
Are at thy back to swallow thee

Hor Retire!
To make Rome live 'tis death that I desire

Bru Then farewell dead Horatius! think in us
The universal arm of potent Rome
Takes his last leave of thee in this embrace

[*all embrace him*]

Hor Farewell!

All Farewell !

Bru These arches all must down
To interdict their passage through the town [*trumpets*]

SCENE IV

Alarum Enter TARQUIN, PORSENNA, and ARUNS, with their
pikes and Targeter.

All Enter, enter, enter !

[*a noise of knocking down the bridge within*]

Hor Soft, Tarquin, see a bulwark to the bridge
You first must pass, the man that enters here
Must make his passage through Horatius' breast,
See, with this target do I buckler Rome,
And with this sword defy the puissant army
Of two great kings

Por One man to face a host !
Charge, soldiers ! Of full forty thousand Romans
There's but one daring hand against your host,
To keep you from the sack or spoil of Rome,
Charge, charge !

Aru Upon them, soldiers ! [*alarum*]

Enter in several places, SEXTUS and VALERIUS above

Sev Oh ! cowards, slaves, and vassals ! what ! not enter ?
Was it for this you plac'd my regiment
Upon a hill, to be the sad spectator
Of such a general cowardice ? Tarquin, Aruns,
Porsenna, soldiers, pass Horatius quickly,
For they behind him will devolve the bridge,
And raging Tiber, that's impassable,
Your host must swim before you conquer Rome

Val Yet stand Horatius bear but one brunt more
The arch'd bridge shall sink upon his piles
And in his fall lift thy renown to heaven

Sex Yet enter

Val Dear Horatius yet stand
And save a million by one powerful hand

[alarum and the falling of a bridge]

Aruns and all Charge charge charge !

Sex Degenerate slaves ! the bridge is fall'n Rome's lost

Val Horatius thou art stronger than their host
Thy strength is valour theirs are idle braves

Now save thyself and leap into the waves

Hor Porsenna Tarquin now wade past your depths
And enter Rome I feel my body sink

Beneath my pond'rous weight Rome is preserv'd

And now farewell for he that follows me

Must search the bottom of this raging stream

Fame with thy golden wings renown my crest

And Tiber take me on thy silver breast

[he leaps into the river]

Por He's leap'd off from the bridge and drown'd himself

Sex You are deceiv'd his spirit soars too high

To be choak'd in with the base element

Of water lo ! he swims arm'd as he is

Whilst all the army have discharg'd their arrows

Of which the shield upon his back sticks full *[flourish]*

And hark ! the shout of all the multitude

Now welcomes him a land Horatius fame

Hath check'd our armies with a general shame

But come to morrow's fortune must restore

This scandal, which I of the gods implore

Por Then we must find another time, fair prince,
To scourge these people, and revenge your wrongs
For this night I'll betake me to my tent

Tar And we to ours, to morrow we'll renown
Our army with the spoil of this rich town *[exeunt*

SCENE V

Enter PORSINNA and SECRETARY

Por Our secretary

Sec My lord!

Por Command lights and torches in our tents

Enter SOLDIERS with torches

And let a guard engirt our safety round,
Whilst we debate of military business
Come, sit, and let's consult

Enter SCÆVOIA, disguised

Scæ Horatius, famous for defending Rome,
But we have done nought worthy Scævola,
Nor of a Roman I, in this disguise,
Have pass'd the army and the puissant guard
Of king Porsenna this should be his tent,
And in good time, now fate direct my strength
Against a king, to free great Rome at length

[stabs the Secretary]

Sec Oh! I am slain! treason! treason!

Por Villain! what hast thou done?

Scæ Why, slain the king

Por What king?

Scæ Porsenna

Por Porsenna lives to see thee tortur'd
With plagues more devilish than the pains of hell

Scæ Oh too rash Mutius hast thou miss'd thy aim?
And thou base hand that didst direct my poniard
Against a peasant's breast behold thy error
Thus I will punish I will give thee freely
Unto the fire nor will I wear a limb

[puts his hand into the fire]

That with such rashness shall offend his lord

Por What will the madman do?

Scæ Porsenna so

Punish my hand thus for not killing thee
Three hundred noble lads besides myself
Have vow'd to all the gods that patron Rome
Thy ruin for supporting tyranny
And though I fail expect yet every hour
When some strange fate thy fortunes will devour

Por Stay Roman! we admire thy constancy
And scorn of fortune go return to Rome
We give thee life and say the king Porsenna
Whose life thou seek'st is in this honorable
Pass freely guard him to the walls of Rome
And were we not so much engag'd to Tarquin
We would not lift a hand against that nation
That breeds such noble spirits

Scæ Well I go

And for revenge take life even of my foe *[exit]*

Por Conduct him safely what! three hundred gallants

Sworn to our death, and all resolv'd like him !
 We must be provident, to-morrow's fortune
 We'll prove for Tarquins, if they fail our hopes,
 Peace shall be made with Rome, but first our secretary
 Shall have his rites of funeral, then our shield
 We must address next for to-morrow's field [exit

SCENE VI

*Enter BRUTIUS, HORATIUS, VALERIUS, COLLATINE, and LUCRITIUS,
 marching*

Bru By thee we are consul, and still govern Rome,
 Which but for thee, had been despoil'd and ta'en,
 Made a confused heap of men and stones,
 Swimming in blood and slaughter, dear Horatius,
 Thy noble picture shall be carv'd in brass,
 And fix'd for thy perpetual memory
 In our high Capitol

Hori Great consul, thanks !
 But leaving this, let's march out of the city,
 And once more bid them battle on the plains

Val This day my soul divines we shall live free
 From all the furious Tarquins, but where's Scævola ?
 We see not him to-day

Enter SCÆVOLA

Scæ Here, lords, behold me handless, as you see
 The cause,—I miss'd Porsenna in his tent,
 And in his stead kill'd but his secretary
 The 'mazed king, when he beheld me punish
 My rash mistake, with loss of my right hand,

Unbegg'd and almost scorn'd he gave me life
Which I had then refus'd but in desire
To vengeance fair Lucrece rape

Hor Dear Scævola

Thou hast exceeded us in our resolve
But will the Tarquins give us present battle?

Scæv That may ye hear *[soft alarum]*

The skirmish is begun already twixt the horse

Luc Then noble consul lead our main battle on!

Bru O Jove! this day balance our cause
And let her innocent blood destroy
The heads of all the Tarquins! See this day
In her cause do we consecrate our lives
And in defence of justice now march on
I hear their martial music be our shock
As terrible as are the meeting clouds
That break in thunder yet our hopes are fair
And this rough charge shall all our loss repair
[exeunt alarum battle within]

SCENE VII

Enter PORSENNA and ARUNS

Por Yet grow our lofty plumes unflagg'd with blood
And yet sweet pleasure wantons in the air
How goes the battle Aruns?

Aru 'Tis even balanc'd
I interchang'd with Brutus hand to hand
A dangerous encounter both are wounded
And had not the rude press divided us
One had dropp'd down to earth

Por 'Twas bravely fought I saw the king, your father,
free his person from a thousand Romans that begirt his
state, where flying arrows, thick as atoms, sung about his
ears

Aru I hope a glorious day, come, Tuscan king, let's on
them ! *[alarum*

Enter HORATIUS and VALERIUS

Hor Aruns, stay, that sword that late did drink the
consul's blood, must, with keen fang, tire upon my flesh,
or this on thine

Aru It spar'd the consul's life
To end thy days in a more glorious strife

Val I stand against thee, Tuscan !

Por I for thee !

Hor Where e'er I find a Tarquin, he's for me !

[alarum, fight, Aruns slain, Porsenna capulsed

*Alarum—Enter TARQUIN with an arrow in his breast, TULLIA
with him, pursued by COLLATINE, LUCRETIUS, and SCÆVOLA*

Tar Fair Tullia, leave me, save thy life by flight,
Since mine is desperate, behold, I'm wounded
Even to the death there stays within my tent
A winged jennet, mount his back and fly
Live to revenge my death, since I must die

Tul Had I the heart to tread upon the bulk
Of my dead father, and to see him slaughter'd
Only for love of Tarquin and a crown,
And shall I fear death more than loss of both ?
No, this is Tullia's fame, rather than fly
From Tarquin, 'mongst a thousand swords she'll die !

All Hew them to pieces both !

Tar My Tullia save

And o'er my catiff head those meteors wave

Col Let Tullia yield then !

Tul Yield me cuckold's no

Mercy I scorn let me the danger know !

Scæ Upon them then !

Val Let's bring them to their fate

And let them perish in the people's hate

Tul Fear not I'll back thee husband

Tar But for thee

Sweet were the hand that this charg'd soul could free

Life I despise let noble Sextus stand

To avenge our death even till these vitals end

Scorning my own thy life will I defend !

Tul And I'll sweet Tarquin to my power guard thine

Come on ye slaves and make this earth divine !

[*Alarum Tarquin and Tullia are slain*]

Alarum Enter BRUTUS all bloody

Bru Aruns this crimson favour for thy sake

I'll wear upon my forehead mask'd with blood

Till all the moisture in the Tarquins' veins *

Be spilt upon the earth and leave thy body

As dry as the parch'd summer burnt and scorched

With the canicular stars

Hor Aruns lies dead

By this bright sword that tower'd above his head !

Col And see great consul

Where the pride of Rome lies sunk and fallen

Val Beside him lies the queen mangled and hewn
Amongst the Roman soldiers

Hor Lift up their slaughter'd bodies, help to rear
Them 'gainst this hill in view of all the camp
This sight will be a terror to the foe,
And make them yield or fly

Bru But where's the ravisher,
Injurious Sextus, that we see not him? [*short alarm*]

Enter SEXTUS

Sex Through broken spears, crack'd swords, unbowel'd
steeds,
Flaw'd armours, mangl'd limbs, and batter'd casques,
Knee-deep in blood, I've pierc'd the Roman host
To be my father's rescue

Hor 'Tis too late,
His mounting pride's sunk in the people's hate

Sex My father, mother, brother! fortune, now
I do defy thee! I expose myself
To horrid danger, safety I despise
I dare the worst of peril, I am bound
On till this pile of flesh be all one wound

Val Begirt him, lords! this is the ravisher,
There's no revenge for Lucrece till he fall

Luc Cease, Sextus, then

Sex Sextus defies you all!
Yet, will you give me language ere I die?

Bru Say on

Sex 'Tis not for mercy, for I scorn that life
That's given by any, and the more to add

To your immense unmeasurable hate
I was the spur unto my father's pride
I was I that aw'd the princes of the land
That made thee Brutus mad the e discontent
I ravish'd the chaste Lucrece Sextus I
Thy daughter and thy wife Brutus thy cousin
Alli'd indeed to all 'twas for my rape
Her constant hand ripp'd up her innocent breast
I was Sextus did all this '

Col Which I'll revenge '

Hor Leave that to me

Luc Old as I am I'll do t '

Scæ I have one hand left yet
Of strength enough to kill a ravisher

Sex Come all at once aye all '

Yet hear me Brutus thou art honourable
And my words tend to thee my father dy'd
By many hands what s he mon_gst you can challenge
The least aye smallest honour in his death '
If I be kill'd among this hostile throng
The poorest snaky soldier well may claim
As much renown in noble Sextus death
As Brutus thou or thou Horatius
I am to die and more than die I cannot
Rob not yourselves of honour in my death
When the two mightiest spirits of Greece and Troy
Tugg'd for the mast ry Hector and Achilles
Had puissant Hector by Achilles hand
Dy'd in single monomachy Achilles
Had been the worthy but being slain by odds

[Alarum —fight with single swords and being deadly wounded and panting for breath making a stroke at each other with their gauntlets they fall

Hor Both slain! Oh noble Brutus this thy fame
 To after ages shall survive thy body
 Shall have a fair and gorgeous sepulchre
 For whom the matrons shall in funeral black
 Mourn twelve sad moons thou that first govern'd Rome
 And sway'd the people by a consul's name
 These bodies of the Tarquins we'll commit
 Unto the funeral pile you Collatine
 Shall succeed Brutus in the consul's place
 Whom with this laurel wreath we here create
[crowns him with laurel

Such is the people's voice accept it then

Col We do and may our pow'r so just appear
 Rome may have peace both with our love and fear
 But soft! what march is this?

Flourish Enter PORSENNA and SOLDIERS

Por The Tuscan king seeing the Tarquins slain
 Thus arm'd and battl'd offers peace to Rome
 To confirm which we'll give you present hostage
 If you deny we'll stand upon our guard
 And by the force of arms maintain our own

Val After so much effusion and large waste
 Of Roman blood the name of peace is welcome
 Since of the Tarquins none remain in Rome
 And Lucrece rape is now reveng'd at full

'Twere good to entertain Porsenna's league

Col Porsenna we embrace, whose royal presence
Shall grace the consul to the funeral pile

March on to Rome! Jove be our guard and guide!

That hath, in us, veng'd rape, and punish'd pride!

[exeunt

THE END

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